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"G. A. S."

(IN THE HISTORIC FUR COAT.)

ECHOES

OF THE YEAR

Eighteen Hundred and Eighty-Three.

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BY

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA,

AUTHOR OF

"*Twice Round the Clock*," "*Paris Herself Again*,"
"*Living London*," &c., &c.

With Portrait of the Author, engraved by J. D. Cooper.

LONDON:
REMINGTON & CO., PUBLISHERS,
HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN.
1884.

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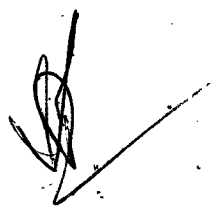

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Biographical Echoes,	1
Historical Echoes,	21
Literary and Artistic Echoes—I.,	63
Do. Do. Do. II.,	95
Architectural Echoes,	127
Social Echoes—I.,	137
Do. Do. II.,	187
Gastronomical Echoes,	247
Antiquarian Echoes,	277
Political Echoes,	291
Legal Echoes,	299
Philological Echoes,	307
Scientific Echoes,	339
Sporting Echoes,	345
Dramatic and Musical Echoes—I.,	351
Do. Do. Do. II.,	379
Index,	403

ABERDEEN:
JOHN AVERY & CO.,
PRINTERS.

To

EDWARD L. LAWSON,

of the "Daily Telegraph,"

In Memory of

Twenty-Seven Years of close connection in business

and of

Affectionate Friendship,

This Book

Is Cordially Dedicated.

PREFACE.

I HAVE had, during a career much less of a literary than of a journalistic character, extending over more than five-and-thirty years, a great deal to do with publishers. I may add that, of some thirty works to which my name is attached, not one has made its appearance in book-form without its having previously passed through the columns of a newspaper or the pages of a magazine or some other periodical; and it has been, to me, matter of standing astonishment that booksellers should have cared to buy, or the public to read, that which, as a rule, had been written in a desperate hurry, and the defects of which no subsequent revision could cure. The few and unsuccessful novels which I have attempted have been, as literary performances, more hurried than my newspaper contributions; for very many of the latter were penned in far distant countries before the days of ocean telegraphy; and a special correspondent abroad did not (before he was tied to the tail of a wire) work every day in the week; and (unless he was on the war-path) he had some little leisure to look about him, confer with himself, and model his article in his mind, before committing that article to paper. But when the journalist is at home, and to the functions of a writer of leading articles adds those of a reviewer, an art critic, a dramatic critic, and a scribbler of gossip—to say nothing of the production of a large quantity of miscellaneous work of which the public have no more suspicion of his being the author than they have of his being the Madhi—all that he does (the leading article always excepted) must be done in a hurry. The exercise last-named, indeed, must of necessity be deliberately planned, carefully thought out, and written with the greatest care and attention. It fills only a column and one-eighth of largish type; its actual composition does not occupy

more than two hours; but at least, preliminary, three hours —and often more—must be devoted to the mental adjustment of its form and manner. In the course of twenty-four hours it is completely forgotten. I have written some seven thousand of these ephemeral essays; and I can conscientiously declare that very few of their number have been hurried in their composition. If an artisan is to be allowed to be a judge of his own work, I may say that the very best of the poor stuff which I have produced has appeared in the leading columns of a daily newspaper to which, during a period of twenty-seven years, I have been a constant contributor; and now that I am growing old and past service, I sometimes reflect, with no small amount of bitterness, that the papers to the preparation and execution of which I have devoted all the knowledge and all the capacity which I may possess, and which contain the whole marrow of what mind I may have, will never see the light again; and that I shall be remembered—if I am remembered at all—only as the writer of a mass of desultory essays and sketches of foreign travel, of a mass of bald chat, and four bad novels. The last, perhaps, shew, more than do any other of the things which I have written, the marks of slovenliness and haste; for when I am in England I work at my trade as a journalist many hours every day except Saturday; and the few romances which the proprietors of periodicals have induced me to write have been flung off in the brief intervals between the daily spells of grinding newspaper toil—flung off so rapidly that I have often, while rushing through an instalment of a tale for the "copy" of which the printer's boy has been clamouring in the passage, forgotten the very names of the characters whom I had introduced in the preceding portion.

What has all this to do, it may be asked, with the publishers, and especially with the "Echoes of the Year 1883"? Under correction, I may state that it has everything to do with the publishers, and with the "Echoes" to boot. With the former, I repeat, I have had a great deal to do. The first publisher of note with whom I ever had an important business connection was the late Mr. Richard Bentley. It

occurred to him that it would be a good thing to produce, in the shape of an octavo volume, some papers about St. Petersburg which, under the title of "A Journey Due North," had been originally published in Mr. Charles Dickens's *Household Words*. I had no great faith in the advisability of the reproduction; but the "Journey Due North" duly made its appearance in a neat octavo; and neither Mr. Bentley nor myself had, I fancy, any reason to repent of our venture. That was, I take it, in the year 1857. In the winter of 1882 it occurred to Messrs. Remington, the publishers of the present volume, to republish in book-shape, a selection from my "Echoes of the Week" from the *Illustrated London News*. I had but a minimum of faith in the chances of success for such a work; nevertheless, these selected "Echoes," under the title of "Living London," were brought out in the summer of 1883. I was, of course, surprised to learn that the edition had not remained a dead weight on the publishers' hands. I was the more amazed about Christmas-time to be wondrously informed by Messrs. Remington that they thought that it would be a good thing to republish early in 1884 a selection from the "Echoes" of 1883. Whether they are right in their forecast, time and their ledger will tell.

If these "Echoes," as I now deferentially and with some hesitation submit them to the public, related exclusively to passing events, or reflected only the "sayings and doings" of what is called Society, in the year 1883, I should be even more despondent as to the probability of prosperity of this my latest literary venture. The resuscitation of by-gone gossip (not, I hope, tittle-tattle: I am not a "society" journalist) seems to me a very ghastly thing. Besides, who cares for dead-and-gone news out of the "Chronicle of Events" in the "Annual Register"? To my mind there is as much admonition as of consolation in Burton's famous Caveat against Despair in the "Anatomy of Melancholy":—

Yea, I am ashamed, disgraced, dishonoured, degraded, exploded; my notorious crimes and villanies have come to light; my abominable oppression and avarice lie open; my good name's lost; my fortune's

gone; I have been stigmatised, whipt at post, arraigned and condemned. I am a common obloquy; I have lost my ears; odious, execrable, abhorred of God and men. *Be content; 'tis but a nine days' wonder;* and as one sorrow drives out another, one passion another, one dread another, one rumour is expelled by another; every day almost carries some news unto our ears, as how the sun was eclipsed, meteors seen i' th' air, monsters born, prodigies; how the Turks were overthrown in Persia; an earthquake in Helvetia, Calabria, Japan, or China; an inundation in Holland; a great plague in Constantinople; a fire at Prague; a dearth in Germany; such a man is made a lord, a bishop another; another hanged, deposed, put to death for some murder, treason, theft, oppression; all of which we do hear at first with a kind of admiration, dubitation, consternation; but by-and-by they are buried in silence: thy father's dead, thy brother robb'd, wife runs mad, neighbour hath kill'd himself; 'tis heavy, ghastly, fearful news at first, in every man's mouth, table-talk; but after a while, who speaks or thinks of it?

These wise and cogent words should act as a direct discouragement of the practice of republishing long strings of paragraphs in which defunct news only is re-echoed; but (through little merit of my own) this book will, I hope, be found to present interest of a different kind to that possessed by a mere *rechauffé* of events which have been a nine days' wonder, and are now dead and buried in silence. A great army of correspondents, hailing from every quarter of the globe, and belonging to all ranks and conditions of society—from noblemen and fine ladies to paupers and ticket-of-leave men; from reverend divines and grave archæologists to school-boys and school-girls; from general officers to hospital orderlies; from physicians to undertakers; from mad-doctors to mad-folk—seem all to have arrived at the conclusion that the "Echoes of the Week" in the *Illustrated London News* are a series of Answers to Correspondents, and should be nothing else; and they besiege me with questions on almost every imaginable question, and importune me to answer them forthwith. Very often the reply leads to contradiction, and frequently a colloquy drifts into a controversy. We have fierce bouts about the derivation of a word or its orthography; about the origin of an anecdote; about the authorship of a book or a poem; about the history

of a picture, a statue, or a print; but we generally contrive to keep our tempers, all round; and although I am occasionally exasperated by anonymous and abusive letters, my relations with the vast majority of my correspondents are of the most cordially amiable nature. If I mention with gratitude the unknown ladies and gentlemen who have from time to time sent me presents of potatoes, Indian corn, Kentish butter, apple jam, Bath Olivers, and gingerbread nuts—one good soul offered to send me some conger-eel, but the dreaded gift fortunately did not arrive—I do so, certainly not with any covert intent of hinting that a repetition of such favours would be agreeable to me, but with a view to respectfully deprecating the sending to me, under any circumstances whatever, packages of what the Americans term "projuce." My household is a very small one; my servants have hearty appetites, but they are few in number; and as for ourselves, although we are continually discussing matters gastronomical, we do so for the benefit of our friends, and, *en petit comité*, eat little and drink less. Thus, there would be some peril of the "projuce" spoiling.

"The Echoes for the Year 1883" will, I hope, be taken with the lawyer's saving clause, "Errors excepted." I have a great natural capacity for blundering; and, owing to that fact and the circumstances that my eye-sight, normally weak, is growing weaker every year, while my hand-writing, which was once a joy to the compositors, has become their despair, it is possible that a great many errors, typographical and otherwise, may have crept into these pages. With regard to the substance of the "Echoes," if the different matters treated do not afford to my readers any large amount of word information, I can frankly say that they have taught me a great deal. A multitude of correspondents have told me a great many things which I never knew before; while, in order to gratify the curiosity of others, I have gradually accumulated a large library on all kinds of out-of-the-way subjects, constant reference to which has led a few of my unknown friends to believe that I know much more than is actually the case. I am, in truth, strangely

uninformed in many departments of knowledge, and in others crassly ignorant. If these "Echoes" in their newspaper shape have met with any acceptance, that has been due to unceasing solicitude on my part to give pleasure to my readers by telling them all that I could ferret out about things in general. I should be an ingrate were I not to do my utmost to please my patrons; for the compilation of these "Echoes," jealously as I watch them so that they shall do no harm to any human being or good human thing, is to me a source of unmixed solace and delight. The "Echoes" are my playground, where, in the autumn of a long and toilsome life, I enjoy quiet and cheerful recreation, with the freedom to say my say, and with all duly appreciative feelings, I trust, towards those who bear with the garrulity of a veteran babbler, who is uneasily conscious that, ere long, he may become a bore.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

46, MECKLENBURGH SQUARE, W.C.,
May, 1884.

BIOGRAPHICAL ECHOES.

Gambetta—Gambetta and Mirabeau—Gustave Doré—Mrs. Carlyle—M. Jules Sandeau—Lady Lanyon—Captain Dampier—Samuel Sidney—Sir George Bowyer—Dr. John Dickson Bruns—Henry S. Leigh—René de Vaudemont—Margaret of Anjou—Tom Thumb—Haydon—Anthony Trollope—Captain Mayne Reid—Mario.

All the world—except, perhaps, the descendant of that Hampshire agriculturist who, when he was told by Mr. Roebuck that the great Duke of Wellington was dead, replied, "I be mighty sorry for he; but who *wur he?*"—knows by this time that M. Léon Gambetta, sometime an Advocate of the Paris Bar, member of the Government of National Defence, President of the Chamber of Deputies, Prime Minister of France, and proprietor of the journal called *La République Française*, is no more. Passing through Paris on my way from Rome, on New-Year's Eve, I learned that the ex-Dictator who escaped in a balloon from beleaguered Paris to distracted Tours, was dangerously ill. One of the extreme Radical papers kindly observed, indeed, of the illustrious invalid: "We *regret* to find that the news this morning of M. Gambetta's health is more reassuring." January.

Tribunes of the people, when they fall out, rarely forgive one another. It was not to be expected that Gambetta's ancient and implacable foe, Citizen Henri Rochefort, would speak very kindly of his enemy's extinction. So the article in the *Intransigeant* recording the demise of the Chief of

January. the Opportunists was charitably headed, "Fin d'un Sauveur;" and the "Esclaves ivres," the communistic working men whom the irate Deputy for Belleville, on a memorable occasion, so virulently denounced, smiting the table before him meanwhile with his walking-stick, were sarcastically told that they might now "sleep tranquilly in their lairs."

The Paris *Figaro*, writing of the deceased politician, remarks that he might have said, with Marshal Saxe, on his deathbed, "The dream has been short; but it has been beautiful." The words which, I believe, were really uttered by the victor of Fontenoy (he beat us in that field, but it was under Marlborough that he had been trained to fight), and which were addressed to his physician, were—"M. de Senac, I have dreamed a beautiful dream." But Maurice de Saxe had said something more and better than that. On the night preceding the battle of Rocour he had remarked to the same physician, quoting the "Andromaque" of Racine :—

> Songe, songe, Senac, à cette nuit cruelle
> Qui fut pour tout un peuple une nuit éternelle,
> Songe aux cris des vainqueurs, songe aux cris des mourants,
> Dans la flamme étouffés, sous le fer expirants.

He added, "All these poor soldiers know nothing about it." He was sorry for the poor brave men who were going to die. I always couple this story, in my mind, with the anecdote of our James Wolfe murmuring the stanzas from Gray's "Elegy" in the barge in which he was being rowed to the Heights of Abraham, to find there, with his heroic foeman, Montcalm, a common death, and inherit a common glory.

Whether Gambetta leaves a name which will be famous in history it would be absurdly premature to speculate upon just now. But posterity will not easily let die the name of the house in which he breathed his last. It was at "Les Jardies" at Ville d'Avray, in the department of Seine-et-Oise. It was at "Les Jardies" (in a house now demolished) that the illustrious novelist and Thinker, Honoré de Balzac, wrote the concluding pages of the "Comédie Humaine."

Turning to the "Correspondence" of Balzac, I find that January.
the first letter of the novelist from "Les Jardies" bears the date of 1838. It is addressed to Madame Zulma Carraud, at Frapesle. The next "Jardies" letter, written in July of the same year, is to the Countess Eve de Hanska, at Vierzschovnia, the Polish lady whom Balzac married late in life, who survived him more than thirty years, and who died only the other day in Paris. He gives a characteristic description of his (then) new villa :—

> My house is like a parrot's perch. There is one room on each storey, and there are three storeys. On the ground floor, dining-room and drawing-room ; on the second floor, bed-room and dressing-room ; on the topmost floor, a study, whence in the middle of the night I am writing to you. The whole is flanked by a staircase remarkably resembling a ladder. The house is surrounded by a covered gallery, supported by pilasters of brick.

The kitchen and the rooms for the servants were in a separate building.

The last letter from "Les Jardies" is dated November, 1840, and is written to his sister, Madame Laure Surville. It is full of Balzac's usual complaints about pressure of work and want of money. Within the next four weeks he had three hundred and seventy-eight columns to write for different newspapers—the *Journal du Commerce*, the *Presse*, the *Sylphide*, the *Mode*, and so forth. Then the printers are dunning for the corrected proof-sheets of two novels, "Le Curé de Village" and "Sœur Marie-des-Anges." And so the Human Comedy is being perpetually played out; and we strut and fret our hour on the stage, and then are heard no more. Does it matter much, here below, if the "poor player" have been a reality or a creature of the imagination? With ghastly elaboration the Paris correspondent of the *Times* has described the room in which Gambetta died—the furniture, the bed, the very corpse itself; and then we are told of the political magnates who came to stare at the dead man. Clemenceau, Jules Ferry, Freycinet, Lepère: they were all there. *Finita la Commedia.* It would not be

January. difficult to people that chamber of death with the shades of the actors in that other Comedy which Honoré de Balzac drew. Vautrin, the Père Goriot, Lucien de Rubempré, Bixio, the "illustré" Bianchon, Nucingen, the Jew banker, and Rastignac. Especially Rastignac. He was a man who made his way.

I read in the *St. James's Gazette* a very clever and, on the whole, close parallel between the characters and the careers of Gambetta and Mirabeau. "The Riquettis came originally from Florence, the Gambettas from Genoa. Both were natives of the South of France, and both were of Italian descent. To the circumstance of their birth and descent they were indebted for the Southern fire and Italian *finesse*, which so happily blended in their temperament. The youth of both presented a remarkable contrast to the period of their maturity."

Good; but Honoré Gabriel Riquetti had been driven nearly mad by the persecution of his father, the Marquis de Mirabeau, "friend of humanity," who took out, in all, no less than twenty-two "Lettres de Cachet" against his luckless son, whose temper became soured by repeated and protracted periods of incarceration. M. Gambetta was tenderly trained by loving parents; and when Gambetta and Mirabeau are compared intellectually the parallel, to my mind, ceases altogether to hold good. Léon Gambetta was endowed with a large share of Meridional eloquence; he had a good deal of humorous observation in his nature; he was passionately patriotic and vehemently ambitious; and he was altogether a remarkable man. But Mirabeau was an intellectual giant. His published writings are a mine of scholarship, argument, and philosophic reasoning; and, assuming even that he received some assistance in the composition of the vast mass of political and financial pamphlets to which his name was attached, he only could have written the "Lettres à Sophie," repre-

hensible, indeed, from many points of view, but, to my thinking, in many parts more eloquent and more fascinating than anything in the "Nouvelle Héloïse." January.

A respected clerical friend from the country was so good as to call on me on the 22nd January, and as we are both subject to the most pleasant and most harmless (I hope) of human crazes, bibliomania, we had a very merry, musty time of it. After old books came old etchings, and then new line engravings; and I showed my friend a room of which the walls are hung with proofs after Gustave Doré—the "Prætorium," the "Martyrs in the Amphitheatre," the "Entry into Jerusalem," the "Dream of Pilate's Wife," and so forth. In their midst, glowing with brilliant colour, is a beautiful landscape in oil—a transcript of Highland scenery—which Doré painted for me, and brought me with his own kind hands, when he last visited England. That same night, of January 22nd, a messenger came in hot haste from a newspaper office with the tidings, full of inexpressible grief to me, that Gustave Doré was dead.

I have no heart to write about him and his work. I have begun half-a-dozen times, and have torn the sheet. And I am sure that all the English friends —foremost among whom I will name Blanchard Jerrold and the Rev. Canon Harford —who loved him as I did, who knew his sweet, tender, generous, frank, boyish nature, and who had watched his upright, honourable, laborious life, will feel as I do now. He had been very dear to me during many years; and I must have a little time before I can write about him.

The National Thrift Society could not do better than circulate on loan among its members a certain number of copies of a work called "Letters and Memorials of Jane April.

April. Welsh Carlyle," edited by J. A. Froude, which has just been issued by Messrs. Longman. Mrs. Carlyle was a most notable housewife, and frugal to a fault. Stay—I retract. Frugality cannot be faulty. Jane Welsh's forty years of married life were one long career of strict economy. Her husband seconded her in her saving system; and we know how many thousands of pounds the illustrious Thomas died worth. But the pair were very poor when they first arrived at Cheyne Row, Chelsea, where they were to live for the remainder of their lives; and that frugality, which was afterwards to become a shining virtue, was in the beginning a necessity.

They kept but a single maid of all work. Mrs. Carlyle, "an only child," tenderly nurtured, and a woman of very high intellectual faculties, resigned herself during long years to the daily drudgery of the lowliest of lodging-house "slaveys." She made the beds. She swept the rooms. She cleaned the furniture. She helped to wring out wet sheets —the philosopher's washing was done at home;—she attended to the cooking, which, perhaps, did not amount to much: the staple joint being a piece of meat baked in the oven, "and which would eat two days cold;" while the Carlylian supper was invariably a basin of Scotch oatmeal porridge.

Jane Welsh Carlyle had her reward. In one of her letters she justly prides herself on her domestic economy; and her husband, commenting, after her death, on one of her letters, observes:—

> Truly her pretty little brag was well intended. No such house, for beautiful Thrift, quiet, spontaneous, nay, as it were unconscious—minimum of money reconciled to human comfort and human dignity —have I anywhere locked upon where I have been.

I had forgotten that thrifty Mrs. Carlyle also made her own dresses and jackets; and in 1855, long after Carlyle had become one of the most famous of English writers, she

mended his trousers. The only thing that puzzles me is to determine why, if Thomas Carlyle thought the "beautiful thrift" in Cheyne Row to be so very far superior to any other house-keeping which he had elsewhere seen, he should, whenever he had any leisure, leave his wife at home in solitude, mending his trousers and crying her eyes out, to dangle after his aristocratic friends at Bath House—"that eternal Bath House," as Jane Welsh calls the lordly mansion in her Diary. She adds that Carlyle must have walked thousands of miles between Bath House and Cheyne Row. April.

Still there can be no doubt that the Cherub Thrift continuously sat up aloft at Chelsea to look out for the life of the Carlyles. Unfortunately, the Cherub was unable to prevent the thrifty mansion from being haunted continuously by Seven Devils, the fiends of Arrogance, Melancholy, Dyspepsia, Sleeplessness, Ingratitude, Tyranny, and Intolerable Selfishness. These demons were installed in the library, where one of the brightest geniuses of the nineteenth century wrote his undying works. He was not accompanied by his familiars when he went abroad among the great folk. But he took them down stairs a great deal too frequently, for the benefit of Mrs. Carlyle. The constant contemplation of her distinguished husband's indoor qualities broke the poor woman's heart at last. Even "Beautiful Thrift" will not always bring happiness, it would seem.

The longest leading article that for many years past has appeared, I should say, in the *Times* newspaper, is devoted to an exhaustive notice of the career and capacity of the late eminent French novelist and member of the Academy, M. Jules Sandeau. Successful novelists seem to be almost as popular as jockeys nowadays. It was not always so. I remember that at a Greenwich dinner, in 1861, when the *Cornhill Magazine* was in its *primavera* of triumphant success, Mr. Thackeray observed that, were he to die just then, the

April. *Times* might bestow on him, say, twenty-five lines of obituary notice. But had we a Thackeray among us nowadays, the leading journal might be expected to honour his memory at his decease with an article of at least two columns and a half.

May. It is with the deepest regret that I record the death, in childbirth, of Florence, wife of Colonel Sir Owen Lanyon, C.B., K.C.M.G. The melancholy event took place on the morning of the Sixth of May, at the residence, in Grosvenor Street, of the late Lady Lanyon's father, Mr. J. M. Levy. A terrible blow has been dealt to a gallant soldier and a singularly united family. Miss Florence Levy had been married to Sir Owen Lanyon only nine months and some few days, and the very day after the wedding the young bride had to bid farewell to her husband, who had been ordered off to the Egyptian campaign. She has now been suddenly snatched away from a life full of promise of prosperity and happiness. Deeply beloved by her kindred, the amiable, winning, and tenderly sympathetic nature of Florence, Lady Lanyon, had endeared her to all who were privileged to enjoy her society.

June. It is rather a hard thing when, after travelling three or four thousand miles in the course of three weeks, and leading throughout that period what is commonly known as "a dog's life" (although I am sure that I should not like any dog of mine to undergo the miseries which I have lately been enduring), you find yourself reduced to a condition of blank despair. That is my state of mind at the present moment. The innocent cause of my wretchedness is a respected clerical correspondent at East Coker, Yeovil, Somerset. Now at East Coker, A.D. 1652, was born the famous circumnavigator, Captain William Dampier, and my correspondent wants to know what became of the circumnavigator after his return to England, in 1711-12, from the celebrated expedition com-

manded by Captain Woodes Rogers. Up to the period just named Dampier's career can be pretty clearly traced; but after 1712 none of the biographical dictionaries accessible to me can give a single item of information touching the circumnavigator. June.

Noble, in his continuation of Granger's "Biographical History of England," states that Dampier, prior to his starting on his final expedition, had become so reduced in circumstances as to be compelled to sell an Indian Chief whom he had captured in one of his voyages. This unfortunate captive, called "Prince Jeoly," was painted in a remarkable manner, and exhibited about the country as a show. He seems to have died at Oxford, of smallpox.

My Yeovil correspondent adds that in an article published some months back in the *Standard* it was stated that Dampier died in an obscure lodging in Southwark; but, to verify this statement, I have searched in vain the indices to Strype's "Stow's Survey," Thornbury and Walford's "Old and New London," Chambers's "Book of Days," Hone's "Table Book," "Everyday Book," and "Year Book," to say nothing of Hunter, Allen, Jesse, Peter Cunningham, Sir Richard Phillips, Lambert, Charles Knight, Lysons, Brayley, Brewer, Nightingale—in short, every book about London that I can find on my shelves—and Campbell's "Lives of the Admirals" as well. Until some kindly correspondent comes to my assistance, the life, after 1712, and death of Captain Dampier must remain a mystery to my East Coker correspondent and myself; unless, indeed, Mr. Leslie Stephen is able to dispel the Dampier darkness in his forthcoming National Biography.

The doubt which shrouds the end of so famous a mariner becomes all the more exasperating when one recalls such a work as Dr. Hamel's "Early English Voyages to Russia." Dr. Hamel came to England in the train of the Tsar Alexander I., and diligently searched the Bodleian Library, the

June. MSS. in the Ashmolean Museum, and the archives of the Herald's College, for information touching the very early voyages to the White Sea, &c., of John Tradescant the Elder, Sir Hugh Willoughby, and Richard Chancellor. He gives the minutest account not only of the adventurers themselves, but also of their ancestors and their descendants. One curious discovery made by Dr. Hamel respecting the Willoughbys may be noted. On his family escutcheon Sir Hugh Willoughby bore three "water bougets" or buckets; and according to Dr. Hamel, the name of the first recorded ancestor of the Willoughbys was Bugg. He settled in the thirteenth century at Willoughby in the Would, on the southern boundary of the county of Nottingham. The three water bougets (I see from Burke's "Peerage") are still quartered in the arms of Lord Middleton of Middleton, County Warwick.

General regret will be felt for the death of Mr. Samuel Sidney, for more than twenty years Secretary of the Agricultural Hall Company, and author of the "Book of the Horse." A workman must have his tools, and, as a working journalist, I can say that, for nearly ten years past, Samuel Sidney's "Book of the Horse" has been to me of frequent and valuable service. The late Mr. Sidney was himself an indefatigably hard-working and energetic man, full of shrewdness, ingenuity, and tact; for, for all his many and onerous labours, he could always find time to be genially courteous and obliging.

And worthy old Sir George Bowyer, too, has joined the majority. The well known baronet's pedigree could be traced up to Alfred Bowyer, *temp.* Henry I., but in strict historical propriety he should have flourished a century and a half ago, and have been a real Knight of Malta of the English *langue*. He was a very learned man, a keen dis-

putant, an ardent theologian, and a high-minded and chivalrous gentleman; and his loss will be felt, not only by the Roman Catholic community, of which he was so zealous a member, but by a host of distinguished English people of all sects and parties. June.

I read with deep sorrow the announcement of the death at New Orleans of Dr. John Dickson Bruns, a distinguished physician, one of the kindliest, cheeriest, and most brilliant men that I have ever known. He wrote extensively on subjects connected with his profession, and was a prolific contributor to general literature; but it was as an alleviator of human suffering and misery that Dr. John Dickson Bruns earned his most enduring title to the love and the affectionate remembrance of his friends and fellow-citizens. Whenever and wherever Plague, Pestilence, Famine, Cholera, Yellow-fever, and Inundation were to be fought, Dr. Bruns was in the forefront of the battle. He occupied the highest rank in his nobly beneficent calling; but he was known emphatically as "le Médecin des Pauvres," and as a Samaritan as well as a surgeon to the poor and miserable.

Being at the Strand Theatre recently, I was accosted by a middle-aged gentleman, seemingly in the enjoyment of excellent health, who jocularly accused me of having forgotten him. I explained to him that my eyesight and not my memory was at fault; and, very soon, I recognised him as Mr. Henry S. Leigh, the author of "Carols of Cockaigne" and numerous other charming collections of lyric verse. Three days afterwards I heard that Mr. Henry S. Leigh had died suddenly at his chambers in the Strand. Personally, I knew the deceased gentleman but very slightly; but I always entertained the highest admiration for the gracefulness of his fancy, and the purity, melody, and fluency of his

June. numbers. He was also, I read, a copious linguist and a skilled musician. He was only forty-six years old when he died; so that he must have been a little boy of nine when, in the year, 1846, I was a pupil at the noted Drawing Academy and Life School conducted by his talented father, first in Maddox Street, Regent Street, and afterwards in Newman Street, Oxford Street, where the School founded by Mr. Leigh is now continued by Mr. Heatherley.

Why my respected instructor in drawing from the "round" and the "life" was called "Dagger" Leigh I do not know. I remember him chiefly as a most fascinating lecturer on artistic anatomy. He made discourses on the bones and muscles as entertaining as the "Arabian Nights"; and the love for anatomical study which his lucid explanations instilled into me is as quickening now as it was thirty-seven years ago, when I hied to Messrs. Winsor & Newton's, the artists' colourmen in Rathbone Place, to purchase a little shilling book on the anatomy of the human figure published by them. I have been collecting books about the bones and muscles ever since—all owing to the lectures of poor Henry S. Leigh's father.

July. "Who was René de Vaudemont?" The question is none of my asking. It is put by the accomplished writer of an article in the *Saturday Review* on Mr. Saintsbury's "Specimens of French Literature," in which is quoted René de Vaudemont's war song, beginning—

> Gentil Duc de Lorraine, Prince de grant renom
> Tu as la renommée jusques delà les mons.

It so chances that I "common-placed" René de Vaudemont ten years ago, at first simply on account of what appeared to me the beauty of his name. I placed him after Beaufranchet, Comte d'Oyat (the byblow of Louis Quinze, and on whom, as chief of the Staff of the Army of Paris, the grim duty devolved of ordering the drums to be beaten to

drown the voice of Louis Seize on the scaffold in the Place de la Révolution) and after Aurelles, or D'Aurelles, de Paladine the General whose exploits cast a brief lustre on the French arms during the war of 1870, and who was thought by some German journalists to be the Duke of Aumale, incognito. July.

René de Vaudemont, Count of Anjou and Provence, great-grandson of King John of France, was born at Angers, in 1408. As a warrior and a pretender to the Duchy of Lorraine and the Kingdom of Naples, he was singularly unfortunate. Antoine, Count of Vaudemont, beat him badly, drove him out of Lorraine, made him prisoner, and forced him to give his daughter in marriage to Ferri de Vaudemont, the son of Count Antoine. Ultimately René retired to the South of France to cultivate literature and the arts. He painted some very bad pictures, which before the Revolution were extant in the Church of the Célestins at Avignon; and he wrote a great deal of poetry, very little of which has been preserved. In Provence his memory is yet cherished as "le Bon Roi René." For this and much more, which I have not space to quote, I am indebted to the "Dictionnaire Universel, Historique, Critique, and Bibliographique," in 22 vols.: Paris, 1811.

But recently I came across additional information concerning the Bon Roi René in that vast treasure-house of antique French literature, the "Mélanges Tirès d'une très Grande Bibliothèque," in seventy volumes, Paris, 1780-5. Among the French books cited, "which could be read by ladies in the Fifteenth Century," I find, following "L'Amant aux Quatres-Dames" (inconstant swain!), "Le Pseautier des Vilains," and "La Conquête d'un Chevalier d'Amour épris," "Le Roi René."

René, according to the "Mélanges," in addition to devotional verses, which he himself illuminated and adorned with miniatures on vellum, wrote many "Rondeaux" and "Ballades," some of which are mingled with the better-

July. known poems of another Royal poet, the Duke of Orleans. His chief poetic work is entitled "L'Abusé en Cour," which was printed in folio in 1484. René de Vaudemont seems also to have been an assiduous collector of the lays of the old troubadours written in the Provençal dialect. Of these, one, considered by the editor of the "Mélanges" to be the most beautiful, although he is uncertain as to whether it belongs to King René or to some other collection, is quoted at length. I will just cite one couplet :—

Lou beou se proumenavo
Soulet un jour,
Countan ez bouez ce qu' endaravo
Dou maou d'amour ;
Et lié dijié : Belle Bergiere
Yeou t'aime tant
Que t' ai fa per estre tant fiere
Despieï un an.

Since note was taken of this question quite an *embarras de richesse* has been placed at my disposal respecting "le Bon Roi René." He was, it appears, the father of the beautiful, learned, and courageous Margaret of Anjou, Queen of our Henry VI. Miss Agnes Strickland, in her "Lives of the Queens of England," tells us more about the misfortunes than about the poetic attainments of René; but she gives some curious details as to the poverty of Margaret's parents. While she was at Mantes, on her bridal progress to England, "her want of money was so pressing that she was compelled to pawn divers articles of mock silver to the Duchess of Somerset, to raise funds for some of the expenses of the journey."

Then, when poor Margaret reached England, "her bridal wardrobe was so scantily furnished that King Henry was under the necessity of supplying her with array suitable for a Queen of England before she could appear publicly in that character." On her arrival at Southampton a mounted express was sent to London to bring back a dressmaker for the

Queen's Highness. The *modiste* was not such a woman's tailor as he who waited on Katherine and was so despitefully used by Petruchio, but a female artist, "Margaret Chamberlayne, tirewoman." July.

A Reuter's telegram, published on June 16, stated, without note or comment, that Tom Thumb was dead. Duly, on June 17, most of the morning papers blossomed with leading articles telling their readers very little concerning the life of the renowned dwarf, Mr. Charles S. Stratton, who first came to this country (under the tutelage of the equally renowned Barnum) some forty years ago; but containing marvellously copious information touching the dwarfs of the past.

People who are killed by telegraph sometimes come to life again with a rapidity highly gratifying to their kinsmen and friends. Perhaps Tom Thumb is not dead, after all.* I remember his first appearance on the stage of the old Princess's Theatre, under the management of Mr. Maddox. The house had been opened for the performance of English versions of Italian opera, Madame Eugénie Garcia being the prima donna, Mrs. H. P. Grattan the contralto (she played Maffio Orsini in "Lucrezia Borgia"), and Templeton, who was succeeded by Allen, as *primo tenore*. The late W. H. Weiss was the *basso*. Opera at the Old Princess's scarcely became a financial success until the enchanting Madame Anna Thillon took the town by storm in "The Crown Diamonds"; but Mr. Maddox was an energetic manager, and was continually bringing forward fresh attractions to supplement his operas withal. He brought out a wonderfully skilful American instrumentalist called Sweeney, the first banjo player, I believe, who had been heard in public in England; and then, to the intense disgust of Signor Schira, the accomplished musical director of the theatre, he gave an "appearance" to young Master Stratton, otherwise "General Tom Thumb."

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* He *did* die.

July. I can see the mannikin, now, strutting about in the costume of the First Napoleon as he is represented in Haydon's picture of Napoleon at St. Helena, purchased by the second Sir Robert Peel. Engravings from that well-known work of art were in all the print-shop windows in London when Tom Thumb first came among us. Grim coincidence. In 1846, the General was drawing thousands to witness his antics at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly; while Haydon, in another room in the same building, was exhibiting his vast oil pictures of "Aristides" and "Nero," which scarcely anybody went to see. The unfortunate artist wrote in his diary:

> The first day of my exhibition it rained all day, and no one came, Jerrold, Bowring, Fox Maule, and Hobhouse excepted. April 18: Receipts one pound three shillings and sixpence. An advertisement of a finer description could not have been written to catch the public; but not one shilling more was added to the receipts. They rush by thousands to see Tom Thumb. They push, they fight, they scream, they faint; they cry "Help"! and "Murder"! They see my bills and caravans, but do not read them; their eyes are on them, but their sense is gone. It is an insanity, a *rabies*, a *furor*, a dream of which I would not have thought Englishmen could be guilty.

A few weeks afterwards the unfortunate gentleman destroyed himself.

August. A correspondent writes:—

> Speaking of René de Vaudemont, &c., brings to my mind Thackeray's "Chronicle of the Drum." You doubtless remember the drummer's words:—
>
> "Ho, drummer boy, silence yon Capet,"
> Said Santerre, "with the sound of your drum."
> Lustily then I did tap it,
> And the son of St. Louis was dumb.
>
> Was W. M. T. wrong in ascribing the order to Santerre, who (if I remember aright) was a Parisian butcher! Thackeray, on the other hand, says:—
>
> You all know the Place de la Concorde,
> It stands by the Tuileries wall.
>
> Was the name subsequently changed?

August. Santerre was not a Parisian butcher, but a very well-known brewer, to whom Dr. Johnson, during his stay in Paris, paid a visit. The statement that not Santerre but Beaufranchet, *ci-devant* Comte d'Oyat, son of Louis XV. and the actress La Morphise, gave, as Chief of the Staff of the Army of Paris, the order for the drums to roll, rests on the authority of Lamartine ("Histoire des Girondins"). As regards the Place de la Concorde, it was originally called the Place Louis Quinze, and subsequently the Place de la Révolution.

October. To my amazement and perplexity, I read that at Harrow School Anthony Trollope was "disreputably dirty," grievously bullied, with no one, man or boy, to say a kind word to him, totally without pocket-money, and clad in miserable clothes. When he was a junior boy he was met one day by Dr. Butler, the Head Master, who sternly asked whether it was possible that Harrow School could be disgraced by so disreputably dirty a little boy as he was? But surely young Anthony could have washed himself! He seems to have got on almost as badly at Winchester School, whence he had come to Harrow.

Even when he had obtained a clerkship in the Post Office, at a salary, to begin with, of ninety pounds a year, he continued steeped to the very lips in poverty. He fell into the clutches of a money-lender living in a street leading into Mecklenburgh Square, from whom he once received in cash four pounds, but who was the holder of young Mr. Trollope's acceptances given to a tailor to whom he owed twelve pounds. The money-lender screwed, altogether, something like two hundred pounds out of the luckless Post-Office clerk, whose income from literature alone was, during the twelve closing years of his life, four thousand five hundred pounds a year.

But I can't make it out—that story of the ragged, dirty, pocket-moneyless boyhood. His father, the Chancery

October. barrister with the bad temper, was probably desperately embarrassed as to money matters; but Anthony's mother must have been, when he was a boy, in the receipt of a handsome income from her writings. As a novelist, Mrs. Trollope was more popular than Lady Blessington, and as popular as Mrs. Gore, who made a small fortune—twelve thousand pounds, I think, although the poor lady lost the major portion of her savings by the failure of a bank. For such books as "The Widow Barnaby," "The Barnabies in America," "Jessie Phillips," "Michael Armstrong, the Factory Boy," and "Jonathan Jefferson Whitlaw," Mrs. Trollope must have received large sums. Literature was certainly not a very lucrative profession between forty and fifty years ago; still, popular authors of both sexes were liberally paid. When Lady Morgan was at the height of her popularity, the sum which Mr. Colburn paid her for a new book "went into four figures," as they say in the City.

General regret will be felt at the news of the death of Captain Mayne Reid, par excellence "The Boys' Novelist." A very various man was the deceased gentleman: a gallant soldier (he fought in the war between Mexico and the United States), and an indefatigable traveller in all parts of the world.

December. Returning to Rome, after a few days spent in Naples, I found the papers full and all the English colony talking of the death and burial of the once famous tenor, Mario, who died on Wednesday, Dec. 13, at 176 Via di Ripetta, Rome. The great artist was seventy-three years of age. His real style and title were Giuseppe Marchesse di Candia, of an illustrious Sardinian family; but when he went on the Italian lyric stage he very wisely put his coronet in his pocket. Marquises are easily forgotten; but the name of Mario should shine forth with an enduring light in operatic history.

What an extraordinary vocalist and what an extremely bad actor, to be sure, was Signor Mario when I first beheld him, some three-and-forty years ago, as Nemorino in "L'Elisir d'Amore." He was nothing more nor less than what actors term "a stick," although he had gone through the usual course of elocution and declamation at the Paris Conservatoire. But the delicious quality of his voice, his splendid comeliness, and the romance attaching to his personal history —he had simply shown a clean pair of heels to the regiment of Sardinian *cacciatori*, in which he was an officer—made his timid and awkward acting of very slight account. After all, he was in the year Forty or so not a much greater "stick" than young Mr. Lee Morton, afterwards to be renowned as Mr. Dion Boucicault, most prolific of dramatists, and finest of modern actors of Irish characters. Mario eventually became, in his line, as admirable an actor as Mr. Boucicault is in his own. December.

According to the Roman *Capitan Fracassa*, Mario, in the course of his lyrical career, earned from ten to twelve millions of francs. Say, taking the first estimate, that he made four hundred thousand pounds. Even that computation may be much exaggerated. How he managed to get rid of his money it would be indelicate—seeing that he has children living—to inquire. A great deal too much is talked, or rather chattered, in these latter days about the private means of public men. It is sufficient to know that Mario made a good end of it, in peaceful competence in Rome, which he had made his home during the last ten years of his life. He was visited very shortly before his death by our Mr. W. G. Cusins, the leader of Her Majesty's private band; and, with the full knowledge that his end was approaching, the moribund artist expressed to the eminent English musician (who was then sojourning in Rome) his warmest gratitude to our Gracious Sovereign for the kind personal interest which she had not ceased to take in his welfare. Mr. W. G. Cusins was instructed to attend the funeral of Mario, and place on the coffin a wreath

December. of flowers, the offering of the Queen of England and Empress of India. The record of this act of graceful sympathy of the "graziosa Regina" for the memory of the "tenore-gentiluomo" has rung through the entire Italian peninsula.

Those who remember the tenor in his youthful, dashing, Adonis-like days will read with interest the following extract from the *Capitan Fracassa* describing Mario in his Roman Retreat:—

> Mario, nel soggiorno di Roma, passava il tempo occupandosi di archeologia, di lingue, dipingendo e facendo lavori di falegname, nei quali era excellente; anche vecchio, con la barba candida, gli occhi color cielo, le labbra rosee, la grande correttezza e semplicità del vestire e dei modi, era di una simpatia straordinaria. A sentirlo discorrere, addirittura incantava.

An English friend of mine, who frequently saw Mario during the last five years, tells me that in mien and attire he reminded him of "a happy and prosperous Rural Dean." I should be very glad to look like a Rural Dean.

The tenor was a great lover of books, and especially prided himself on the possession of a missal, reputed to have been once the property of Lucrezia Borgia—"my ancestress," as he was wont to term the much-maligned Duchess of Ferrara. He claimed to be a descendant of the Mediæval Dukes of Candia, originally of Torre del Greco, who afterwards migrated to Sardinia. Who knows?

HISTORICAL ECHOES.

Funeral Obsequies of Public Men — Curious Case of Contempt of Court—Charles I. and the Corporation of London—Costume of the Duke of Wellington at Waterloo — The Guild of Merchant Adventurers — Jenny Geddes — Altar Ornaments at St. Paul's Cathedral — Marshal Ney—The Shrine of St. Yves —Chaucer and the Parish Church of Woodstock— "Le Forfait"—French hatred of England—The Age for going to Sea—Captain Webb—Charles I. and Oliver Cromwell—The Lady Godiva Procession— Bayonets in Cromwell's Army—The Vatican Archives —The Bourbon Colours—French National Colours— Napoleon's Disgraceful Legacy—Sir Thomas Picton— Barry O'Meara—The King of Spain in '75 and '83 —The Reform Club—B. Disraeli and the Reform Club —Dr. William Harvey—James IV. of Scotland— Nelson's Last Signal — Price of Eggs in 1814—A Champion Egg-Eater—Sir N. Wraxall—Facts and History—Garter King-of-Arms.

Somebody has written to the papers to say that the obsequies of the late Opportunist Chief (M. Gambetta) were the most sumptuous and the most imposing that had been witnessed in Paris since the Second Funeral of Napoleon the Great. Then another newspaper correspondent wrote to say that the finest and most profoundly imposing interment he had ever witnessed was that of Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy. January.

Now, if you were to ask an American, he might possibly tell you that the grandest funeral show that he had ever beheld was that of Abraham Lincoln; and he would recall the

January. pathetic incident of the inscription on the banner hung across the street in the negro quarter through which the sable pageant passed:—

He was our Boss.
We Mourn his Loss.

I declare that, with the exception of the Prince Consort's funeral in St. George's Chapel, Windsor—a ceremony infinitely simple, mournful, and touching, but which was witnessed by a comparatively small number of persons—the feeling which, to my thinking, appeared to be most conspicuous at the grandest funeral pageants which I have mentioned was one of the merest curiosity, mingled with an intense desire to eat and drink before and after the procession had passed. Those who can remember the funeral of the Great Duke will have noted that the evening preceding and the evening following it were nights of the wildest revelry that London had seen for many a year. And, remembering my own undertaking experiences, I cannot subdue the persuasion that the Ancients, in regard to their public funerals, were candid and honest, and that we moderns are, in the same respect, generally Humbugs: given to prate in print of "an universal outburst of sorrow," which rarely bursts out, and "deep-felt sorrow" which, in reality, finds its embodiment in feasting and merrymaking.

The funeral of the Prince Imperial at Chiselhurst came nearer the noble simplicity and beautiful pathos of a soldier's funeral than any other "function" of the kind that I have witnessed.

The demolition of Sir John Soane's Law Courts may be fitly associated with the memorandum that at Westminster once occurred a case of Contempt of Court as curious, though less celebrated, than that which led Chief Justice Gascoigne to commit a gallant young prince to prison for striking him on the judgment seat. The contempt of which I speak was

of much earlier date. There seems to have been some kind of Married Women's Property law in the fourteenth century; for, in the 34th of Edward I., one Dame Alice de Brewes sued her husband William de Brewes in the Exchequer in respect to a sum of eight hundred marks, which she claimed from him. Judgment was given for the plaintiff, to the great annoyance of the defendant, who insulted the Judge, Roger de Hexham, in open court, and followed him through the Exchequer Chamber as he was going to the King, crying, tauntingly and upbraidingly, "Roger, Roger, thou hast now obtained thy will of that thou hast so long desired." January.

But it was not the Judge who punished the contempt of William de Brewes. It was the King in Council who decreed that the contemptuous defendant should proceed, bareheaded and unattired (in his "tunic" I suppose), and holding a torch in his hand, from the King's Bench in Westminster during full court to the Exchequer, and there ask pardon from the aforesaid Roger de Hexham, and make an apology for his trespass. After that he was to be committed to the Tower during pleasure. Contempt of Court was no joke in the days of Edward Longshanks.

I wonder whether Dame Alice de Brewes furnished her husband with a waxen flambeau for his penitential progress. Women are so forgiving and so thoughtful under trying circumstances. Do you remember the old story of the lady whose husband was doomed to "die with his shoes off" ascending the cart when it made its customary halt at St Giles's Pound, on its way to Tyburn, and whispering to her husband as she bestowed on him a parting embrace: "My dear, is it the Sheriff or we who are to find the rope which is to hang you?" To which the gentleman in trouble replied that a workman must find his own tools, and that it devolved on the Sheriff to provide the necessary halter. "I' faith, sweetheart," exclaimed the lady, "had I known that I would not have spent two pence on this excellent new rope which I have brought with me." And she produced

January. this novel and touching sample of a "true lover's knot." "Keep it for your next husband, my dear," replied her philosophic and placable partner. The old story (how fond our ancestors were of jokes upon the gibbet!) has been retold, with some slight variations, in Mr. John Ashton's "Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne."

February. "Non-Historicus" (Oxford and Cambridge Club) writes with reference to a speech made by Charles I., to the Corporation of London, promising to restore Londonderry to them:—

> Is not this a slip on your part? I had thought that the city of Derry received the name of Londonderry to commemorate its gallant defence against the troops of James II. in 1689-90.

The "slip" (if it be a slip) is none of mine. I quoted from the "Harleian Miscellany" (12 vols., London, Hutton, 1810); and in Vol. V. (pp. 86-103), is reprinted a pamphlet entitled "Ovatio Carolina: The Triumph of King Charles on the Triumphant Manner and Order of receiving His Majesty into his City of London on Thursday, the Twenty-Fifth day of November, 1641, upon his Safe and Happy Return from Scotland, with Mr. Recorder's Speech to his Majesty and his Majesty's most Gracious Reply; 4to. pp. 38, printed by J. N. 1641." The King's reply to the Recorder is at page 93 of the "Miscellany"; and his Majesty says precisely as I quoted:—"One thing I have thought of, as a particular testimony of my affection for you, is to give back unto you freely that part of *Londonderry* which heretofore was evicted from you," &c. The original pamphlet should be in the Harleian Collections in the British Museum.

I have looked into "Clarendon's History of the Rebellion": but the historian merely mentions, incidentally, Charles's triumphant entry into London, and does not quote either the Recorder's speech or the King's answer thereto.

But in Fraser's "Handbook for Travellers in Ireland" (Dublin: Curry, 1844) I read: "In 1613 the Irish Society was formed, and a new charter of the town, *under the name of Londonderry*, granted to the 'Society of the Governors and Assistants of the new plantation of Ulster,' who were bound to inclose the city." February.

From the discussion respecting the eventual destination of the statue of the Hero of Waterloo has arisen a side issue bearing on the particular costume worn by the Duke on Sunday, the 18th of June, 1815. March.

A gallant and distinguished correspondent who has attained a patriarchal age, but who writes with the clearness and decision of a young staff officer, has very kindly furnished me with a minutely accurate note of the dress which the Duke really wore on the day of the King-Making Victory. He writes *en pleine connaissance de cause;* for he was present, in a militant capacity, at the fight, and supped at the inn at Waterloo after the battle day was done. It was afterwards his singular fortune to be one of the military guardians of Napoleon at St. Helena. Here is his sartorial note on Wellington:—

> The Duke, after riding about and satisfying himself that all things were in order, dismounted and sate down on the ground very near the point of intersection of the *Chaussées* called "Les Quatre Bras." He was habited in his usual field costume—namely, a short blue frock coat, a short cloak of the same colour, leather pantaloons, and Hessian boots; *his plain and low cocked hat was surmounted by no feathers such as we see in the statue near Apsley House.* The large, drooping plume we borrowed from the Prussians afterwards; and it became pretty general among the staff officers after we got to Paris. On the Duke's black English cockade were attached three small ones, each about an inch in diameter; being those of Spain, Portugal, and the Netherlands, in token of his holding rank in the armies of those countries.

There is a curious confirmation of the minute accuracy of my gallant correspondent's note in a caricature called "Les

March. Etrangers à Paris," drawn by the famous Carle Vernet (father of Horace), and published while the Allied Armies were occupying the French capital. In a group of English officers I find two whose long, low cocked hats are surmounted by drooping plumes. Two other officers wear cocked hats, decorated only with cockades. I think that Mr Planché conjectured that the black cockade was introduced into the British Army in defiant contradistinction to the white cockade which was the badge of the Jacobites. One thing, however, remains certain—namely, that the monstrous plumed cocked hat which Mr Wyatt clapped on the Duke of Wellington's head, and which has been one of the principal causes of the undeserved ridicule heaped on this unfortunate statue, is altogether "unhistorical."

"Retired Major" is so good as to tell me that he possesses a series of thirty-four etchings of "Illustrations of the Battle of Waterloo," from the original sketches of "Captain George Jones, a Near Observer." Was this the well-known George Jones, R.A., who bore a curiously close resemblance to the Great Duke, which resemblance he enhanced by his general "make-up" in the way of civilian costume? In "Pendennis" the delightful Major is not averse from "making up" as the Great Captain of the Age. The etchings of which my correspondent speaks were published in 1816; *and in none of the sketches in which the Duke appears is his cocked hat surmounted by feathers.* The only ornament to the hat is what appears to be a cockade. On the other hand, many of the staff officers, Sir Thomas Picton, General Lord Hill, Major-General Ponsonby, &c., wear plumed hats. Field-Marshal Blucher also wears a plume.

Is there not a story of the Duke being terribly scandalised by the flaunting plumes worn by the Commissariat officers in the Peninsula, and, in a very summary manner, plucking those gentlemen of their feathers?

A large number of correspondents have pointed out to me that among the many objects of interest in the War Exhibition at Knightsbridge is a cocked hat surmounted by a very large plume, and that it is stated that the head-gear in question was worn by the Duke on the eventful Eighteenth of June. One correspondent has been so kind as to send me a neat pencil sketch of the plumed *chapeau*, and adds that on the leather lining thereof is written, "This hat was given me by the Duke of Wellington, 21st May, 1851—he told me it was worn by him at Waterloo. (Signed) T. J. Barker, Painter of 'The Allied Generals at Waterloo.'" This artist was a capital painter of battle scenes and of portraits, and was one of the worthiest of men. If Mr. T. Jones Barker were alive, I would ask him whether the Duke explicitly told him whether he had worn the plume as well as the hat at Waterloo. You remember the old story of the examiner who tried to puzzle a postulant by derisively asking him whether he could account "for the milk in the cocoa-nut"? "Yes, I can," boldly replied the postulant, "*but can you, Sir, account for the hair outside?*" The plume topping the hat at the War Exhibition is to me "the hair outside." March.

A correspondent informs me that in the mural painting leading to the House of Lords the Duke is represented in a cocked hat with plumes. That does not prove much—if it prove anything. I have scores of Waterloo engravings in which the Duke is shown in an unplumed hat. My own conviction is that the Duke wore at Waterloo a long low cocked hat with three cockades, but without a feather in it. The plumes were not added till the Allied armies reached Paris; and when, many years afterwards, the Duke gave his plumed cocked hat to Mr. T. Jones Barker he very probably forgot to tell that excellent painter that the hat worn on the eventful eighteenth of June, 1815, was unplumed. My first informant is a military officer of distinction. He was present on the staff at Waterloo. He was close to the Duke during many of the episodes of the fight, and he ought to know.

March. From the Hague a correspondent writes to ask for information respecting the company of Merchant Adventurers mentioned elsewhere in connection with turtle soup. This is all I have been able to unearth respecting the ancient Guild in question. In the "Remembrancia of the City of London" (p. 92) there is cited, under date of June 27, 1595, a letter from the Lord Mayor to the Lord Treasurer, giving an account of the proceedings taken by his Lordship's direction against the Company of Merchant Adventurers for the disbursement of the sum of fifty pounds required "in trust," by Captain Swann, for the charges of shipping certain poor men to the Low Countries.

From a foot-note appended to this abstract I learn that the Merchant Adventurers were thought to be the oldest of all the trading companies:—

> Having obtained extensive privileges in 1296 from John, Duke of Brabant, they established themselves at Antwerp, and were soon joined by a number of wealthy merchants in the various cities and maritime towns; Edward III. encouraged them in this country, and Edward IV. granted them a charter of incorporation. This was subsequently confirmed and enlarged by succeeding monarchs. In 1515 they held their meetings at Founders' Hall, Lothbury.

At page 379 of the "Remembrancia" the Merchant Adventurers are in some slight trouble with the Government for importing corn into France during a time of scarcity in England; and at page 527 the Company (A.D. 1619) are at issue with the Court of Aldermen respecting the sale to the City of two thousand pounds' worth of gunpowder at elevenpence a pound, lately received from Hamburg. In the "Memorials of the Guild of Merchant Tailors" the Company (page 545) are desirous (9th September, 1611) to lend the Merchant Adventurers six hundred pounds for six months at eight per cent. The Adventurers seem not to like the loan on such terms, and decline it; whereupon the Court of Assistants of the Merchant Tailors lent the six hundred pounds to Sir Baptist Hicks and Edward Bates for six months at nine per cent. In the "Liber Albus" there is no

allusion, that I can find, to the "Merchant Adventurers," but reference is made to certain "Merchant Strangers." When the Adventurers faded away I do not know, for I have no History of *all* the London Companies. In Thornbury and Walford's "Old and New London" the Merchant Adventurers are cursorily mentioned with the Merchants of the Staple and the Steelyard, and the Mercers' Company as frequent lenders of money to "our Kings." In Strype's "Stow" it is only said that the Company had a grant of arms in 1616 from Sir William Leger, Garter, and W. Camden, Clarencieux, and that their motto is "Reddite cuique suum." To which Strype, writing in 1720, adds "Extinct," and nothing more. March.

The shameful outrage perpetrated on Easter Eve in the Cathedral Church of St. Paul by a man who, if mad, should have been forthwith packed off to Hanwell or to Colney Hatch, and, if sane, should have had a good long spell of hard labour in one of Her Majesty's jails (the iconoclast was fined five pounds), recalls, to a certain extent, the story of Jenny Geddes throwing her joint-stool at the head of the Bishop of Edinburgh in St. Giles's Kirk, Edinburgh, on Sunday, the 23rd of July, 1637. I notice in a morning contemporary, the statement that it was at the Dean of Edinburgh (James Hannay) that the infuriated Scot's wife hurled her stool; but, turning to Hume's "History of England," I find :—

> Accordingly, in the Cathedral Church of St. Giles, the Dean of Edinburgh, arrayed in his surplice, began the service; the Dean himself and many of the Privy Council being present. But no sooner had the Dean opened the book than a multitude of the meanest sort, most of them women, clapping their hands, cursing, and crying out "A Pope, a Pope! Stone him!" raised such a tumult that it was impossible to proceed with the service. The Bishop, mounting the pulpit, in order to appease the populace, had a stool thrown at him.

The Rev. Thomas Thomson, in his "Comprehensive History of England" (Vol. II., p. 444), agrees with the

March. classic Hume that it was at the head of the Bishop, and not of the Dean, that the stool was thrown; and an identical statement is made by William Howitt in "Cassell's History of England," adding that when the Bishop hastened up into the pulpit over the head of the Dean in the reading-desk, and entreated the people to listen to the collect, Jenny Geddes cried out, "De'il *colic* the wame of thee!" mistaking the strange word collect for that painful disorder. But, on the other hand, in Chambers's "Book of Days," Vol. II., p. 109 (in which is given a woodcut of the reputed stool of Jenny Geddes preserved in the Antiquarian Museum at Edinburgh), and in Chambers's "Encyclopædia" (article, "Geddes"), it is said that the zealous Presbyterian dame cast her stool at the head of the Dean.

It might be puzzling to discriminate between the disagreement of these ecclesiological doctors, were it not for the circumstance that Chambers incidentally mentions that it is very doubtful whether there ever was such a personage as Jenny Geddes at all. In 1756, it appears, one Mr. Robert Mein published a pamphlet in which he maintained that his great grandmother, Barbara Hamilton, was the stool-casting dame in question.

Perhaps it is advisable that moderate-minded people should know that candlesticks on the communion-table are not things of yesterday, as the Pauline iconoclast seems to have thought they were. At Christmastide, 1810, some thieves broke into the strong room at St. Paul's and stole the whole of the valuable communion plate, weighing nearly eighteen hundred ounces. In Dean Milman's "Annals of St. Paul's Cathedral" there is quoted, from Malcolm, writing in 1803, a catalogue of the communion plate; and among the articles enumerated I find "A pair of silver-gilt candlesticks, two feet nine inches high, exclusive of the spikes, with triangular feet," and "two other candlesticks, of the same materials, about two feet in height,"

But wishing to go further back in this candlestick matter, I referred to that vast treasure-house of ecclesiological ornament and costume in the eighteenth century, "Picart's Rites and Ceremonies," originally published in the reign of George I., when Sir Christopher Wren's St. Paul's was a very young Cathedral indeed. In Vol. VI., page 76, there is a very fine double-page engraving, with the title of "La Communion des Anglicans à St. Paul." An elaborate view is given of the choir and chancel; and on the communion-table are two tall candlesticks, with candles in them. "Ritualism" was certainly not in vogue at St. Paul's a hundred and sixty years ago. Unfortunately, the text of my copy of Picart (although the titles to the plates are in French) is in Dutch, a tongue of which I have but scant knowlege; and I cannot discern whether any reference is made to the ornaments in St. Paul's. March.

The crazy folk or the fanatical folk continue to have a "high old time of it," by brawling in St. Paul's Cathedral. The last indecent outbreak in that noble fane was not, it is true, one in which physical force was used, and it did not take place while Divine service was going on; but it was not the less offensive and disgraceful. The person brought up before Sir Robert Carden for disorderly conduct in the Metropolitan basilica had "ordered" a verger to remove the Cross and the candlesticks from the altar, using, at the same time, the most fanatical language. This person is, by his social position, a gentleman; and I would entreat his friends to tell him that his objection to candlesticks on the communion-table in St. Paul's Cathedral is not only a bigoted but an ignorant one.

A correspondence has been going on in an esteemed sporting contemporary as to whether Marshal Ney was really shot, and whether there is any truth in the story that "he was conveyed to America, where he turned schoolmaster, and remained a member of the scholastic profession until his death."

March. I miss my "Pink 'Un" sometimes (to my sorrow). I should say that there is no more truth in the story than there is in the myth of the Duke of Monmouth not having been beheaded on Tower Hill, and of his having been the Man with the Iron Mask. The person who was sentenced to death by the Chamber of Peers, and who on the morning of Dec. 7, 1815, was taken out of the prison of the Luxembourg and conveyed across the garden to the end of the Grand Alley near the Observatory, was undoubtedly Michael Ney, Marshal of France, Duke of Elchingen and Prince of the Moskowa. Moreover, the execution of the person who was taken out of the carriage and shot to death close to the boundary wall of the garden was witnessed by a considerable number of persons (some two hundred in all), who were thoroughly acquainted with Ney, and several of whom had fought under him; and finally the corpse of the person shot was removed, immediately after the execution, to a public hospital, where it was watched and prayed over by two Sisters of Charity. The body was clad in a civilian garb of sable hue, Ney, at the time of his death, being in mourning for his father-in law.

The American school-keeping story may have originated in the fact that one of the sons of Joachim Murat, ex-King of Naples (I suppose there is no doubt about *his* having been shot), lived for several years in America, and that he there married a lady who kept a boarding-school in one of the Southern States.

But, mind, I should object to make an affidavit that Marshal Ney was shot, or that Fauntleroy was hanged, or Don Carlos strangled, or the Sultan Abd-ul-Aziz "scissored." We should never be quite positive as to things mundane. That verity I have always endeavoured to keep well in my mind ever since, many years ago, I heard the story of the nobleman and the picture by George Morland. There was a renowned picture dealer of yore who possessed an undoubtedly genuine and splendid "pig" picture by Morland.

He sold, at good prices, fourteen copies of the work as originals. One day the nobleman called upon him: "Mr. Megilp," his Lordship said, "I know you have a very fine Morland. It is the very painting that you have on your wall. If you please, you will name your price. I will hand you the money in bank notes, and, to prevent mistakes, I will take away the picture in my carriage, which is waiting below. And you will precede me down stairs if you please." The bargain was struck, and the peer followed the picture to the hall; but on reaching the door, Mr. Megilp naturally drew aside to allow his Lordship to pass first into the street, *But Mrs. Megilp was waiting behind the parlour door with a "pig" picture;* and it was not the original George Morland that his Lordship took home with him in his carriage. March.

I would not say one word more on this subject but for the fact that through the courtesy of a correspondent I have been made acquainted with the whereabouts, not, indeed, of a Wellingtonian hat, but of a plume formerly belonging thereunto, the authenticity of which is indisputable. At Dodington Park, in Gloucestershire, there is preserved under a glass case a plume once worn in the hat of the Iron Duke, together with one of his pocket-handkerchiefs. The story of the relics is told on a slip of paper in the handwriting of Miss Emma Codrington, daughter of Sir Edward Codrington, sometime Port Admiral at Plymouth:—

> The Duke had taken the plume out of his cocked hat, for, walking between decks, and finding it inconvenient to carry while going up and down the ladders, he came up to me and said, "There, you may carry that for me, and, if you like, you may keep it." I said, "Oh, yes; but you shall not have it back again. It is much too precious to me to part with it." He said, "Very well, you may have it."

Thus wrote Miss Codrington in February, 1842. The occasion to which she refers was when the Duke was in attendance on the Queen and Prince Consort during a visit to Portsmouth. My correspondent adds that the present of the plume (a large white one, at least twelve inches in height)

March. accompanied by the gift of one of the Duke's pocket-handkerchiefs, of which "he always carried three or four in his pocket."

April. The town of St. Ives in Cornwall, was mentioned not long ago in the House of Commons as one of the most innocent places in England. If I remember aright, there was only one police constable in the town; and he had nothing to do. I regret to find the name of St. Ives, or rather Yves, associated with a dreadful murder, committed, not in Cornwall, but at Hengoat, a village in Brittany. The murdered man, a farmer, named Omnes, had incurred the enmity of his sister and her husband, Marguerite and Yves Guillot; and they were charged with the commission of the crime. At the trial it was proved that sometime before the murder Guillot and his wife had hired an old woman to go to a neighbouring village, where there is a chapel containing an image of St. Yves, much resorted to by the peasantry of the whole village "as a means of ensuring sure revenge against an enemy." The old woman was instructed to invoke the Saint's vengeance againt the farmer for perjury, he having sworn that Guillot and his wife owed him some money, which they had been compelled to pay. The old woman, however, was unable to accomplish her mission, as the priest of St. Yves' chapel, shocked at the evil passions shown by the frequenters of the shrine, had removed the image to his back garden, and, on the wall being scaled by malevolent fanatics, hungry to invoke vengeance on their neighbours' head, *M. le Curé* locked up the effigy in his loft. It may as well be said that Guillot and his wife have been tried before the Court of Assizes of the Côtes-du-Nord for the murder of the farmer, and acquitted. It was the miserable misuse of the shrine of St. Yves that, during many hours, perplexed me. I was aware that the Breton peasantry habitually spoke of this saint as "Le bon St. Yves." Why should the shrine of so good a saint be frequented by people who wish to pray against the people whom they hate?

April.

I went to Alban Butler's "Lives of the Saints," and found under date of April 25 the festival of St. Ivia or Ivo. According to Alban Butler, St. Ivia was a Persian Bishop, who came as a missionary into England, about the same time with St. Austin, in the seventh century. He died and was buried at Slepe, in Huntingdonshire. On April 24, A.D. 1001, his body, entire, and arrayed in a pontifical habit, was found by a ploughman. "By the fame of miracles performed by his relics a Benedictine convent was there built" (at Slepe); "though the saint's body was afterwards transferred to the great Abbey of Ramsey." Alban Butler adds that Pope Alexander V. granted a licence to erect a church dedicated to St. Ives, in Cornwall, "where his name was famous;" and subsequently "St. Ives" became the name of a Parliamentary borough.

Probably, in process of time, the fame of St. Ives crossed the Channel to that kindred province of Armorica, Brittany; and was the cause of many men children being christened in his name. The supposition sent me to Jules Janin's "La Bretagne" (an altogether interesting book), and therein I found that St. Ives, "Patron of labourers, litigants, advocates, and jurisconsults," flourished in the thirteenth century; that he perfected himself in the study of law before he became a priest, and that he was known throughout Touraine, Anjou, and Brittany as "L'avocat des pauvres veuves et des orphelins." So, according to Jules Janin, wrote the old Dominican, Albert de Morlaix.

Yves was canonised at the prayer of one of the Dukes of Brittany. There is an ancient hymn in praise of the "Lawyer of the poor," beginning—

> Sanctus Yvo erat Brito,
> Advocatus et non latro,
> Res miranda populo!

Not a very high compliment to the legal profession in general. But is it not a horrible thing to think of, that reverence

April. for the memory of a good, just, and charitable man should have been perverted into a kind of fetish worship of the ghastliest kind? Yet it may have been by a demoniacally logical process that the Guillots and people of their way of thinking reasoned. "St. Yves was a good and just man. Good and just men hate perjury, and should desire to punish perjurers. Therefore we will go to the shrine of St. Yves and invoke him that punishment may be visited on those who have committed perjury." Every plaintiff, naturally thinking himself in the right, would as naturally repair to the shrine of St. Yves to pray against the defendant.

Yet are my perplexities with regard to St. Yves not altogether dispelled, since, on referring to my Topographical Dictionary of England (which I have recently found not quite infallible, inasmuch as in it Stoke-in-teign-head is spelled "Stokeintinhed"), I read that the ancient name of St. Ives in Cornwall was "Porth Ia," derived from St. Hya, or Ia, the daughter of an Irish chieftian, who, about the middle of the fifth century, visited Cornwall with some missionaries, died, and was buried there, and, being afterwards canonised, the original parish church of St. Ives was dedicated to her. Next is mentioned St. Ives in Huntingdonshire, distinguished in Domesday Book as Slepe, whether came the Persian Archbishop Ivo, or Ives, who travelled in England as a Christian missionary, and died in 660. Returning to Alban Butler, I find him citing a St. Ia, "daughter of an Irish nobleman and disciple of St. Barricus, who came into Cornwall and landed at the rocky peninsula of Pendinas" (Pendennis?). Butler, however, adds that the church which, at the request of the gentle missionary Dinan, a lord of the country, built for her at eighteen miles from St. Perans in the Sands, on the Severn, was called, not St. Ives, but St. Iës. Be it remembered, also, that the Breton Yves is the Christian name of a man. One is thus led to the persuasion that the name of St. Ives in Cornwall is derived, not from the Hibernian Ia, but from the Persian Ivo.

The Rector of Woodstock has appealed to the public for funds wherewith to place in the historic parish church (on the restoration of which some six or seven thousand pounds have already been spent) a painted window, as a memorial of the Father of English Poetry, Geoffrey Chaucer, who, according to a very faint and shadowy legend, occupied a house on the borders of Woodstock Park when Woodstock itself was a Royal residence. Chaucer, we all know, was at one period Yeoman of the Palace to Edward III. June.

Would not a painted window—supposing it to be well painted—in memory of the illustrious author of the "Canterbury Tales," the "Testament of Love," and the "House of Fame," be an excellent thing, anywhere? I am bold enough to think so. To be sure, Chaucerian memorials might, with equal propriety, be placed at Windsor and at Westminster, where the poet undoubtedly resided when in attendance on Royalty; and at Dunnington Park, Berkshire, which some of his biographers hold that he purchased of Sir Thomas Abberbury, and where he is said to have planted a tree mentioned by Evelyn in "Sylva" as "Chaucer's Oak." There might be a memorial tablet, too, in the Hall of the Inner Temple reciting how "Geoffrey Chaucer was fined two shillings for beating a Franciscan friar in Fleet Street." A memorial of him at the place of his birth would be scarcely possible, since nobody can tell with certainty where Geoffrey Chaucer was born.

In another letter to the *Times*, the writer, evidently a ripe scholar and antiquary, warns intending subscribers to the painted window fund that the connection between Chaucer and Woodstock is "the merest legend, based on no historical foundation whatever." Godwin, "the most unscrupulous of romancers," is charged with having constructed out of a local myth an elaborate story of Chaucer's residence in the Park; and this story was even accepted by such a distinguished writer as Mr. Longfellow. "It has, however, been conclusively shown, by Sir Harris Nicolas,

June. Mr. Furnivall, and others, that the house in question was granted by Henry IV., ten years after the poet's death, to Thomas Chaucer, afterwards Speaker of the House of Commons, generally, but without evidence, assumed to have been the poet's son."

But how much, if anything, of the house still bearing Chaucer's name is extant? I find in Mr. J. A. Manning's "Lives of the Speakers of the House of Commons," in the biographical notice of "Thomas Chaucer," a quotation from Kennet the antiquary to the effect that Warton, the author of the "History of English Poetry," procured a portrait of Geoffrey Chaucer, on panel, from the old quadrangular stone house at Woodstock, where it had been preserved. Kennet adds, "the last remains of this building, chiefly consisting of what was called Chaucer's bed-chamber, with a carved oaken roof, were demolished about twenty-five years before Warton's publication appeared."

Mr. Manning does not assume, but states positively, that Thomas Chaucer was the son of the poet, by his wife, Philippa, daughter of Sir Payne or Pagan Rouet, King-at-Arms in Hainault and Guienne, and sister to Catherine Swinford, afterwards wife of John of Gaunt, "time-honoured Lancaster." Tyrwhitt, in his notes to Chaucer, says that Thomas Chaucer lived for many years at Dunnington Castle, in Berkshire. Mr. Manning says that the Speaker resided chiefly at his manor of Ewelme in Oxfordshire, and the existing Chaucer Society may be highly congratulated on the extraordinary pains which they have taken and the great acumen which they have shown to disentangle the little that is historically known about Geoffrey Chaucer from the web of legends, myths, audacious surmises, and downright concoctions by which, during so many generations, it has been surrounded.

It is proposed to revive this year the "historic pageant of the Godiva procession" through the streets of the City

of Coventry, and the celebration is fixed for the August Bank Holiday. But the proper day for holding the Coventry Show Fair is the Friday after the festival of Corpus Christi. As for the pretty legend of Lady Godiva and Peeping Tom of Coventry, why has Mr. Baring Gould told us nothing about "the sweetest of *sans culottes*," the fierce Earl Leofric, and the inquisitive tailor in his "Curious Myths of the Middle Ages?" There must be some foundation for the story of Lady Godiva, although the beginning of it may be traced some day to the folklore of Persia or Hindostan. June.

Some antiquarians incline to the opinion that Lady Godiva is really St. Ursula, a figure of whom, attended by her many maidens (not eleven thousand *bien entendu*), used to figure in the Corpus Christi processions. We know that in these pageants there were habitually presented effigies of St. George killing the dragon, St. Sebastian riddled with arrows, St. Catherine with her wheel, and so forth. Perhaps Godiva is a combination of St. Ursula and the chaste Susanna. We may bear in mind in this connection Mr. Baring Gould's remark: "The legends of the Middle Ages were some beautiful, some grotesque, and some revolting. The two latter classes we put aside at once; but for the first we profess a lingering affection."

We are told, in the Paris *Voltaire*, that the commander of H. M. S. Dryad was requested by the French Admiral at Tamatave to leave his moorings in the harbour in order that the British man-o'-war should be replaced by Le Forfait, the most powerful vessel in the French squadron. The *Voltaire* adds that "this movement was executed by the English Captain with deliberate slowness." I should think that it was thus executed. July.

But "Le Forfait." That is surely an odd name for a ship. It means, besides a forfeit, a crime, an offence, a

July. transgression. The word ran in my head, for hours. Where, I asked myself, had I last met with it in connection with any possible ill-feeling between England and France. I turned to the *Courier* newspaper for the month of January, 1817, and read as follows:—

> Paris, Jan. 1.—I was present yesterday night at the representation of "Hamlet." When Norceste (?), who has arrived from England, observes—
>
> Cette ile où des complots pénétrent en ce moment
> Vont amener le trouble et de grands changements,
>
> there was a cry of *"Oui! oui! c'est vrai"*; but shortly after, when Claudius, dissuading Hamlet from the analogy he is willing to establish between the regicides of the two countries, exclaims—
>
> Laissons à l'Angleterre et son deuil et ses pleurs :
> *L'Angleterre en forfaits trop souvent fut féconde,*
>
> the pit unanimously rose, and drowned the actor's voice with shouts o approbation, which lasted several minutes. They demanded the repetition of the verse; but the actor prudently declined acquiescing.

I am old enough to have had schoolfellows whose fathers had fought at Mont St. Jean, and school teachers who had been personally engaged in that great battle. And I have told my readers, time and again, how as a boy at a French public school I was insulted and buffeted, "all on account" of the perfidy of Grouchy and the inability of "Lor Vilainton" to see that he was beaten. That was in 1839. In 1848, one of the first things that the patriots of February did was violently to expel from French territory all the English workmen who were employed in French factories; and that unneighbourly act was one of the causes which led to the disturbances at Drury Lane Theatre on the attempted performance of the wearisome drama of "Montechristo" by a French *troupe*.

At what age should a boy—a British boy—go to sea? The question was recently raised in the House of Commons by Sir J. Hay, who, in the debate on the Naval Estimates, maintained that "in these days of steam, there was nothing that boys could learn on board a hulk which they could not

learn much better on land. The best naval officer whom he had ever known—the late Lord Dundonald—did not take the sea till he was eighteen. It was much better that youths should have a good education before they entered on their profession. Boys took the sea just as well at sixteen or seventeen as at thirteen." July.

H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh "took the sea" at fourteen, as a naval cadet on board the Euryalus. On reference to Campbell's "Lives of the Admirals," I find that most of our great naval heroes, Howe, Bridport (Hood), St. Vincent (Jarvis), Boscawen, and Collingwood, took the sea either at thirteen or at fourteen. The valiant Captain Robert Faulknor of the Blanche, who was killed while engaging La Pique, of superior force (afterwards captured by the Blanche), "went to sea at a very early age." The inscription on his monument in St. Paul's recites that "His ancestors had without cessation served with glory the British Navy for nearly two centuries," that is, from the days of Queen Bess to those of George III.

But a greater naval hero, one Horatio Nelson, of the Nile and Trafalgar. "took the sea" at an even earlier age. Hear Southey:—

> When Horatio was only twelve years of age, being at home during the Christmas holidays, he read in the county newspapers that his uncle (Captain Suckling) was appointed to the Raisonnable, of sixty-four guns. "Do, William," he said to a brother, who was a year and a half older than himself, "write to my father, and tell him that I should like to go to sea with Uncle Maurice."

Even "Uncle Maurice" thought that the sickly boy was too young to "take the sea." "What," he wrote to his brother-in-law, "has poor Horatio done, who is so weak, that he, above all the rest, should be sent to rough it out at sea"? But the boy of twelve would have his way, and on a cold, dark morning in the spring of 1770, the little lad of twelve alighted from the stage-coach at Chatham, alone, and found his way, alone, on board his ship, which was lying in the Medway. But those were the days before steam.

August. As for Lord Dundonald (Cochrane), he has himself told us in his amusing "Autobiography of a Seaman" why he "took the sea" so late. His *penchant* was for the sea; but his father determined that young Lord Cochrane should enter the Army, and as a mere schoolboy he was gazetted to an ensigncy in the Hundred and Fourth Foot; but his uncle, Captain Sir Alexander Cochrane, had on his side resolved that the boy should be a sailor; and, unknown to Lord Dundonald, had entered young Tom's name on the books of various ships of war under Sir Alexander's command. Ultimately, Lord Cochrane joined the Hind at Sheerness, "joining that ship," as he himself writes, "on the 27th of June, 1793, at the mature age for a midshipman of seventeen years and a half." And it's O! for the days before steam.

Captain Webb has duly made the attempt to swim the Whirlpool of the Niagara Rapids, and the Coroner's Jury have as duly returned a verdict of "Found Drowned." There is no credit whatever in having predicted what to any person knowing anything about Niagara must have been "a dead certainty"; but surely the municipal authorities at Niagara might have taken measures to prevent the poor man from committing suicide.

Should any gentleman wish to write a play on the subject of Charles I., I shall be happy (for a consideration), if the dramatist be a Cavalier, to supply him with plenty of documentary evidence to prove that Charles was a Martyr, a munificent patron of the arts, an enthusiastic admirer of Shakspeare, a faithful husband, a loving father, and a devout member of the Church of England as by law established; whereas O. Cromwell was an upstart, a bankrupt brewer who adulterated the beer which he brewed, a hypocrite, a tyrant, and a murderer, revoltingly subject to epileptic fits, and with a face much disfigured by pimples. I am prepared to show

too, that his wife was a very stingy housekeeper, who counted the carrots that went to the boiled beef, and denied her husband an orange to his loin of veal, because oranges, forsooth, were a groat apiece. August.

But, if the playwright be a Roundhead I will (also for a consideration) direct his attention to a whole legion of sermons, political pamphlets, lampoons, squibs, pasquinades, and caricatures all tending to show the Man Charles Stuart was a tyrant, a traitor, an impostor, a shedder of human blood, and a Son of Belial; that he never wrote "Eikon Basiliké," that the speech which he is said to have delivered on the scaffold is apocryphal; that the horrible outrages and indignities inflicted on William Prynne were dictated solely by the spite and malice of Charles against the inflexible barrister of Lincoln's Inn, who, in the "Histriomastix," had derided the histrionic antics of Henrietta Maria in the Whitehall Masques; that Charles's fidelity to the Anglican Church was problematical, and that, on the whole, he was a very unprincipled and perfidious enemy of his country, and richly deserved to have his head cut off.

There is one accusation which Mr. Wills has brought against the memory of Oliver, which is palpably and transparently unjust. He calls him a Vandal as regards art. The incontrovertible historical truth is that Cromwell, so soon as ever he became possessed of sole power in the State, peremptorily put a stop to the further dispersion of the Royal collection of paintings and sculpture; and that he made Ludlow prevent the sale of Hampton Court Palace. Finally, when the King's collection was brought to sale, Cromwell purchased the cartoons of Rafaelle and restored them at Hampton Court, and secured for the same palace the Twelve Cæsars of Andrea Mantegna, and a number of splendid works by Vandyck, Titian, Giulio Romano, and Tintoretto. But for the conflagration which in the reign of William III. consumed the Royal palace at Whitehall, there would be at this time in the possession of

August. the Crown many more superb works of art, the preservation of which was solely due to the liberality and discrimination of the "Vandal" Oliver Cromwell.

Many years ago, wandering about the North of England, I was so fortunate as to make the passing acquaintance, in an inn parlour, of a middle-aged gentleman, who gravely informed me that he was a lineal descendant of More of More Hall, who slew the Dragon of Wantley. His illustrious descent did not make him in the least haughty. He merely alluded to it as an incontrovertible genealogical fact. We cannot help the greatness of our forefathers. Thus, there is extant a Roman Prince who can trace his descent back to the Twelve Cæsars; and the Estes, Dukes of Ferrara, claimed Hercules as one of their forefathers. Thus one can sincerely congratulate on the antiquity of his lineage an anonymous gentleman who, in a letter to the *Times* protesting against the Bank Holiday mummery at Coventry, signs himself "A Lineal Descendant of Leofric and Godiva." There is not the slightest reason why the gentleman should not be so descended. There may be many actual Yorkshire peasants of the family of Gurth the swineherd or of that of Higg the son of Snell; and whenever you see a trooper in the Life Guards with dark hair and eyes and an aquiline nose you may feel tolerably sure that he is a lineal descendant of some veteran of a Roman legion settled in Britain in the days of the Cæsars.

The writer points out that Mr. Freeman has described the Lady Godiva fable as a "disgrace to English History," and that the Saxon chronicler Ingulph of Croyland, "who knew Lady Godiva personally;" Ordericus Vitalis, who was almost a contemporary, Simeon of Durham, Florence of Worcester, and William of Malmesbury, say nothing about it. Old Roger of Wendover seems to have been the first chronicler who gave currency to the Godiva myth.

The main objection to the holding of the Coventry pageant on a Bank Holiday in August might be that it has taken place this year at the wrong time. For the rest, the processsional tomfoolery of August 6 is evidently a dim survival of the old itinerant "Miracle Plays" for which Coventry was mediævally so renowned. In these plays all kinds of personages—Scriptural, Pagan, and allegorical—were wont to figure; and I should be but slightly astonished were some diligent antiquary to discover that the original of Lady Godiva was a mediæval presentment of our mother Eve in the State of Innocence, and that Peeping Tom at first represented the Enemy of Mankind. August.

Her lineal descendant asserts that "the most conclusive evidence against Lady Godiva's ride is the simple fact that, at the time when it is said to have taken place, the town or borough of Coventry did not exist." It owed, according to the lineal descendant, its being to the famous Benedictine monastery built at the instigation of Godiva by Earl Leofric, A.D. 1023—1043.

But the local historians of Coventry, or Conventry, state that there was another monastic foundation here before the abbey built by Leofric and Godiva—a convent, indeed, built by Canute, the Dane, of which St. Osburg was abbess. This convent was burned, in 1016, by Edric the Traitor, who invaded Mercia, and destroyed many towns in Warwickshire, including Coventry. Leofric certainly had a castle here; and, given a castle and monastery, the existence of some kind of town may be fairly assumed. I am aware that Coventry was not incorporated until the reign of Edward III., A.D. 1344; but Leofric, it is stated, at the intercession of Godiva, conferred certain charters, immunities, and privileges on the citizens of Coventry, "the same being commemorated in the south window of Trinity Church by portraits of the Earl and Countess with a poetical legend."

August. By the way, Sir James Mackintosh, in his great speech on behalf of Peltier, prosecuted for a libel on Napoleon when First Consul, spoke of the bayonets of Cromwell's soldiery. Were old Noll's soldiers ever armed with such weapons? Bayonets seem to have been first used in the French army in 1671; but the word, in the sense of a dagger, is a very old one. It is in Cotgrave.

It used to be thought that Ranke's "History of the Popes" possessed some slight merit as an historical work, and that there was a good deal of information, equally curious and trustworthy, touching the Roman Pontiffs, in Professor Gregorovius' "Tombe dei Papi." But Ranke and Gregorovius must now take, it would seem, "back seats." The news that a letter has been addressed by the Pope to Cardinals Di Pietro, Di Luca, and Hergenroether, in which his Holiness recommends the careful study of the history of the Papacy, in furtherance of which investigations the archives preserved in the library of the Vatican will in future be rendered accessible to students, seems almost too good to be true. Simancas and the Frari must pale their ineffectual fires if the manuscript treasures of the Vatican are to be thrown open to the researches of the general student; and M. Armand Baschet and "our" Mr. Rawdon Brown should take train for Rome at once.

In the account of the lying-in-state at Frohsdorf of the remains of the late Comte de Chambord, it is stated that the mortuary catafalque was surmounted by the White Flag of the Royal House of France, with the Bourbon arms embroidered in gold on blue velvet, and the staff surmounted by a white fleur-de-lys. Would it be to incur the guilt of arch-heresy to express a grave doubt whether the White Flag has any claim to be considered the flag of the Royal House of France at all? My simple impression is that the historic standard of the Royal House of France is on a field

azure, three fleur-de-lys, or; and that until the Revolution of 1789 the white flag was simply a regimental colour, "la cornette blanche," borne by the senior companies of the French Maison du Roi. A regimental colour is not a Royal standard. September.

That azure is the Royal colour of the Bourbons is proved by the augmentation of arms given by Charles V. to the municipality of Paris. He granted them a "chef cousu" of azure, meaning France. The field of their shield was gules, that being the hue usually "octroyé" by the heralds to the bourgeoisie. And their shield bore a ship argent, convertible for white. Here we have blue, red, and white—the tints of the Revolutionary, Imperial, and Orleanist tricolor.

That eminent authority, Dr. Cobham Brewer, in his "Reader's Handbook," seems to be somewhat misleading as to the tricolor; which he describes as consisting of "the Bourbon white cockade with the blue and red cockade of the city of Paris combined." The city of Paris never had a cockade of blue and red; but in 1789 it had, as it has now, an escutcheon emblazoned in three colours—blue, red, and white.

Dr. Brewer ascribes the invention of the tricolour as a national badge to Lafayette. But Mr. Henry Swinburne, author of "The Courts of Europe at the Close of the Last Century," writes, two days after the capture of the Bastille in July, 1789, "They" (the Paris populace) "have taken the colours of the Duke of Orleans' livery—blue, red, and white—for their cockade. A few pages later Mr. Swinburne adds, "The Duke of Orleans is becoming popular. They call him *le Père du Peuple.*" Now, here is a distinct upsetting by an eye-witness of the story that the tricolour was taken from the "colours" of the City of Paris.

But how prone we all are—even to the wisest—to run into absurdity on the subject of flags and their colours.

September. We all remember the vehement burst of eloquence by which, in 1848, Alphonse de Lamartine succeeded in dissuading the Parisians from adopting the *drapeau rouge* in preference to the tricolour. "The Red Flag," he said, "has only made the circuit of the Champ de Mars soaked in the blood of the people. The tricolour has made the circuit of the globe with our liberties and our glories." Alack! ages ago, and certainly at Agincourt, the armies of France fought under a red ensign. The famous Oriflamme was red—a little square bannerol of crimson silk, fringed with gold, which had served to enwrap the bones of St. Denis, and which Abbot Suger, of St. Denis, first brought into the field as one of the great vassals of Louis le Gros. The Oriflamme was not mounted on a staff, but was displayed on the breast of a man-at-arms.

"Did Napoleon leave ten thousand francs in his will to Catillon, who had attempted to assassinate the Duke of Wellington?" Yes, the Exile of Longwood did bequeath ten thousand francs to "the sub-officer Cantillon" (not Catillon), who had been tried and acquitted in Paris. Napoleon, in a spiteful rider to his bequest, asserted that, assuming even that the crime laid to Cantillon's charge had been proved, he would have been as much justified in killing "ce Lord" as the Duke thought himself to be in sending him (Napoleon) to perish on a rock. The legacy was not paid until the establishment of the Second Empire, when "the sub-officer, Cantillon," was found keeping (I believe) a chandler's shop at Brussels. The legacy was altogether a very disgraceful one; but much may, perhaps, be pardoned to a man transported for life, and suffering from cancer in the stomach. The Bloody Assize might not have been so sanguinary had not Jeffries at the time been writhing in the torments of an agonising disease. Not long before he set out on his terrible circuit he had delivered before the Grand Jury at Bristol a most moving and pathetic charge against the kidnapping of white children to be sold into West Indian slavery.

A large batch of communications has reached me referring to the subject of Napoleon's legacy. One correspondent asks, "Is it really true that Napoleon owed his life to the clemency of the Duke of Wellington?" and he proceeds to remark that Mr. Smiles in "Duty" states it was owing to the entreaties of the Duke that Blucher refrained from putting Napoleon to death. September.

I can scarcely believe that so accurate a writer as Mr. Smiles would have made so unhistorical an assertion.* It was the avowed intention of Blucher, had he caught Napoleon after Waterloo, to have had him shot on the precise spot in the ditch at Vincennes, where, eleven years before, the Duke of Enghien had been executed. But old "Feldmarschall Vorwärts" never had Napoleon in his power; and consequently no "entreaties" from the Duke were needed to induce the wrathful Prussian to spare the captive's life.

On the other hand, it is quite true that Blucher, not being able to get hold of the victor of Jena, had made up his mind to wreak his vengeance on the Bridge of Jena over the Seine at Paris, by blowing that bridge up bodily, and that it was by the strong persuasion of the Duke of Wellington that he was induced to abandon his Guy Fawkes-like project. I think that the Rev. Chaplain-General Gleig has somewhere published a letter in which Duke Arthur writes to Blucher, addressing him as "*Mein lieber Fürst,*" congratulating him on his consent to spare the bridge, and asking him to dine at Very's that evening.

In Mr. W. J. Loftie's "History of London," a work in which extensive erudition and sound judgment are found in combination with a most attractive and entertaining style, in the chapter devoted to "the Western Suburbs" I find (vol. ii., pp. 240-1) a notice of a disused burial-ground at

*Nor did he. I have since read "Duty," an admirable book, by an admirable writer.

September. Paddington, in the chapel of which there is a tablet to the memory of General Sir Thomas Picton, killed at the battle of Waterloo. Mr. Loftie states that the remains of this valiant chieftain, having lain in state at his house in Edwardes Street, were buried in the little vault under the chapel. "After the death and funeral of the Duke of Wellington the body was removed to St. Paul's Cathedral."

"The stern Picton," who, as Governor of Trinidad, had lain for some time under a cloud, in consequence of having unwittingly signed an order for the torture, by means of the "picket," of a Creole girl called Luisa Calderon, who was accused of theft, was one of the most glorious of the famous captains who fell at the "King-making victory." Obviously, it could never have been intended that Picton's ashes should find a permanent resting-place in the little vault under the chapel at Paddington. There is a tradition that Picton's coffin was only temporarily deposited in the chapel-vault until arrangements could be made for its suitable interment in the Abbey or in St. Paul's; but that the persons whose business it was to remember their duty, in the hurry and bustle of the time, *forgot all about the dead hero:* so that the coffin remained on the shelf at Paddington for more than forty years.

It must have been subsequent to the year 1857 that, walking down Fleet Street about the hour of noon, I met a not very lengthy procession—half military, half funereal—progressing eastward at a pace more resembling a trot than the solemn stride of mortuary pageantry. In the centre of the procession came a gun-carriage, on which was a coffin covered with flags. Somebody in authority had suddenly remembered—full five years after Duke Arthur's sumptuous entombment—that neglected coffin on the shelf, at Paddington; and they were taking "the stern Picton" to be buried in St. Paul's.

In the original committee of the Reform Club, which was established in 1836, but which did not move into its present palatial home in Pall Mall until 1841, I find the name of Barry O'Meara. Was this the noted naval surgeon who tended Napoleon in his captivity, wrote the "Voice from St. Helena," and became the *bête noire* of Sir Hudson Lowe?* I have read somewhere, lately, that O'Meara died in indigence; but he could scarcely have been in very low water in 1834, since he was a member of the committee of a club of the standing of the Reform. October.

On this subject I have received several communications. One correspondent, quoting an Encyclopædia which has not come in my way, makes the odd statement that O'Meara "joined the English Army as an assistant-surgeon in his eighteenth year; was disgraced in 1818; but entered the Navy, where he served with credit." But O'Meara was a naval surgeon in 1815, when he was attached to the person of Napoleon; and it was from the Navy, not the Army, that, in 1818, he was dismissed by the Lords of the Admiralty. The letter of dismissal, signed by John Wilson Croker, Secretary of the Admiralty, is printed *in extenso* in Mr Forsyth's "History of the Captivity of Napoleon." O'Meara published his "Voice from St. Helena" in 1822, Napoleon being then dead. Five editions of the work were sold; but it was not until the end of Hilary Term that the Solicitor-General, Sir John Copley, applied to the Court of King's Bench, on the part of Sir Hudson Lowe, for a criminal information against Barry Edward O'Meara for libel. A rule *nisi* was granted; but the Court held the application to have been made too late, and refused to make the rule absolute.

Another correspondent tells me that O'Meara died in Cambridge Terrace, Hyde Park, in June, 1836; that some time before his death he had married a lady possessing considerable property; and that his life closed rather in affluence than in indigence.

* It was.

October. I am at the present moment prepared to draw the attention of any lively Gaul—or rather, Lutetian—who may have been present at the remarkable demonstration against Don Alfonso of Spain in the streets of Paris on the 29th Sept. to a compact collection of works bearing on the subject of Good Manners. In particular would I press on the genial Parisian's notice. "The Art of Being Easy in all Times and in all Places," translated from the French of Des Landes by Edw. Combe, 1724. Nay, I might go so far back as the "French Academie" of Pierre de la Primaudaye, "wherein is Discoursed the Institution of Manners," translated from the French by Thomas Beard, London, 1586. The French originals are, to judge from the recent saturnalia, inaccessible to modern Parisians.

It was in Madrid, at a window of a house in the Puerta del Sol, that, on the 14th of January, 1875, I witnessed the entrance of Don Alfonso Francisco de Assisi Ferdinando Pio Juan Maria de la Concepcion Gregorio de Borbon (he is all those) into his capital as King of Spain and the Antilles. He was but a boy, fresh from Sandhurst; but he managed the great charger on which he was mounted with gallant skill; and as he rode forth from the Calle de Alcalà, at the head of his brilliant staff, bareheaded, waving his *kèpi*, and with the light of youth and health and success in his face, the immense multitude set up a shout of "viva el Rey Bizarro!" Bizarre (a word of Arabic origin, I should say) means in Spanish brave, generous, magnificent; not odd, fanciful, fantastic, and whimsical, as it does in English.

I fancy that Alfonso XII. approved himself to be in the streets of Paris quite as much a "Rey Bizarro" as his people declared him to be in the Puerta del Sol in '75. I have no great love for kings. They are, as a rule, very troublesome, expensive, selfish, mean, and ungrateful people; but I hope that I can admire a brave and honest gentleman; and the young King of Spain seems to fill that character to admiration.

The Paris *Figaro* has, in the name of its entire staff, published a dignified protest against the shameful treatment to which the guest of France was exposed; yet, in the self-same number of the paper in which this laudable protest was printed, there appears a paragraph describing a manifestion which occurred at the Bourse, which the *Figaro* cites with approval as "bien Parisienne et presque spirituelle." Among the group of speculators dealing in Spanish securities voices were heard crying "Je prends du *uhlan*! Qu'est-ce qui donne du *uhlan*? J'achète deux mille *uhlans*, dont dix sous." *L'esprit Gaulois* must have sunk to a very low ebb indeed if such dull buffoonery as this can be pronounced "almost witty." As well might Russian bonds be nicknamed "Cossacks," or Turkish ones "Bashi-Bazouks." October.

In the introduction to the Catalogue of the Library of the Reform Club, Mr. Fraser Rae gives a sketch of the early history of the Club itself, and supplies some items of information which will be valuable "Mémoires pour Servir" when an exhaustive history of the London Clubs comes to be written. The "precursor, although not the progenitor," of the Reform was the Westminster Club, which was established on the 7th of March, 1834. In the first committee list appear the well-known names of Alderman Wood, Morgan and John O'Connell, and Daniel Whittle Harvey; and among the earliest elected members were Daniel O'Connell, Feargus O'Connor, Captain Gronow, Colonel Perronet Thompson, and Henry Lytton Bulwer. The members were accommodated at Mr. Alderman Wood's house, 24 Great George Street, Westminster. To No. 24 in the same street, at the house of Sir Edward Knatchbull, the remains of Byron had been, in 1824, brought from Missolonghi, to lie in state, prior to their removal to Hucknall Torkard. The poet would have been under fifty when the Westminster Club was started. Would he have been one of its members?

The most ardent admirer of his genius, the most eloquent of his panegyrists, was, indeed, a Westminastrian. At the

October. beginning of July, 1834, Benjamin Disraeli was a candidate, being proposed by Mr. H. L. Bulwer, and seconded by Dr. Elmore, the father, I apprehend, of a late distinguished Royal Academician. Mr Disraeli was elected; but in March, 1835, he resigned his membership, requesting, in a letter to the Committee, "that his name be erased from the list of members of the club, as he was prevented by engagements from availing himself of its conveniences." He enclosed a cheque for fifteen guineas for club dues; but the cheque was returned to him, "the Committee having no inclination to accept money from gentlemen whose engagements render them unable to avail themselves of the conveniences of the club."

Quiet reverence and dignified simplicity marked the entire ceremonial of the final inhumation in a marble sarcophagus in the chapel of the Parish Church of Hempstead, by Saffron Walden, of the leaden case containing all that is mortal of William Harvey, the illustrious Discoverer of the Circulation of the Blood, whose fame some sincerely-minded but misguided people have lately but vainly attempted to blacken, because, forsooth, Harvey, in the course of the studies necessary for the composition of his second great book, made experiments on the bodies of living deer, supplied to him by the King's command, from the Royal Chases. Why, Christopher Wren was a vivisector. Should that fact be allowed to diminish his renown as the architect of St. Paul's?

The lamentable condition into which the leaden case containing the remains of Harvey had been allowed to fall is fully described in Dr. Benjamin Ward Richardson's book "A Ministry of Health," a work which also comprises an admirably picturesque sketch of the Discoverer's life and work. Dr. Richardson had repeatedly inspected the anything-but-weather-proof vault under the church at Hempstead, in which the leaden shell was going to wrack and ruin. There was a great crack in the upper surface; and the interior, from the

frequent incursions of the rain, was half full of black mud. The Royal College of Physicians would have proceeded to the pious task of inhumation long ago; but it was necessary to obtain the consent of the representatives of Harvey's family, who are still in our midst. It was so far back as 1847 that Dr. Richardson first visited the vault at Hempstead. The "Ministry of Health" was published in 1879; but better late than never: it was no fault of the Royal College of Physicians that the accomplishment of this task was so long delayed; and now, all obstacles having been removed, they have accomplished it nobly. October.

Harvey's body was, most of us know, not coffined, but "lapt" or "wrapped in lead"—the moulded metal envelope bearing a rude Egyptian mummy-case resemblance to the form and features of the sleeper within. The practice of wrapping corpses in lead is a very ancient one. According to tradition, the body of James IV. of Scotland, slain at Flodden Field, was conveyed to the monastery of Sheen, near Richmond, where it remained till the Dissolution. The monastery was plundered at that epoch; and Stow says:—

> The King's corpse, wrapped in lead, was placed in a waste room amongst old timber and other lumber, and that he saw it there. When it was in this situation some of the workmen cut off the head; and Launcelot Young, Master Glazier to Queen Elizabeth, liking the sweet smell proceeding from the medicaments with which it was embalmed, took it with him to his house in Wood Street; but, becoming careless of possessing it, afterwards gave it to the Sexton of the Church of St. Michael, Wood Street, in order that he might bury it.

Some Scottish writers, however, maintain that James was not killed at Flodden, and that the embalmed body was that of a foreigner who fought that day in habiliments similar to those worn by the King, in order to divert the attention of the English archers from James. One writer asserts that the gallant and unfortunate Monarch made his escape to Jerusalem, and died there.

October. In the matter of the "the Famous Signal"—"England Expects every Man will do his Duty." Has not the recent and still raging controversy on that moot point come a little too late? Surely the period to which "the Famous Signal" belongs is the time stupidly called "the Silly Season," for it is then that the newspapers can find the greatest amount of space for the discussion of questions of real historical, social, or antiquarian interest. I daresay that I have often told the story in print; but it may bear repeating that, when I was a small boy, I was acquainted with two very peppery old retired naval officers, one of whom was wont to declare that the last signal from Nelson's flag-ship before the battle of Trafalgar was, "Paint the hoops of your masts white"; while the other "old Salt" as stoutly maintained that the last signal was, "Have the people got their breakfast"? Both assertions were, of course, absurd; but they show how the "Famous Signal" was wrangled about nearly fifty years ago.

December. At the end of a leading article in a recent number of the *Times* I read—"When a French King, at some country village, was charged a *louis d'or* for an egg, he asked what dearth of eggs there was that would warrant such a price. 'Eggs, your Majesty, are plentiful enough,' was the reply; 'it is Kings who are so rare with us.'" It would be interesting to learn how many versions there are of this egg story, and how old it is. The tale, as I have always heard it told, refers, not to a "French King," but to the Allied Sovereigns who visited this country in 1814, after the first downfall of Napoleon. Their Imperial and Royal Majesties were travelling post from Dover to the metropolis; and it was at some village inn where the august party halted for breakfast that a guinea was charged, not for a single egg, but for a dish of eggs. "Are eggs scarce in these parts?" asked the astonished chamberlain who was paying the bill. "No," replied the unabashed Boniface, "*but Kings are.*"

The story, after all, may not be so very ancient a one. December
Internal evidence, indeed, would seem to point to the incident being of comparatively recent occurrence—if it ever occurred at all. In olden times, when Royalty travelled, in its own dominions at least, it paid neither for its eggs nor for its bacon—nay, nor for its meat, its milk, its butter, its cheese, nor its wine. The Royal Purveyors laid violent hands upon everything they wanted, and if the peasantry remonstrated or asked for payment they got soundly beaten for their pains.

But, talking of eggs, what do you think of a Lord Lieutenant of Ireland as a champion egg-eater? This was the Duke of Rutland, who died at Dublin in the autumn of 1787. "He invariably began the day by eating at breakfast six or seven turkey's eggs, as an accompaniment to tea or coffee. He then rode forty and sometimes fifty miles, dined at six or seven o'clock, after which he drank very freely, and concluded by sitting up to a very late hour, always supping before he retired to rest." Ah! there were giants in the land in those days. To be sure, the turkey-egg eating Duke of Rutland was seized with a fever of so violent a nature as to baffle all medical skill, and when he died he was under thirty-four years of age.

This story, and hundreds more good stories, old stories, puzzling stories, and generally queer stories, together with a vast amount of court, parliamentary, and travelling gossip, and a great deal of really valuable historical information, are scattered through the five portly and handsome volumes of the "Historical and Posthumous Memoirs of Sir Nathaniel William Wraxall," a new edition of which, edited, with notes and additional chapters, from the author's unpublished MSS. by Mr. Henry B. Wheatley, F.S.A., has just been published by Messrs. Bickers & Son. These five volumes are the pleasantest of my *compagnons de voyage;* and with intense amusement have I been re-reading, late in the night season (and *bougies*, alack! are a franc apiece), the lucubrations of

December. the historiographer on whom the spiteful epitaph was written:—

Men, manners, seasons, scenes, and facts all,
Misquoting, mis-stating,
Misplacing, mistaking,
Here lies Sir Nathaniel Wraxall.

The career and character of Sir Nathaniel Wraxall (I knew his grandson, the late Sir C. N. Lascelles Wraxall, one of the most industrious of *littérateurs*, very well) have always been an enigma to me. He was a Judge-Advocate and paymaster in the East India Company's service when he was only twenty, and at twenty-one he left the service of John Company altogether, "for motives," his grandson wrote, so recently as 1864, "which may be known hereafter, but do not belong here." Some have assumed that he "shook the pagoda-tree" in India, and returned with some kind of fortune; but this was denied by his grandson. Mr. Wheatley holds that Wraxall, in order to obtain a living, proposed to become an author, and undertook an extensive tour so as to obtain materials for a book. But he must have had plenty of money to have been able to travel as he did in Portugal and Denmark, Germany and Italy, consorting everywhere with the "nobs." He seems to have been a kind of occult go-between of our George III. and that monarch's ill-used sister, Caroline Matilda, Queen of Denmark. Eventually the King made Wraxall a present of a thousand guineas, and promised him a seat at the Board of Green Cloth, for his Danish services. Why he should have got into Parliament, first, through Lord George Germaine's influence, as member for Hindon, and next for George Selwyn's pocket borough of Ludgershall, are things as mysterious as the circumstance that Selwyn himself should have repudiated his own nominee, and systematically mis-pronouncing his name, gone about asking, "Who is this Rascall?"

Late in life, at the express instance of the Prince Regent, Wraxall was made a Baronet: why, nobody could exactly tell. It is enough, perhaps, at this time of day to

know that, like the Darteneuf mentioned by Swift in the "Journal to Stella," Wraxall was "a man who knew everybody"—Pitt, Fox, Sheridan, Thurlow, and Mansfield among the number; that his "Posthumous Memoirs of his Own Time" are mighty entertaining reading; and that he told fewer fibs and made fewer blunders than his spiteful contemporaries accused him of. December.

Mere facts, after all, constitute, according to the learned French Academician, M. Ampère, only one element, and perhaps not the most vital one, in history. "Facts," writes the author of "L'Histoire Romaine à Rome," "are not history. They are but the envelope thereof, like the block of statuary marble; and even as the sculptor disengages his statue from the surrounding stone, so does the historian cause form and life to emerge from the shapeless mass of inert truth." A convenient doctrine. It was boldly vindicated by Guerrazzi when, in telling the story of Beatrice Cenci, he proclaimed his indifference as to the archives extant on the Cenci case. He said that he had a tale to tell full of tragic beauty and terror, and that he meant to tell it as he thought that it should be told. Later came the inexorably accurate antiquary, Signor A. Bertolotti, with the *real* story of "Francesco Cenci e la sua Famiglia" (Florence, 1879), and a wretchedly ugly and squalid chronicle it is.

A most excellent thing is it to be wise in time, or upon mature reflection, and, after lengthened consideration, to arrive within measurable distance of what is humanly termed wisdom. But there are many grave inconveniences attendant on the attempt to be wise in a hurry. Of this verity I was reminded lately by the perusal of a paragraph in a recent number of the *World*. Says "Atlas"—"Why do our

December. 'leading journals' always speak of Sir Albert Woods as 'Garter-King-at-Arms'? I've heard of a man-at-arms, but never of a king, save in the aforesaid 'leading journals.'"

"Atlas" was trying to be wise in a hurry. I will tell him where he will hear of a King "at" and not "of" arms. In a well-known "Diary," under date of May 27, 1660, a party by the name of Samuel Pepys, Clerk of the Acts of the Admiralty, writes: "Lord's Day. Called up by John Goods, to see the Garter and Herald's coate which lay in the coach, brought by Sir Edward Walker, King-at-Arms, this morning for my Lord." In another, and contemporary Diary, John Evelyn of Wotton and Sayes Court, Esquire, writes on St. George's Day, April 23, 1667: "The Chancellor of the Order was old Sir Henry de Vie, who wore the purse about his neck. Then the Heraulds and Garter-King-at-Arms, Clarencieux, and Black Rod."

Would you like to hear of any more, "Atlas"? Yes? Well, hear Phillips's "New World of Worlds," London, 1696; "Garter, the chief of the three King-at-Arms." Hear Guy Miège, "The Great French Dictionary, 1699," Garter, the chief of the three Kings-at-Arms. Hear Bailey (edited by J. Scott Nicoll), 1782, "Garter King-at-Arms." "Garter King at," and not "of" Arms is cited by Ogilvie and Annandale in the "Imperial Dictionary, 1883," in "Chambers's Etymological Dictionary, 1882," and in "Webster, 1881." Finally, Thornbury and Walford, in Cassell's "Old and New London," write (Vol. I., p. 296): "The Corporation (the College of Arms) consists of thirteen members—three Kings-at-Arms, six Heralds-at-Arms, and four Pursuivants-at-Arms"; and (Vol. IV., p. 563), "Sir John Wriothesley had the patent of the office of Garter King-at-Arms in the reign of Richard III."

All these authorities, however, are confuted, first by a "Kelly's Handbook to the Titled, Landed, and Official

Classes," 1881, in which we learn that Sir Albert William Woods, F.S.A., is "Garter Principal King of Arms"; next by Mr. J. E. Cussan's "Handbook of Heraldry" (Chatto and Windus, 1881), which tells us that William de Bruges was appointed Garter-King-of-Arms as early as 1417, and finally (screwing up the theorbo a great many pegs higher) by the learned and unimpeachably accurate Selden, who, in his "Titles of Honour," London, 1631, describing the ceremonial of the degradation of "a Knight Bachelor," remarks, "Here thou mayst see the Kings of Armes and Heralds, and thine owne proper coat of armes, which they should tear off thy bodie." December.

It is clearly by analogy that we should say King "of" Arms and not "at" arms. The technology of English Heraldry is chiefly based on Norman French; and the French say "un héraut d'armes," and not "*aux* armes." At the same time, the stickler for heraldic purity who gave "Atlas" the "straight tip" touching Garter, was probably quite unaware of the fact that the "leading journals" had sinned with the best of all good company, literary and lexicographic. It may be said, once for all, that King-at-Arms is heraldically inaccurate.

LITERARY AND ARTISTIC ECHOES.

I.

An Account of the Manner in which Penal Sentences are carried out—D'Héricault's The Revolution 1789-1882*—Arnold's Nineteen Beautiful Names of Allah—Philipson on Harness—Aid to the Wounded—William I., German Emperor and King of Prussia—Christ-church Cathedral, Dublin—Art-Books and Editions de Luxe—Short Sayings of Great Men—Exhibition of Works by Phiz—Dickensiana—Mr. Napier Broome—Tenniel's Cartoon "On the Trail!"—Caius on English Dogs—Hall-Marks on Gold and Silver Plate—Ancient Greek Female Costumes—Congress of French Teachers—The Byron Memorial—Uncle Tom's Cabin—Memoirs of Madame Junot—"Ye True Blue"—Slang—Mexico To-day—Poker—Mr. Dutton Cook's Book of the Play, &c.—Automatic Urchin-Chastiser—The Philosophy of Sleep and the Anatomy of Drunkenness—Talma on the Actor's Art—The Poets' Birds—Macklin and Foote—"Reis and Rayett"—The Revised New Testament—American Artists and Foreign Works of Art—"Dutch Daubs"—Caspar Hauser—A Brahminical Idol—Mr. Hurlbert's Art Collection.*

Here is a new, singular, and interesting example of the arts of bookbinding and of typography; and it comes from no bookbinder of mine own. It is an "Account of the Manner in which Sentences of Penal Servitude are carried out in England," and bears the impress of Her Majesty's Convict Prison, Millbank. It is set up and bound (very neatly, crimson, half roan, gilt, cloth, sides) by the gentlemen who have "gone wrong," and who are expiating their little aberrations

January.

January. in penal servitude. A remarkable book of one hundred and seventy octavo pages. The author, Sir Edmund F. Du Cane, K.C.B., R.E., Surveyor-General of Prisons.

The work was originally prepared for the First International Prison Congress, held in London in 1872; but the present is a new and revised edition, brought down to the present time. Sir Edmund Du Cane's book may be broadly characterised as a Plain Statement of Unimpeachable Facts. Within the last few years an immense amount of printed matter (mainly sensational twaddle) has been published, now in romantic, now in pseudo-autobiographical form, professing to give full, true, and particular accounts of convict life. Sir Edmund Du Cane gives us in these unvarnished pages a valuable antidote to the stuff that has been so widely scattered about concerning convict labour and convict discipline.

I may just quote here a very encouraging piece of criminal statistics, which I commend to the attention of those who think we are in the worst of all bad ways with regard to our felonious population. Says Sir Edmund Du Cane:—

> The statistical tables of crime must be studied by those who wish to appreciate the effects of the changes we have made at various times. It will be sufficient if I here give the figures *which show the remarkable decrease of serious crime of late years.* When this pamphlet was first issued, in 1872, the year 1870 was distinguished as showing a smaller number of sentences to penal servitude in England and Wales than had ever before been known, viz., 1788. (This number was ten per cent. less than in the previous year 1869, viz., 2006.) The year 1871 had again fallen as much below its predecessor, viz., 1627, nearly one-fifth lower than in 1869; and the numbers have continued to fall, so that in 1881 they were only 1525 (or rather more than half the number on the average of five years ending 1859), though the population has in that period increased from 19,683,701 to 25,968,286.

There being a prospect of lively political times in France, considerable curiosity will, I should say, be excited by the publication of the large and handsome volume just published

by Dumoulin and Cie., of Paris, called "La Révolution, 1789-1882." M. Charles d'Héricault is the author of this remarkable work, which also comprises appendices by MM. St. Albin, Victor Pierre, and Arthur Loth. The book is written from a distinctly monarchical and clerical point of view; and its chief purpose would seem to be the contention that the state of things in France prior to the upheaval of '89 was not nearly so bad as Republican historians have asserted it to have been; that many of the political and social reforms carried out by the Constituent Assembly had been originated and prepared under the *ancien régime;* that the Reign of Terror was a carnival of bloodshed and rapine, and the Directory a saturnalia of profligacy and fraud, and that the so-called "patriots" of the Revolutionary epoch were, in the main, a pack of bloodthirsty and mercenary rascals. January.

I have read all this, and a good deal more to the same purpose, in the "Revolutionary Plutarch," the perusal of which so delighted our Anti-Gallican grandfathers; in the "Guillotine" articles from the "Quarterly," by the Right Hon. John Wilson Croker, and especially in the Abbé de Barruel's bulky "History of Jacobinism." But the charm of M. de Héricault's book lies (to me, at least) less in its political statements and arguments than its abundant and splendid illustrations. They bring you face to face with the States-General, the Constituent, the Convention, the Terror, the "Jeunesse Dorée," the "Incroyables," and the "Merveilleuses," in their habits as they lived.

Graphically, at least, nothing is extenuated, and nought set down in malice in this panorama of patriotism, eloquence, swindling, bravery, devotion, massacre, and raving madness. The apotheosis of Voltaire and a facsimile of the last will of Louis XVI.; the Phrygian cap of a Republican schoolgirl, and the boyish scrawl of the poor little Dauphin whom the ruffian cobbler-jailer Simon has forced to sign himself "Louis Capet"; the Flight to Varennes and the Massacres

January. of September; the March of the Women to Versailles, and the secret celebration of Mass under the Terror :—scenes and documents such as these, copied from contemporary pictures, prints, and archives, are sown broadcast through a quarto of nearly five hundred pages.

Surely we ought to have, on the D'Héricault lines, a profusely illustrated edition of Carlyle's "History of the French Revolution." The Print Room of the British Museum would offer ample materials for such a production. Meanwhile, I have some thoughts of "Grangerising" a library edition of Carlyle's wonderful book, and turning it into, say, four big folios, full of all the "Revolution" portraits and pictures that I can pick up. To be sure, the *Daily News* in a recent "leaderette" denounced the Grangerites as a "detestable sect." Such denunciations may be disregarded. In addition to Carlyle's History, there are four books which it is almost a duty to "Grangerise"—"The Correspondence and Autobiography of Mary Granville, Mrs. Delany"; Gibbon's "Decline and Fall"; Lord Stanhope's "Life of Pitt"; and "Pepys's Diary." There should be a Granger Society; and the illustrations of exhaustively Grangerised books could be multiplied by the heliographic process.

When Mr. Zaehnsdorf sends me home my copy of the "Light of Asia," which (rather vaguely) I instructed him to bind in "Oriental fashion," forgetting that he might elect to bind it in the Arabian, the Persian, the Moorish, the Turkish, or the Hindoo style, I will send him "Pearls of the Faith; or, Islam's Rosary; being the Nineteen Beautiful Names of Allah," by Edwin Arnold, M.A., C.S.I. I detest the False Prophet Mahomet and all his works heartily, and, were he alive, I would very willingly help to hang him in his own rosary; for remembering the proverb (a Moslem proverb, too), "Where the Sultan's horse has trod there grows no grass," I cannot see that Mahometanism has ever been

productive (except in Spain) of anything beyond ignorance, fanaticism, desolation, and bloodshed. But, nevertheless, I am reading Mr. Edwin Arnold's book with intense delight, for the sake of its majesty and eloquence, its wealth and beauty of imagery, and its sweet and harmonious numbers. I wish Mr. Arnold would take the Moravians as a subject for his tuneful lyre. And I am sure that a true poet, such as he is, could turn the history of the Early Quakers (what wondrous women there were among them!) to glorious account. January.

To those interested in things "horsey," I would strongly recommend the study of a treatise on "Harness: as it Has Been, as it Is, and as it Should Be," by Mr. John Philipson, Vice-President of the Institute of British Carriage Manufacturers. The book is copiously and lucidly illustrated: many of the drawings having been executed by Mr. Philipson's daughters. There are also in the text some rare woodcuts, by Thomas and John Bewick; and, as a frontispiece, the author has selected a sketch from a well-known picture of "Ulysses Ploughing the Seashore," as beautifully expressing the moral which Mr. Philipson wishes to convey in his essay, that "by kindness and good training a dumb animal can be brought under wonderful control; that simplicity in harness is desirable; and that the harness should be specially adapted to its work." This very instructive and gently written little book, to which is appended some remarks on Traction and the use of the "Cape Cart," by "Nimshivich" (remarkable name!) is published at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and by Mr. Stanford, of Charing Cross.

Just before I went abroad I received a pamphlet on "First Aid to the Wounded," published under the auspices of that admirably beneficent body, the St. John's Ambulance

January. Association. I recall it because I should like to know whether, among the wounded for whose immediate succour the St. John's Ambulance lay down rules and provide appliances, dumb animals are included?

I have an interesting classical art-book, just published, before me now—"Ancient Greek Female Costumes," illustrated with one hundred and twelve plates and numerous smaller illustrations selected by Mr. J. Moyr Smith (Sampson Low, & Co.), This is, in particular, a lady's book, and the Æsthetic Fair who are anxious to be initiated into the mysteries of the "peplum," the "cestus," and the "chirodata" will find all they want in Mr. Moyr Smith's graphically illustrated pages.

It is, at the same time, somewhat amusing to read in the compiler's preface that, although he has been interested in Greek costume for many years, it was only comparatively recently that he discovered such a book as "Hope's Costume of the Ancients" (published in 1812). Hope was to the compiler "a revelation of the diversity, beauty, and fitness of the early Greek dress; and also showed that culture, research, and enterprise, at the beginning of this century, were well directed." Has the compiler, I wonder, ever heard of George Cumberland (many of whose classical outlines were so subtly engraved by Blake), or of Payne Knight; to say nothing of the Frenchmen Landon and Lenoir? There were indeed some culture, research, and enterprise in the age in which flourished a Dénon and a Champollion, a Flaxman and a Fuseli.

The professors of the French language who are domiciled in England have met in Congress, at which some very instructive addresses as to the best manner of teaching French to English pupils in their own country were delivered. M.

Patilliau, of the Charter House School, propounded a scheme for the establishment of a French Lycée or College in England, so that English children would receive the same instruction as they would in France, as well as the benefit of a Liberal English education. This scheme would not be for English children only, "but also for French, German, and children of any nationality." January.

The success of a college following the educational system of a French Lycée I gravely doubt; but I am convinced that if a body of gentlemen of means, social position, and intelligence would only band themselves together for the establishment of an International High School on a Proprietary basis, the scheme would very soon become not only prosperous but handsomely remunerative. But ere such a School were founded, some of the promoters should run over to St. Petersburg and study on the spot the working of the Imperial Ecole des Pages and the higher cadet schools, where colloquial French, as well as French literature, is taught with marvellous completeness. No Russian cadet can attain his commission in a Guard regiment unless he be a thorough French and German scholar; and these languages can only be taught thoroughly by making them the languages not only of study, but of conversation and recreation. During three days in every week not one word of English should be heard in an International High School.

I advise you to read a capital little book just published by Messrs. Routledge ('twill cost you but a shilling), entitled "William I., German Emperor and King of Prussia," by Mr. William Beatty Kingston, whose laudable object (most successfully carried out) it has been rather to narrate, with all achievable earnestness, the leading incidents of Kaiser Wilhelm's remarkable career, and to exhibit his character in its true colours to Englishmen, than to recapitulate "the minutiæ of his achievements, military and regnant." Mr. February.

February. Kingston does not fail to remind us that Kaiser Wilhelm, when only a young Prince seventeen years of age, fought gallantly against Napoleon I. in the campaign of 1814, and that he made his entry with the Allied Armies into Paris while Napoleon was on his way to Elba. I remember pondering over that triumphal entry in the year '14, when, in the year '67, I saw the Emperor Napoleon III. making *his* triumphal progress through the Champs Elysées, with his illustrious guest, William I., King of Prussia, by his side.

Mr Kingston's book is throughout entertaining and instructive. Its author is a gentleman of brilliant and varied accomplishments, a linguist, a musician, and a traveller with rare experience of men and cities. Perhaps I shall not be doing him much service with the War Office, the magistracy, the rural police, and other constituted authorities, if I hint that he is also a special correspondent in peace and war, and of "the first line."

One of the most superb *livres d'art* that, for a long time past, has been brought out in England is the magnificent Monograph on Christ Church Cathedral, Dublin, as restored at the sole cost of Mr. Henry Roe. The book has just been published by Messrs. Sutton, Sharpe & Co., of Queen Victoria Street, and is a fitting literary and artistic record of the noble act of munificence which it commemorates. The volume is of folio size, superbly printed on the finest paper, and comprises among its illustrations a whole treasury of the finest examples attainable of line and wood engraving and chromo-lithography. The restoration of Christ Church Cathedral was undertaken by Mr. Roe, shortly after the disestablishment of the Irish Church, and was carried out by the late Mr. George Edmund Street, R.A., who "proceeded entirely on the old lines"; and by retaining every original fragment which had remained in position, as well as by replacing everything which had been removed or disturbed, succeeded in attaining an exact reproduction of the structure which existed in the thirteenth cen-

tury. The literary portion of the Monograph is also the work of Mr. Street, and was completed only a few days prior to his lamented death; and the architect's description is supplemented by an historical narrative from the pen of the Precentor of the Cathedral, the Rev. Edward Seymour, and by a dedicatory preface, addressed to Mr. Roe, written by Sir Theodore Martin, K.C.B., LL.D. February

More—and great deal more—is wanted to stimulate the production of the *livre d'art*—the purely artistic or antiquarian book in this country. I mean the book on which some thousands of pounds have been spent, and the price of which ranges between ten and twenty guineas. There are plenty of people rich enough to buy such sumptuous tomes; and it would be better that they should spend their money thus than that they should waste it in buying old china (very possibly forged) or Louis Seize upholstery for fifty times its intrinsic value. In France the State promotes the publication of the Art-Book by taking a certain number of copies to be distributed among the departmental museums. In England the State only occupies itself in the publication of bluebooks, which are shovelled upon us pretty much as coals are "dumped" from the waggon into our cellars. I have been told by an honourable gentleman who has not yet accepted the stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds that a well compacted block of bluebooks makes a capital target for rifle-shooting at short ranges.

The *éditions de luxe* of Thackeray, of George Eliot's "Romola," and Fielding's "Tom Jones" are magnificent undertakings; but the interest which they awaken is less historical or antiquarian than intellectually and pictorially graphic. Meanwhile we are overrun with showy reproductions in English of art-books of the Paul Lacroix (Bibliophile Jacob) and Jacquemart type, and selections from the "Tour du Monde," made up in quarto form. And we have the gorgeous Doré folios. But I want such an English book on

February. art or antiquity as Roberts's "Holy Land," as "Winkle's Cathedrals," as Owen Jones's "Grammar of Ornament," or as Nash's "Baronial Halls and Mansions."

If I had thirty thousand pounds I would bring out a folio edition of Dryden's "Virgil," illustrated by chromo-lithographs and wood engravings designed by Sir Frederick Leighton, Mr. Alma Tadema, Mr. Edward J. Poynter, Mr. Albert Moore, Mr. George Richmond, and Mr. Frederick Sandys. No smaller men than these. Stay, I would have Mr. Linton for the "Bucolics" and Mr. Luke Fildes for the "Georgics." Perhaps I should be a bankrupt before the book was half finished. Perhaps it would be a grand success, and I should make twenty thousand pounds by it.

The Sayings of Marshal Saxe. A carefully compiled volume, called "Short Sayings of Great Men," by Samuel Arthur Bent, M.A., is full of rare and curious reading. The book is of Bostonian origin. Attributed to Charles Maurice Comte de Saxe is the dictum about soldiers, "We are like cloaks—they think of us only when it rains." This is akin to Bacon's "Soldiers in peace are like chimneys in summer." To the offer of a seat in the French Academy the modest Marshal replied, "It would become me as a ring would a cat. I do not know how to spell." Charles Maurice's orthographical deficiencies are amusingly illustrated by his own manuscript account of the offer from the "Immortels." "Il veule me fere de la Cademie. Celat miret come une bage a un chas." So the estimable Mr. Isaac Pitman had at least one illustrious predecessor in the practice of phonetic spelling.

Not in Mr. Bent's interesting compilation, but elsewhere, I find another characteristic saying of Marshal Saxe. A member of his staff pointed out to him that to carry out a certain military operation would not cost the lives of more than twelve grenadiers. He refused, saying, "I would not mind if it were to cost only twelve Lieutenant-Generals."

The memorial exhibition of the Works of "Phiz," at the Liverpool Art Club has been a great success. February.

In re the "Mulready envelope" "I.N." (Edgehill) tells me that, in addition to Leech's caricature of the unfortunate Mulready envelope, it was pictorially satirised by more than half-a-dozen artists. The best among these is one by Hablot K. Browne ("Phiz"). "The sketch by Leech only contained eight or nine figures, but Browne turns into comedy every figure in Mulready's stately design. Penn and the Indian are particularly good." A copy of this scarce print is in the interesting exhibition at Liverpool.

Another correspondent, says that about twenty years ago a clean and unmarked specimen of the Mulready postal envelope was sold in Paris for forty pounds; but that two years ago several specimens were offered for sale at Tunbridge Wells at five shillings each.

"H. G. R. R." sends me from Mâcon (Saône-et-Loire) the following curious morsel of "Dickensiana." My correspondent when, wandering about the town, chanced upon a street called the "Rue *Dombey*," branching off the Grande Rue, from which runs the road to the bridge over the Saône and to Italy. We all know that the scene of some very moving episodes in "Dombey and Son" is laid at Dijon; and it occurred to my correspondent that Charles Dickens might have marked the name of this street at Mâcon while on his way to Italy, and noted it for future use.

But why "Rue Dombey"? I have hunted up the biographers, and find that Dombey was a famous French Physician, traveller, and botanist, who was born at Mâcon in 1742. Minister Turgot sent him to South America in quest of plants which might be naturalised in France, and to his eight years' sojourn beyond the Atlantic we owe a sumptuous work on the "Flora of Peru." In 1793 the Committee of

February. Public Safety sent Dombey to the United States to present to Congress duplicates of the new standards of weights and measures calculated on the decimal system. Congress adopted the system as a monetary basis only. Returning to Europe on board an American vessel, Dombey was captured by a British privateer, and taken to Montserrat. He had disguised himself as a Spanish sailor, but his nationality being detected, he was cast into prison, and died there in 1794. Exit Dombey. Was it accidentally that he revived in the pages of a novel destined to be as popular in the United States as in England?

On the other hand, it is quite possible that Dickens may have invented the name of Dombey "out of his own head." There would scarcely seem to be a name more facetiously expressive of beadledom than Bumble; and yet I find in Sir William Davenant's comedy of "News from Plymouth" the name of Bumble (he is a Dutch mariner) among the *dramatis personæ*. Charles Dickens was a very young man, indeed, when he wrote "Oliver Twist"; and it is scarcely probable that his early studies had led him in the direction of the Dramatists of the Restoration.

All the way from Christchurch, New Zealand, a gentleman whose signature, as I am not a Maori scholar, I am fearful of quoting, writes that, some months ago, I made an assertion that a literary man, and more especially a journalist, never receives a Government appointment; and he cites, as an instance of the contrary, the appointment of Mr. Frederick Napier Broome, formerly of the staff of the *Times*, to the government of Western Australia. If I ever made the assertion that a literary man or a journalist *never* obtains a Government appointment, I must have been, when I made it, temporarily insane.

My New Zealand correspondent, however, sends me a clipping from the *Lyttelton Times* in the shape of a leading

article commenting on Mr. Napier Broome's promotion to "a full-blown governorship," and mildly "chaffing" him on a poem which he once wrote called "The Stranger of Seriphos." "The name of the book was enough. People are not all Greek scholars nowadays, not by any means. Yet what was one to do with Seriphos? Classical Dictionaries are not always handy, and are sometimes blind guides. So Mr. Broome's unfortunate poem remained as unmentionable in polite society as are certain articles of masculine attire." February.

Classical dictionaries are a little too handy in this country, and "the merest schoolboy" may be made aware, through the medium of his Lemprière, that Seriphos is one of the Sporades, and was the island whither the Romans sent criminals into banishment, and where the frogs never croaked. Has the gentle Lemprière failed to penetrate to New Zealand?

The strong right hand of John Tenniel has rarely drawn a more powerful cartoon than that with the title "On the Trail." The figure of Justice, with her sword and scales, is very fine indeed; but should not the blood-hound be loose while he is on the scent, instead of being held by a string? I ask the question quite innocently, as I am not acquainted with the manner of running sleuth-hounds.

Says old Dr. Caius, in his book on English Dogs, published A.D. 1576:—

> And albeit peradventure it may chaunce (as whether it chaunceth sealdome or sometime I am ignorant) that a piece of flesh be subtly stolen and cuningly conveyed away with such provisos and precautions that all apparaunce of bloud is either prevented, excluded, or concealed, yet these kind of dogges by a certaine direction of an inward assured notyce and pryvie marcke pursue the deed-doers through rough long lanes, cruked reaches, and wearie wayes, without wandring awaye out of the limites of the land whereon the desperate purloyners prepared their speedie passage.

February. The Dublin detectives appear to have been doing very efficiently the work of Dr. Caius' "bloud hound." I say Dr Caius'. According to Mr Vero Shaw, in his "Book of the Dog," the dog which was instrumental in tracking the remains of the murdered child at Blackburn was not a blood-hound but a mongrel.

Mr. Tenniel's cartoon in *Punch* is a very noble one. The expression of terror and anguish in the countenance of the figure symbolising Hibernia is inimitable.

The happy few who have the means to acquire old plate as well as the taste to admire it, should forthwith obtain the last edition, just published by Messrs. Bickers, of Leicester Square, of "Hall-Marks, on Gold and Silver Plate," to which is added a history of French Orfèvrerie: a most exhaustively instructive volume, compiled by Mr. William Chaffers, the author of "Marks and Monograms on Pottery and Porcelain," and other books technically invaluable to the collector. It is satisfactory to learn from Mr. Chaffers that, in consequence of the importation of vast quantities of foreign plate of an inferior quality, its sale has since 1875 been prohibited in the United Kingdom, unless it be assayed and stamped at the Halls, with an additional mark, denoting its foreign manufacture.

March. In his "History of the Byron Memorial," Mr. Edgecumbe gives an account of the first movement set on foot, shortly after Byron's death, by Mr. Hobhouse, afterwards Lord Broughton de Gifford, for the erection of a statue of the poet. Only the paltry sum of one thousand pounds was subscribed. The leading sculptors of the day declined so

unremunerative a commission. Thorwaldsen undertook the task, "using as a basis for his inspiration a bust which he had taken from the life, some years previously, in Rome." March.

The most interesting paper in the opening number of the new American monthly Magazine, *Manhattan*, is an article on the early history of the publication of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which is as interesting as any of those "secret histories" which Isaac D'Israeli took such pleasure in gossiping over in "The Curiosities of Literature." The original publisher of "Uncle Tom," Mr. Jewett, has been interviewed, and he told his interlocutor—

> At all events, I expressed a willingness to publish it; and the next thing was to arrange the terms. Professor Stowe was in favour of selling the manuscript for a sum down. "I tell wife," he said to me, "that, if she could get a good black silk dress or fifty dollars in money for the story, she had better take it."

Asked whether he thought that he could have bought the copyright of "Uncle Tom" for fifty dollars, Mr. Jewett replied that he thought he could have purchased it for half that sum. Eventually the publisher agreed to pay to Professor Stowe (married women had then, in the State of Massachusetts, no right to separate property) ten per cent. on the retail price of every copy sold. Shortly after the publication of "Uncle Tom," Mr. Jewett was able to hand over a cheque for ten thousand dollars to the gifted author. Neither the Professor nor his wife had ever before received a cheque, and they did not know what to do with it, or how to present it for payment; and Mr. Jewett had to explain how the document should be endorsed. "When I gave them," he pithily adds, "a second cheque for ten thousand dollars, I found that they needed no further instructions." More than three hundred and twenty thousand sets of "Uncle Tom" (in two volumes) were issued in the first year of its publication in the States.

March. The new library edition of the Memoirs of the lively Madame Junot, Duchess of Abrantes, just issued, is in three handsome volumes, embellished with some striking portraits; and to the end of the third volume the editor has added a very useful appendix in the shape of a list "of some of the principal titles and dignities conferred by the Emperor Napoleon I."

I must draw the attention of the reviewers to a statement made (Vol. i. p. 6) by the Duchess of Abrantes that the Buonapartes were of Greek extraction. Says Madame Junot:—

> When Constantine Comnenus landed in Corsica, in 1676, at the head of the Greek colony, he had with him several sons, one of whom was named Calomeros. This son he sent to Florence on a mission to the Grand Duke of Tuscany. Constantine dying before the return of his son, the Grand Duke prevailed on the young Greek to renounce Corsica, and fix his abode in Tuscany. After some interval of time an individual named Calomeros came from Italy—indeed from Tuscany, and fixed his abode in Corsica, where his descendants formed the family of Buonaparte; for the name of Calomeros, liberally Italianised, signified *buona parte* or *bella parte*.

This "Calomeros" genealogy was stigmatised by Napoleon himself as "ridicule et plate;" and it is completely knocked on the head by Filippini, who, writing in 1594, mentions the institution in 1581 by the Bishop of Ajaccio, Christoforo Guidiccioni, of a number of Canons for his Cathedral, including Pietro da Coti, Pierfrancisco da Sarla, Giacopo Punta, and *Gabriele Buonaparte*. M. P. Caraffa, the librarian of the town of Bastia, has conclusively shown in his erudite pamphlet, "La Verité sur nos Bonaparte," that the family came from the Italian mainland, probably from Sarzana, where there was a notary named Buonaparte living in 1264. The chief of the family emigrated to Corsica, and was the ancestor of Napoleon the Great. Anti-Bonapartists used to be very fond of taunting Napoleon with being "the son of a beggarly attorney." It is nevertheless (as genealogies go) something to be descended from an Italian notary who "flourished" in the Thirteenth Century.

There lies before me the first number of a new University periodical, "Ye True Blue: Occasional Jottings of 'Varsity Vagaries," edited by "Phil," who defines a goosequill as 'Ye Archimedean Lever": only the globe on which "Phil" has inscribed his name is transfixed by the pen, which, consequently, looks more like an axis than a lever. Would not Phil's pen as the lever, and "unlimited circulation" as a fulcrum, move the world a little? The letter-press seems light and "frisky," and the illustrations piquant, while I note that a paper called "The Flâneur at the Play" is signed with the *nom de plume* of "Blarsey Mashingham." March.

There should be a chronology of slang. It is about forty years ago, I think, that the great popularity of a French farce called "L'Homme Blasé" brought the word into colloquial use in England; indeed, the first translation of the French piece (at the Princess's, Wright, the low comedian, playing the hero) was called "Blasé," with some sub-title that I forget.

As for "masher," the word is so young in English parlance that it is not to be found in the latest edition of "The Slang Dictionary." Nor are "Johnnies" and "Chappies" to be found in that erudite compilation. Several "Johnnies" and "Chappies" are depicted in a photo-printed full page illustration which accompanies the first number of "'Varsity Vagaries." The young gentlemen are gathered round a table. They are all in evening dress, and look lovely; and some are smoking cigarettes. I perceive that there are glasses and decanters on the table, and accordingly arrive at the conclusion that the scene is intended to represent an undergraduate's "wine party"; but, from the intense decorum prevailing, one might have imagined the symposium to be more of the nature of a "lemon squash" party, or a "Botany Beer" one. "Botany Beer," it has recently been decided on judicial authority, is not beer at all. One of the white cravated convives to whom a friend is offering, presumably,

March. Laffite or Chateau Margaux, averts his head and upraises his hands in pious horror. *I, curre,* abstinent undergraduate!

Lady Lindsay (of Balcarres) enriches my collection of proverbs with "Ilka haddie maun hang by its ain heid," alluding to the custom of hanging fish outside the door for the purpose of drying and curing them. I cite the proverb, because I do not find it in H. G. Bohn's republication and amplification of Ray's "Proverbs." Under the head of "Ilka" there only occur "Ilka man as he looes, let him send to the cooks," and "Ilka man mend ane, an' a' will be mended." Of course, "ilka haddie" is akin to our "every tub."

I have been reading with very great interest a book just published by Mr Murray called "Mexico To-day: a Country with a great Future," by Mr T. Unett Brocklehurst, and I may just note a few points of comparison between the Mexico of "To-day" and the Mexico of the Day Before Yesterday:—that is to say, of nineteen years ago, when I visited the strange land in question.

Mr Brocklehurst journeyed from Vera Cruz (then as now "baked to a dull pink" in the sun, the permanent home of the *vomito negro* and the terrestrial paradise of the "zapilote" or "tzopilote," the turkey buzzard, and Vera Cruz's sole scavenger) to the City of Mexico by railway, in nineteen hours; the distance being two hundred and sixty-four miles and a quarter, and the ascent made seven thousand feet. In the spring of 1864 it took us a week to accomplish the same journey by road—the old Spanish *camino impedrado* or paved highway which, when Mexico was a dependency of Spain, was kept in superb repair, but which, since the War of Independence, had degenerated into a Via Dolorosa of holes and ruts.

The railway in 1864 was begun, but went no further than La Soledad, a few miles out of Mexico City. At La Soledad we slept the first night—or rather tried to sleep, but the mosquitoes and the black ants wouldn't let us. At early morn we started, in a vehicle somewhat like an old English stagecoach with the dropsy, for Cordova, where we again slept. Our next day's journey was to Orizaba; the next to Sant' Augustin del Palmar. After that I can only remember as a stopping-place the City of Puebla de los Angelos, which had just been stormed by General Bazaine; but it was on the afternoon of the seventh day, if I remember aright, that, covered with dust and our limbs almost dislocated by the jolting of the carriage, we entered the *garita* of the capital. March.

Between Puebla and Mexico the road was tolerably safe, the French being stationed in force at short intervals: while the by-roads were patrolled by numerous squadrons of "contra guerrilleros," or ex-highwaymen, who had turned honest for the consideration of a dollar a day and their horses' keep. But between Cordova and Puebla the country was swarming with the "Mala Gente," or brigands. We had given out publicly that we had no considerable sum of money with us, and that we were unarmed (if the travelling party be few in number it is safer *not* to carry any lethal weapons with you); yet I have always wondered that we escaped being captured and held to ransom; for my travelling companion, and kind host, was the head of a great banking firm in Mexico, and one of the wealthiest men in the country.

In Mr. Brocklehurst's very graphic account of Mexico City he mentions among the principal inns the Hotel Iturbide—once the Palace of the unfortunate Emperor Iturbide, both of whose sons I remember very well—the Comonfort, the Bazar, the San Carlos, the Nacional, and the Gillow. I can only recall, in 1864, the Iturbide, where, indeed, I did not stay, as I was so fortunate as to be pala-

March. tially housed at a private residence in the Calle San Francisco.

Mr. Brocklehurst found the city well lighted with gas. In my time the streets were to some extent lighted by petroleum lamps. He travelled, as I did, from Mexico City to Pachuea, to visit the famous silver mines of Real del Monte, and see the Falls of Regla. Mr. Brocklehurst journeyed partly by rail and partly by "diligencia." We travelled in a private omnibus: our escort (the robbers were rife) consisting of another omnibus containing some forty French Zouaves. We had, besides, a troop of mounted Mexicans, armed with lances, who were in the service of the Silver Mining Company; and, when we returned, having a lady in our company, we took with us a small brass field-piece. When we went to church on the Sunday which we spent in the mining country (there were then, as now, many Cornish miners settled there, and there was an English Church for their spiritual needs) we were all armed to the teeth. We left our Sharp's rifles and cutlasses on the table in the vestry before the service began; but retained our revolvers.

Entirely do I agree with Mr Brocklehurst that Mexico is a country with a great future; but if Great Britain wishes that future to be commercially advantageous to herself she must cease stupidly to sulk with Mexico because the Emperor Maximilian was shot at Queretaro. One little circumstance mentioned in Mr. Brocklehurst's book will show what we are losing by our political sulking with Mexico. At the railway refreshment-room at Puebla Mr. Brocklehurst found a "first-class imitation of Bass procurable at three shillings the pint bottle." In 1864 I found forged Bass and forged Allsopp—both German forgeries, with the English trade-marks impudently imitated—at all the inns on the road to Mexico City. If we had a Treaty of Commerce with Mexico, real Allsopp and real Bass's Pale Ale ought to be procurable in the land of the Aztecs for half-a-crown the quart bottle, at the outside.

March. I have had some weeks before me, but have not yet dared to read, a little shilling book, published by Messrs. Griffith & Farran, called "Poker, How to Play it. A Sketch of the Great American Game, its Laws and Rules; by One of its Victims." My remembrances of the Game of Poker are brief, but full of acute anguish. We used to play it at Constantinople while the Conference of Ambassadors was being held there in 1876. Those nights at the Hotel de Byzance, Pera! "Van John" was the first game which was popular. Then came écarté; and finally a darksome spirit suggested Poker.

Mr. Dutton Cook, cheeriest and most experienced of play-goers, has done well in republishing, as a companion to his delightful "Book of the Play" and "Nights with the Players," a number of dramatic criticisms to which he has given the title of "Nights at the Play." The work should be especially valuable to young play-goers (and young critics into the bargain, perhaps), since it contains thoughtful and exhaustive notices of such dramatic artists as Fechter, Charles Mathews, Benjamin Webster, Samuel Phelps, Edward Sothern, Buckstone, Mrs. Rousby, and numerous other theatrical celebrities of the past, together with scarcely less interesting notices of many happily extant actors and actresses in their "salad days," when they had not yet achieved the renown which they now happily enjoy.

April. "Human Life," says the American prose-poet, "is like a Ship; now floating through Mellifluous Flowers, and now going down with all hands, near Milwaukie." From Milwaukie, indeed, in the State of Wisconsin, comes to me an engraving of a new machine called "Peck's Automatic Urchin-Chastiser," by means of which a gigantic mechanical hand, worked by the teacher's foot, acting on a snatch-brake, can be made to "spank" naughty children, who are hoisted by

April. means of a crane or derrick in front of the machine, within convenient distance of the mechanical hand. "Children cry for it!" says the letterpress accompanying the diagram. The whole affair seems to be intended as an advertisement of a comic paper published in Milwaukie. I note it here, because the idea of an Automatic Urchin-Chastiser, although droll enough, is not by any means new. Such a machine is described in a facetious periodical called "The Man in the Moon," edited by Albert Smith and Angus B. Reach, which was published so long ago as 1846-7. The Smith-Reach machine was "smarter" than the Milwaukie one, being "fitted with birch, cane, and strap barrels." We used to be, and are still, to some extent, ferocious in our treatment of children. The *ultima ratio* of the milder-minded American "school marms" does not go beyond an occasional spanking. Shirley Brooks used to say that the Americans rarely beat their children; but, when they did, they gave them chloroform prior to the operation.

Shirley, as well as Albert and Angus, wrote extensively in the "Man in the Moon." So did Charles Kenney Among the artists who illustrated the work were the famous French caricaturist "Cham" (Vicomte de Noë), G. E. Hine, subsequently renowned as an English water-colour painter, Robert Brough, Archibald Henning, and myself; and it is for that reason that I have a distinct remembrance of the original "Automatic Urchin-Chastiser" idea.

Is there any modern and cheap edition of Dr. Robert Macnish's "Philosophy of Sleep" and the "Anatomy of Drunkenness"? the one printed fifty-three and the other fifty-four years ago. I have the first edition of the "Philosophy" and the third of the "Anatomy." The last is dedicated to "David M. Moir, Surgeon, of Musselburgh," the melodious "Delta" of *Blackwood*, and author of that exquisite little poem, "Casa Wappy." Do you remember the

story in the "Philosophy" of the American lady who, during many years, habitually preached sermons in her sleep? and the young lady, aged seventeen, who would repeat long passages from the British poets while she was in a state of profound slumber? Dr. Macnish's books are of a more popular nature than the late Dr. Anstie's "Stimulants and Narcotics," a deeply learned and philosophical work, but somewhat too technical for the general reader. April.

Mr. Henry Irving has written a graceful and appreciative preface to a new edition of the English translation of "Talma on the Actor's Art," a little pamphlet just published by Messrs. Bickers. The profits of the "booklet" are to be given to the Actors' Benevolent Fund. Mr. Irving gives a summary of Talma's lessons to young actors in two golden rules. "Let the student remember, first, that every sentence expresses a new thought, and therefore frequently demands a change of intonation; secondly, that the thought precedes the word. The actor should have the art of thinking before he speaks." This postulate was very strikingly illustrated in the only lesson in elocution that I ever received; and it was from a very illustrious orator indeed. "Picture to yourself," said Lord Brougham, "that your sentences are divided by semicolons, as well as commas; and then you will never come to a full stop before you wish to do so." Now, a semicolon nearly always implies the expression of a fresh thought; and the thought must be formed in the mind before the word can be uttered. Acting has never been in my line; but I have spoken in public time and again. My mere verbal memory is detestably bad. I was never able to repeat as many as twenty lines in prose or in verse by heart; and when I do speak, what I say is based on a consecutive series of mentally graphic images, some of them of the most ridiculous kind, but each symbolising a thought, and the word or expression which is to come with lightning rapidity after that thought, but is not quite simultaneous with it. And the arrangements of symbols are all duly punctuated.

April. Apart from Henry Irving's preface, that which to me is the most interesting portion of Talma's text is where he eulogises the efforts of his great predecessor, Le Kain, as a reformer of the costume of the stage. Talma himself, it is well known, did wonders in this direction. Whether, as Madame de Rémusat tells us, he really taught Napoleon the First how to hold his sceptre, and how to crown himself and Josephine at the "Sacre" in Notre Dame, I do not know; but it seems tolerably well authenticated that he had a hand in designing the Conqueror's Imperial robes. He likewise "revised and settled" and definitively ordained the shape and the manner of folding the Roman toga as worn by the actors of the Comédie Française. An article by M. Valmore, entitled "La Toge de Talma," was published in the volume for 1874 in the Paris *Gazette des Beaux Arts*, and is illustrated by very lucid diagrams of the proper cut and folding of the classic toga. Talma's treatise on acting originally appeared, at Mr. Irving's suggestion, in the dramatic magazine conducted by Mr. Clement Scott.

It was a singular caprice of fate that prevented the illustrious French tragedian from being a formidable rival on our own stage of Edmund Kean and Charles Young. Talma's father, was a French dentist, settled in London; and Talma himself, in his boyhood, made his first appearance in French comedy at the Hanover Square Rooms, under the auspices of old Sir John Gallini, teacher of dancing to Royalty. The Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., earnestly advised the young *débutant* to study for the English stage; but Fate (who is fond of a joke) said "No;" and Talma lived to be the *protégé* and friend of England's greatest enemy, Napoleon. When the future Emperor, out of employment, and desperately poor, was prowling about Paris, picking up a few francs now and then by drawing maps for the War Office, the friendly Talma frequently asked the impecunious soldier to his table; but when a Senatus Consultum proclaimed Napoleon Bonaparte, First Consul, Emperor of the French, the actor remarked very philosophi-

cally: "I shall see no more of *him*." Half an hour afterwards came an aide de-camp from his Imperial Majesty inviting Talma to dine that night at the Tuileries, where he was always, till the crash of 1814 came, a favoured guest. At least the Bonapartes have had the merit of being grateful. There was not a Bond Street bookseller, a tailor, or a hatter who had trusted Napoleon III. with a stall for the opera or a suit of clothes when he was poor, that he did not remember, reimburse, and patronise munificently. The Bourbons and the Stuarts were apt to forget, in their prosperity, those who had been kind to them in their adversity. April.

"The eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws!" exclaimed Pandarus in "Troilus and Cressida." Mr. Phil. Robinson, author of "Noah's Ark," "Under the Punkah," "My Indian Garden," and other pleasantly instructive works, has a great deal to say concerning "crows and daws," and a multitude of other feathered creatures besides, in his simply delightful book, "The Poets' Birds." But why does this charming writer, in quoting three stanzas (he had better have quoted the whole) of Cowper's "Jackdaw," omit to tell his readers that Cowper's polished lines are only a translation of an exquisite Latin poem by Vincent Bourne, one of the Masters of Westminster School, and the friend of Hogarth? The stanza, the omission of which from Mr. Robinson's quotation I chiefly regret, is the well-known one—

> He sees that this great round-about,
> The world with all its motley rout,
> Church, army, physic, law,
> Its customs and its businesses
> Is no concern at all of his,
> And says:—what says he?—CAW!

Now, without this explanation of the jackdaw's philosophy, the next and concluding stanza, in which the poet apostro-

April. phises the jackdaw as a "thrice happy bird," and longs for such a pair of wings as his is and "such a head between 'em," is almost without meaning.

Tom Ingoldsby's "Jackdaw of Rheims" might put in a plaintive "caw!" as a plea for being quoted among "The Poets' Birds." The parrot Mr. Phil. Robinson apparently disdains to consider as a poetic bird, although he is made the subject of another translation by Cowper from "Vinny" Bourne, in the stanzas beginning—

> In painted plumes superbly dressed,
> A native of the gorgeous East,
> By many a billow toss'd—
> Poll gains at last the British shore,
> Part of the captain's precious store,
> A present to his toast.

Mr. Robinson just incidentally mentions "canaries, cockatoos, and parrots" as being among the "indifferent repertory of foreign birds" familiar to English poets. There are four or five allusions to the parrot in Shakespeare. On the other hand, Mr. Robinson has much that is fascinating to read touching blackcocks and bullfinches, geese and grouse, ducks, doves, and dotterel, flamingoes and fieldfares, rooks and robin redbreasts.

"So she went into the garden to cut a cabbage-leaf," &c. A correspondent kindly tells me that the words which dropped out of my memory in quoting this droll piece of nonsense, were as being present at the marriage to the lady, name unknown, "the picaninies, the job lilies, and the gay-rulies." He adds that old Macklin, the actor, was once descanting on literature and the stage, and boasted that he could repeat any given formula of words after once hearing it. Foote was among his auditors, and forthwith wrote and sent to the boastful comedian the piece of rigmarole in question. Macklin failed to repeat it from memory, "and so," adds my correspondent, "has everyone else that has ever

tried to repeat it." That I venture, deferentially, to doubt. Surely the ingenious Mr. Stokes would be able in a single lesson to teach a pupil the trick of repeating, "So she went into the garden," &c., perfectly. April.

Reis and Rayett is the title of a newspaper and review of Politics, Literature, and Society, published at Calcutta, printed in English, but edited by a learned Indian gentleman, whose contributors, it is to be presumed, are exclusively Natives. *Reis and Rayett* is very good reading. I find in it satirical notes on English "society" doings, leaders on a "Popular Police *v.* A State Constabulary," "Local Self-Government," "Adulation in Excelsis," and "Durbarring in Western Bengal." From the number for Feb. 14 I gather the following glimpse of Oriental manners. The editor quotes from "the sturdy vernacular *Medini*":

Another outrage on the modesty of poor weak dumb woman by a British Budmash—on the Bench!

"The other day a Brahmin gentleman with his wife was summoned to appear before the Sessions Judge of Midnapore as witness, and after the deposition of the husband, the wife, a young girl of fourteen, was placed in the dock for examination. The Judge insisted on having the veil removed from her face; she, of course, refused to do so. The Judge, however, would hear of no excuse whatever, the veil must be removed. To our shame, we must say, it was a Brahmin clerk who had the Hobson's choice of executing the revolting deed, and he did so amid the repeated resistance of his victim. The shock was too much for the poor girl. She *fell down in a swoon*, and the Judge was obliged to postpone her deposition."

A lady giving evidence in a British Court of Justice would be bound to raise her veil on entering the witness-box. Still, as Albert Smith's "Engineer" might have put it, "Hingland hisn't Hindia, and Hindia haint Hingland; and that's where it is." It is odd to find our old friend "Hobson's choice" mentioned in connection with a Hindoo wife of fourteen declining to lift her veil. The allusion bears

April. out, to some extent, Mr. Bright's recent declaration, that Milton is extensively read by the natives of India; for did not the author of "Paradise Lost" pen two sets of humorous couplets on the death of the famous University carrier Hobson? In one of the poems, indeed, the illustrious bard condescends to perpetrate a pun:

> Obedient to the moon, he spent his date
> In course reciprocal, and had his fate
> Link'd to the mutual flowing of the seas;
> But, strange to think, his *wain* was his increase.

The joke runs parallel to Tom Hood's in the verses about the diminutive gentleman in the boat, who continued to grow larger and larger, to the consternation of his fellow-passengers, till he explained his inflation by telling them that he had been "Little" but was now "Moore." "Thomas Little, Esq.," of Anacreontic fame, had expanded into Thomas Moore, of the "Irish Melodies."

I prefer old books to new ones. So, apparently do the Americans. The *St. James's Gazette* quotes the New York *Evening Post* as curiously follows:—

> We have been informed by one of the leading Church booksellers of this city, that the sale of the Revised Version of the New Testament has fallen off so much as to be hardly worth mentioning. The sale, he stated, stopped as if by magic when popular curiosity was satisfied, and has not picked up again. The sudden failure of the work has been a severe blow to many of the leading publishers in the United States. Some twenty-five or thirty editions were issued, at an expense of several hundred thousand dollars, and the sale of the work has only covered a small fraction of the cost incurred. After this experience very few American publishers will, it is believed, care to invest money in the Revised Old Testament. "Scholars," said the informant of the New York paper, "seem to like the book, but the general public absolutely ignore it."

The great body of American artists are, it seems, very much averse from the imposition of a duty the maximum of which reaches the exorbitant rate of thirty-five per cent. on the importation of foreign works of art; and a bill has been introduced into Congress by Mr. Perry Belmont, of New York, for the abolition of all such duties whatsoever. The American Artists—or at least the greater number of them—contend that they do not require the monstrous "protection" extended to them by the revised Tariff, and that not only their interests, but also those of the general public in the United States, will suffer from what would be the practical exclusion of foreign paintings and statuary. April.

According to the *New York Herald*, the chief author of the obnoxious measure is a certain Colonel from West Virginia, who is a member of the Tariff Commission. This gentleman, it would appear, is not only a Colonel, a farmer, and a legislator, but he is also an amateur artist; and he has devoted much time to the study of art in its relation to the tariff, and the tariff in its relation to art. He concluded, so says the *Herald*, that the importation into the States of what he has termed "Dutch daubs" exercised a depressing influence on the interests of American artists; so he thereupon brought his fellow-members on the Commission to raise the duty on the works of Millet, Rousseau, Corot, Diaz, Gérôme, Meissonier, Bouguereau, and other "Dutch daubers," to say nothing of other distinguished foreign artists.

The term "Dutch daubs" has "fetched" me a little. I call to mind that in almost every refreshment buffet and minor hotel bar in the Southern and Western States you come across oil-paintings of still-life, purporting to represent fish, flesh, fowl, and fruit; wine bottles, decanters, and glasses. As a rule, these performances are prodigies of pictorial coarseness and clumsiness. Are these the imported "Dutch daubs" which so moved the fiscal and æsthetic soul of the gallant Colonel from West Virginia? In this free-trading country we are occasionally troubled with a plague,

April. not of "Dutch daubs," but of what I may call "German smudges." Have you never seen in the windows of newsvenders' shops in the back streets vilely-executed lithographs of Teutonic production, purporting to be reproductions in black and white of the masterpieces of our foremost English painters? These lithographs are very cheap and very nasty; and are, besides, an impudent piracy of artistic copyright. Or does the gallant Colonel consider German oleographs to be "Dutch daubs"?

May. A correspondent at Wanganui, New Zealand, is anxious to obtain some information respecting Caspar Hauser. The fullest account of the mysterious "party" in question is in the entertaining "Tracts" (I have them not, and forget their full title), originally published nearly two years ago, I should say, by Messrs. Chambers, of Edinburgh. Caspar Hauser, if I remember aright, had a whole tract to himself, in one of the earlier volumes of the series.

Native journalism in India seems to be progressing at a very remarkable rate of speed. In a late contempt of court case at Calcutta, an incriminated article in a native newspaper called *Brahmo Public Opinion* began thus: "Mr. Justice ——— is determined to set the Hooghly on fire. The last act of *jubberdhusti* (high-handedness on his Lordship's part) was the bringing of a *saligram* into court for identification."

A *saligram*, it would seem, is a Brahminical idol; and it was owing to very curious circumstances that the image found its way into the High Court of Calcutta. An administrative suit had been for a long time pending, and the litigants were two brothers, Hindoos. *Pendente lite*, a question arose as to the identity of a "saligram," or stone image of the Thakoor, or household god. One of the

May. brothers contended, while the other denied, that an idol, said to be in the house of a Brahmin, by the name of Bhuttock Nàt Pundit, was the idol in question; so counsel for both parties suggested that the "saligram" in question should be brought into court for examination by the Judge. His Lordship hesitated to take the course proposed until he had consulted the attorneys in the case, who were both Hindoos. They could not see that there was anything objectionable in the Thakoor coming into court. Then the Judge sought the opinion of the Court interpreter, who is a functionary of long experience and a high-caste Brahmin. This official held that it would be improper to bring the household god into the court itself, as the floor thereof was covered with coir matting, but that there would not be the slightest harm in bringing it into the corridor outside. Thither it was conveyed; and there it was inspected by the Judge, attended by the counsel and attorneys for the plaintiff and the defendant. Oddly edifying to European ears, this "Thakoor-saligram jubberdhusti" case.

June. I have before me the Catalogue Raisonné of the Art Collection of Mr. William Henry Hurlbert, for many years Editor-in-Chief of the *New York World*. The small but splendid collection of pictures and *bric-à-brac* which have so long been the glory of Mr. Hurlbert's apartments in University-building, Washington Square, New York, have been sold by auction, and brought, under the hammer, the comfortable sum of fifty thousand dollars. The pictures comprised a Turner, warranted to be genuine, and which fetched ten thousand dollars. His Greuzes and Bouchers Mr. Hurlbert is bringing to Europe with him. But there is nothing to be mournful about in the sale of this almost unique collection, since the major part of it will remain in the United States.

June. The English world of rank, art, and letters should not, if they can help it, allow Mr. William Henry Hurlbert to go back again, save for an occasional brief trip to his native States; and even then he should be bound in heavy recognisances to return to our shores at the expiration of a given time. London Society cannot fail to derive benefit from the permanent presence in its midst of one of the ripest scholars, the most brilliant conversationalists, and the generally most versatile and charming men of the time. Few Englishmen of mark have within the last twenty years passed through New York without finding a warm friend in William Henry Hurlbert, and now is the time to requite the hospitality and the courtesy which, without stint, he has shewn to travelling Britons.

LITERARY AND ARTISTIC ECHOES.

II.

Some London Theatres—The Duke de Ripalda—A Model Novelist—Plantin's Virgil—Chaucer's Works—School of Archæological and Classical Studies—Lord Ronald Gower's Reminiscences—The Beckford Library—"Mr. Isaacs"—Mr. Pellegrini's Art Caricatures—The Venus of Milo—The Maclise Portrait Gallery—A New Gem—Hoare's Hungerfordiana—Friends of Bohemia—The Royal Academy and D. G. Rossetti—The Literary Supremacy of Boston—The Turkish Compassionate Fund—Joining the Majority—Bookbinding—Book Collectors—"Punch" and Rabelais—Literary Reputation—An Odd Misprint—Charles Dickens's Letters—Schools of Art—"Guide for Drawing the Acanthus"—Mr. Edmund Yates's Reminiscences—Abigel Rowe—George IV.—The Study of Arabic—Savarin's Handbook of Gastronomy—Mr. William Morris—Italian Version of Tennyson's Poems—History Falsified by Poets and Painters—The Old Law Courts—Queen Anne's Statue at St. Paul's—The Duke of Wellington's Equestrian Statue—The New Law Courts—Statue to Mr. G. E. Street—The Wellington Monument at St. Paul's Cathedral—Inigo Jones's Designs for Whitehall.

"Some London Theatres, Past and Present," is the title of a very modest, entertaining, and instructive little volume, written by Mr. Michael Williams. The London theatres noticed are "Old Sadler's Wells," "Old Highbury Barn," the whilom City of London in Norton Folgate, the Marylebone, and the "Three Lyceums." An astonishing amount of information, conveyed in a very pleasing style, is given in a volume of scarcely more than two hundred pages; and June.

June. at the conclusion of a commendably brief and "to-the-point" preface, Mr. Williams expresses the hope that, should this book succeed in winning the approbation of the public, he may be able, at some future time, to offer another volume for their acceptance. I should say that the public would be willing to welcome at least two more volumes from Mr. Williams's pen reciting the history of London Theatres, past and present. The story of Drury Lane Theatre, old and new, has, perhaps, been exhaustively narrated; but we yet lack a concise record of the Two Adelphis, the Three Haymarkets, the Two Princesses, and the Two Olympics.

The late Duke de Ripalda, the Spanish Grandee to whom the palace of the Farnesina at Rome belonged, has left, according to the Roman correspondent of the *Times* (and a remarkable correspondent he is) a fortune of five millions. The bulk of his wealth, including the Farnesina, with its frescoes by Rafaelle and other illustrious masters, is bequeathed to a young lady of near kindred to him who is at present at school in a convent at Cologne. The Farnesina alone is valued at two millions. But, surely, millions of francs or lire, not pounds sterling, must be meant. But even should that be the case, the statement is puzzling. Surely the Farnesina (which is in admirable repair), with the matchless "Triumph of Galatea" and the Story of Cupid and Psyche by Rafaelle; the "Marriage of Alexander," by Sodoma; the colossal head sketched by Michael Angelo, and the paintings by Daniele da Volterra, Sebastiano del Piombo, Giulio Romano, Baldassare, Peruzzi, and other princes of the pencil, together with the stately mansion which enshrines their works, must be worth more that eighty thousand pounds.

It is stated that the Italian Minister of Public Instruction has taken steps to ascertain if, and on what conditions, it is possible to secure the Farnesina, with Rafaelle's frescoes,

for the nation. It would be undesirable if the "whole lot, lock, stock, and barrel," were purchased by some "Silver King" from Nevada or Colorado. June.

I read in the *New York Herald* :—

Mr. George W. Cable, the novelist, is a very quiet little man, who was formerly a clerk. His life has been spent in New Orleans; he is a pious man, who attends largely to the official business of religious corporations; he does not read French novels, although one might from his style think that he does, and he has never attended a theatre. He is about forty-two years old, and he does not think that he writes novels when he is describing Creole life. He does not know what alcoholic liquors taste like.

A model novelist, indeed! I had the honour to meet Mr G. W. Cable at New Orleans early in 1880, and to read an excellent work of his, descriptive of French Creole life in and about the Crescent City, called "Les Grandissimes." He has gone far in fiction since then. I am glad to hear that he is pious, that he is a teetotaller, and that he never goes to the play, nor reads French novels (I tried to read M. Emile Zola's "Bonheur des Dames" the other day in the train between Moscow and Warsaw; but I gave it up in disgust at last, and made a present of it to the sleeping-car conductor, who could speak no tongue but Russ); still, it was at a very merry dinner party that I met Mr. Cable; and he did not express to the company any active abhorrence for dry champagne. I know many earnest abstainers who do not brag and shriek about their abstinence.

A gentleman has been so obliging as to forward me the photograph of a title-page of a Plantin Virgil, perfect, and of the date of 1575. He is informed, he adds, that copies of this edition are scarce, and he would like to know the value of the book. I do not, myself, buy books which their owners

June. know or think to be scarce. I like to pick up my rare editions for sixpence a-piece out of a costermonger's barrow in the New Cut, early in the morning. When you are quite sure that your sixpenny worth is rare and perfect spend two or three guineas on the binding of it, and put it carefully under a glass shade. Glass doors to a bookcase will not exclude the Demon Dust. What do you say, Mr. Andrew Lang?

But touching the market price of a copy, perfect and in good condition, of a Plantin Virgil of the edition of 1575, I may state that I have made inquiry among the experts, who tell me that a very fine copy of the Plantin Virgil of 1575, bound in old morocco, from the Sunderland Library, was sold by Messrs. Puttick & Simpson for two pounds five shillings.

Timperley's big "Dictionary of Printing" (pp. 996, London, 1839, and out of date now, I suppose), in the biographical account of the famous printer of Antwerp, Christopher Plantin, "architypographicus" to Philip II. of Spain, makes no mention of the curious story that Plantin, although he owed his renown and his riches to the production of Greek, Latin, and Hebrew books, noted for their scrupulous typographical accuracy, was himself altogether ignorant of the learned tongues in which, however, he desired to be thought a proficient. It was that "gulf of learning," Justus Lipsius, who, according to Balzac (obviously not Honoré, but the seventeenth century Balzac) helped the vain Antwerp printer to keep up the harmless deception. Justus used to write long Latin letters to Christopher Plantin; and in the same packet were inclosed a Flemish translation of the epistle, and the model of a reply in Latin, which Plantin duly copied and returned to his friend. Justus Lipsius, says Balzac, religiously kept the secret of this odd imposture until the printer's death.

June. I bought the other day, a bargain, a black-letter copy of Chaucer's works, complete and perfect, and of the edition of 1598, printed by George Bishop. I had my purchase handsomely bound; and a friend, learned in antique book-prices, told me that my treasure was worth twenty pounds. But, alas! he subsequently discovered that it is an earlier edition that will bring the sum just named; and that the market price of a Chaucer of 1598 is four pounds five shillings. Still, I made a notable bargain.

It has been officially announced that at Marlborough House on June 25, there was held, under the presidency of the Prince of Wales, a meeting for the purpose of founding a school of Archæological and Classical Studies of Art at Athens, in conformity with the scheme explained by Professor Jebb in a recent number of the *Fortnightly Review*. The meeting seems to have been a highly influential one, and, in addition to a great gathering of lettered noblemen, there were present the Deans of Westminster and Christchurch, the Provost of Oriel, Professor Sidney Colvin, Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A., Mr. Matthew Arnold, Mr. T. S. H. Escott, Mr. Oscar Browning, and other conspicuous representatives of literature and art. I read (in the *World*) that a sum of about twenty thousand pounds is required to carry out the scheme.

I have not read Professor Jebb's article in the *Fortnightly*; but I do hope that the learned Professor did not omit to inculcate on his readers the absolute necessity for all young Englishmen proceeding to Athens in order to study, on the spot, Greek archæology and art, first to give their minds to the study of modern Greek; and next, in the study of ancient Greek, to discard the barbarous, uncouth, and grotesque pronunciation introduced into the English Universities through the influence of the Dutchman Erasmus. It is amusing to hear some pedants railing against the Romaic or

June. modern Greek as a mere *patois*, unworthy the name of a language, when we remember that nearly two hundred and fifty years have passed since Cardinal Richelieu incited the learned Roman, Simone Porzio, to write his "Grammar of the Language of Vulgar Greek." A very beautiful, copious, and sonorous language it is when purified (as is now the case) of the Turkish and Italian corruptions which in the days of Greek slavery crept into the common speech of an ignorant and oppressed people.

There is a Spanish and Latin Ollendorff—or at least one founded on Ollendorfian lines—published at Madrid. There ought to be an English-Greek Ollendorff—or, rather, two; one for ancient, the other for modern Greek. By means of such a work, a sharp lad (not necessarily intended to study art and archæology at Athens) ought to be able at the end of six months to speak and write Romaic fluently; and then —and not till then—he should begin the study of ancient Greek. Such a course might not please the pedants; but it would serve the cause of utility and common-sense.

July. We all remember the lady of whom it was said that to converse with her was "a liberal education." I fancy that most readers of Lord Ronald Gower's "Reminiscences," will agree with me in the opinion that his pages contain a good store of material not only for a liberal, but for a fashionable, a genealogical, an artistic, and a cosmopolitan education. The singularly accomplished and amiable author of these two most pleasant volumes has seen men and cities. He is himself a facile draughtsman and a graceful sculptor, and can not only talk (and talk delightfully) about things of beauty, but he can create them. The chapters relating to Stafford House in the past and the present, and to the author's mother, the late beautiful, brilliant, and munificent Duchess

of Sutherland (she was the earliest patroness of Alexander Munro, the sculptor, while the Duke, her husband, more than once befriended that worst-treated of English painters Benjamin Robert Haydon), are especially interesting. July.

At the same time, one would feel sincerely obliged if Lord Ronald Gower would explain the variation in the orthography of his family name in the list of subscribers to the first edition of Dryden's Virgil, the large paper folio copy of which is now before me. Lord Ronald tells us (Vol. I., p. 61) that "Leveson" should be pronounced "Looson." But among the Dryden Virgil subscribers (to the engravings at five guineas each) I find first printed the name of "Sir John Leuson Gore, Bart.," and next, among the ordinary subscribers "Lady Jane Leveson Gower." The printer of the list of subscribers may have been a precursor in phonetics of the respected Mr. Isaac Pitman; for, turning to page 517 of the Virgil, I find appended to the engraving executed at the cost and charges of the Baronet called elsewhere "Sir John Leuson Gore, Bart.," the style and titles of "Sir John Leveson Gower, Bart., of Trentham, in Staffordshire."

It is edifying to remark how considerations of scarceness rather than intrinsic excellence governed the prices reached by the books in the Beckford Library, sold by Messrs. Sotheby. A rare oblong quarto, "The Schole-House for the Needle," illustrated with designs for lace, and for which a lover of books, *as* books, would not give more than a few shillings, sold for fifty-eight pounds. It was of the date of 1624, and in black letter. A sumptuous copy of the Marquis of Newcastle's "Horsemanship," in French, and of the original edition of 1657, went, cheap, at fifty-three pounds; while a little duodecimo printed by Elzevir in 1667, "Les Imaginaires et les Visionnaires," bound by Desueil, realised seventeen pounds fifteen shillings. Even a more characteristically "fancy" price

98277

July. was attained by a book in Dutch, published in 1699, and described as rare "on account of its having been suppressed as casting doubts on the birth of the Empress of Russia." This Batavian treasure was knocked down for eleven guineas. Mr. Hull, in "Gilbert Gurney," would have been an eager bidder for the little Dutch book of dead and gone scandal. The enthusiastic biblio-maniac in question paid a large sum for a ragged tome in Latin, which he thought (he was not, himself, acquainted with the Latin tongue) had been written to prove that Edward VI. never had the toothache.

The publisher's ledgers would, I should say, afford the most conclusive evidence of how the reading public like "John Inglesant." They have shown pretty strongly, too, that they like "Mr. Isaacs: a Tale of Modern India," by a gifted young American writer, Mr. F. Marion Crauford, a nephew, I believe, of the well-known *littérateur*, financier, gourmet, philanthropist, and theosophist, Mr. Samuel Ward, of New York. "Mr. Isaacs" will be found all the more interesting to readers who have never been to India, and who yearn (as I do) to go thither, for the reason that we scarcely know anything about social life and manners either of the English, the Natives, or the Eurasians in Hindostan at all. I have scores of books, descriptive and argumentative, about India, from the religious, the political, the poetical, the historical, geographical, commercial, legislative, and sporting points of view; but they are all too full of "shop," and only give the faintest general idea of what the country is like socially, and what the people do. "Mr. Isaacs," to a remarkable extent, supplies a long and grievously felt want.

Mr. Carlo Pellegrini has made a new departure, and a most important one, in that Art of Caricature in the practice of which he is so renowned a proficient. He has issued the

first two specimens of a Gallery of Celebrities *en grand*, elaborate examples of colour-printing, and which, being provided with "mounts," are ready for immediate framing. Another pleasing peculiarity of the scheme is that each portrait has appended to it a half sheet of note-paper containing a quotation and signature in facsimile of the celebrity's autograph. July.

The opening instalment (for a two guinea subscription) of this comic *magnum opus* consists of two full-length portraits—one of Mr. Henry Irving as Benedick, in "Much Ado About Nothing"; the other, of Mr. Bancroft as Captain Hawtree, in "Caste." I like the Bancroft portrait the best. Attitude and expression are alike admirable. In the presentment of Mr. Irving the artist has not, to my mind, scored a decided success. The picture is undeniably clever; but Mr. Pellegrini appears to have been somewhat irresolute as to whether he should make his Benedick a frank caricature or a serious portrait of Mr. Irving. The production thus loses distinctness and decision of purpose. It is neither quite serious nor quite comic enough.

I was duly impressed with the necessity of keeping one's temper in cholera time when I read in this week's *World* a paragraph in which one of "Atlas's" correspondents notes the, to him, apparently interesting fact that in a book of mine and in an article on the Dutch painter Peter van Laar (Il Bamboccio) he read that the studio of Nicolas Poussin "was adorned by a cast of the Venus of Milo, which," he adds, "was surely unknown to the moderns till unearthed from the island of Melos by Admiral Dumont d'Urville in 1820." As a matter of strict fact, the statue in question was "unearthed" by a peasant from a niche in the buried walls of the old town of Melos, in the island of the same name, and purchased by the French Ambassador at Constantinople, the Marquis de Rivière, who presented it to Louis XVIII., who

July. placed it in the Louvre. But what amuses me (and incites to keep my temper) is the fact that the article against which "Atlas's" tardy taunt is directed was originally published just *thirty-one years ago*, before I had attained the mature age of twenty-four. Genial "Atlas"! I wonder how much he knew about the Venus of Milo and Admiral Dumont d'Urville when he was twenty-four.

Messrs. Chatto and Windus have done well in republishing the "Maclise Portrait Gallery of Illustrious Literary Characters" (the famous "Alfred Croquis" sketches, from *Fraser's Magazine*). Now that Mr. Carlo Pellegrini has fairly started with his Walhalla of living celebrities, it is fitting that the younger generation should be made acquainted with the lineaments and the *faits et gestes* of the celebrities of the past. The illustrations in the new issue of the "Maclise Gallery" have been skilfully reduced, and have lost nothing of their original crispness and vivacity.

There are eighty-three individual portraits in the collection (besides the "Fraseriano" and "Regina's Maids of Honour"), and, so far as my knowledge goes, only one of the originals survives. It is worthy of remark that the gallery contains only two actors—James Sheridan Knowles (and he was more of a playwright than a player) and John Baldwin Buckstone. And, besides Maclise himself (and his is an interpolated portrait) there are only two professional artists—Sir John Soane, the architect, and George Cruikshank. I do not forget D'Orsay; but, in art, he did not rise above the level of a clever amateur.

August. An expert in precious stones has recently been examining, through the medium of a "dichroiscope" (should it not be "dichroscope"?), a so-called new gem called "violane,"

recently introduced from Paris. Collectors of "pierres de fantaisie" have been purchasing specimens of "violane" at very high prices," "thinking they were a new and transparent variety of the mineral violan, a dark violet-blue variety of pyroxene." Such, the expert in precious stones holds, is not the case. The so-called "new gem" is an imitation of the amethyst, made of glass, with an admixture of potage and borax. They are easily scratched with quartz, and under the dichroscope show, naturally, no extraordinary ray. The expert found that the true value of a specimen for which fifty pounds had been given was about two shillings. Pleasant for the "party" who parted with the fifty pounds! It is an age of shams, and imitations, and adulterations. "Would you believe it?" exclaims a *bourgeois* of the M. Joseph Prudhomme type in one of the French papers, "I sent for a load of sand for my aviary, and there was positively some sugar in it. What will they adulterate next?" August.

I do my utmost to banish from my breast the baleful passion of envy; but I find it difficult to avoid being just a little envious of a noble lord—the initial of his title only is given—who, at the Stourhead library sale at Messrs. Sotheby's, purchased, for a hundred guineas, Sir R. C. Hoare's "Hungerfordiana; or, Memoirs of the Family of Hungerford, Illustrated with Water-Colour Drawings. A.D. 1823." It must be a deeply interesting book. Next to the Courtenays, the Hungerfords, have been, I suppose, the unluckiest historic family in England. It is more than three hundred and fifty years since that Dame Alice, or Agnes Hungerford, was hanged at Tyburn for the murder of her stepson. The Sir Edward Hungerford, known as "the spendthrift," of Charles the Second's time, gave, it is said, five hundred pounds for a periwig in which to figure at a Court ball, and to satisfy his passion for gambling sold more than a score of manors.

August. Mr. Pepys tells us in his diary how the princely mansion of the Hungerfords by Durham Yard in the Strand was burned to the ground, through the carelessness of a servant-maid who was sent to take a candle from a bunch, "which she did by burning it off, and left the rest, as is supposed, on fire." Charles the Second was always "on hand" at a conflagration; and the king and his courtiers hastened from Whitehall to the blazing Hungerford House, "and stopped the fire by blowing up the next house." Sir Edward obtained permission to build a market on the site of his incinerated mansion; and was there ever an unluckier place than old Hungerford market?

September. Rummaging among the "selling off" stock of a circulating library, I came across a novel published in the year 1857. The name of the book is "Friends of Bohemia"; of the author, E. M. Whitty.

It is not altogether the remembrance of Whitty that has induced me to notice "Friends of Bohemia," a strange, wild, straggling, incoherent story, interspersed with passages of great dramatic power. I wish to draw the attention of the "sensational playwrights" to the book. The twenty-sixth chapter of the second volume contains, under the title of "A Mad Story," an episode which, to my mind, would make the fortune of a melodrama of the "thrilling" type. It is the story of the patients in a private madhouse who, during a ball given by the resident physician, turn upon him, kill him, demolish the keepers, set fire to the house, get tipsy, and disperse themselves over the country. There are lady lunatics as well as gentlemen ones; and between them they cook the most appalling kettle of literary fish that I have tasted for a long time past. I must not omit to say that the "cast" comprises an idiotic heroine, who is in love with a maniacal hero who fancies that he is Robert the Bruce, and

who "lays proud Edward low" by braining the mad doctor with his —the doctor's—own gold-headed cane. September.

In the course of a leading article in the *Times* on the Cornelius Centenary, the writer incidentally alludes to another famous German painter, Overbeck, remarking, "Overbeck and his friends were, indeed, expelled the Academy of Vienna, just as the walls of Burlington House knew not the pictures of Rossetti until death had removed him from the sphere of rivalry and contention."

"Just as" is, it strikes me, an expression not quite "just to" the Forty of Burlington House. The Royal Academy can in no way be blamed for the non-appearance on their walls during his lifetime of any work of the late Gabriel Dante Rossetti, concerning whom, by the way, there has been published during the last few months enough sickening rubbish to fill a whole train of coal-trucks on the Great Northern Railway. Rossetti simply and flatly abstained from exhibiting at the Royal Academy. On the other hand, many of the most singular productions of the Præ-Rafaellite School have been hung on the walls of Burlington House. The "Carpenter's Shop," the "Sir Isumbras," the "Autumn Leaves" of Mr. Millais were hung there. So, among others, was the "Awakened Conscience" of Mr. Holman Hunt, perhaps the most daringly (and most beautiful) un-academical picture ever exhibited in the halls of the Forty. It is a common accusation against the Academy to say that they are apt to ignore rising genius. In many notable instances it has been rising genius that has ignored them.

It is passing strange that just while Lord Coleridge was enchanting his auditors with his mellifluous dialectics that respectable organ of New England opinion, the *Boston*

September. *Advertiser*, should be lamenting the decline of the literary supremacy of Boston. The *North American Review* is no longer published at Boston, it seems. The publication of the leading legal review in the United States has been transferred to St. Louis. There are comparatively few collectors of standard English books in Boston now. *Scribner* and *Harper* have put out the light of the Bostonian magazines. The Muses are going west—very far west, indeed. California is beginning to "boom" with poets, and the New England humourists have been snuffed out by the waggeries of Sweet and Knox, the "Texas Sifters." I won't believe a word of it. Boston, Mass, is and will continue to be the "Hub" of the Universe. Bunker is not lightly to be deposed from his Hill. Who Bunker really was I think I have once heard, but have forgotten.

A remarkable contribution to what may be called the Literature of Charity is the handsome volume just published, entitled "The Turkish Compassionate Fund: An Account of its Origin, Working, and Results," compiled by Mr. H. Mainwaring Dunstan, and edited by Mr. W. Burdett-Coutts.

Of the part taken by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts in this great work of international Compassion and Mercy, it is almost superfluous to speak. The successful efforts of this munificent lady to organise a fund for the relief of the innocent victim of "man's inhumanity to man" are known to all the world. The name of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts will be as imperishably linked with the history of the Russo-Turkish war as the name of Florence Nightingale with the history of the war in the Crimea.

"Joining the Majority." On this head also I have been enlightened by kindly correspondents. One refers me to Dr.

Young's tragedy of "The Revenge," Act IV., Sc. 1, in which Alonzo, addressing Zanga, says— September.

> Life is the desert, life the solitude :
> *Death joins us to the great majority.*

Another tells me that in "Foster's Essays"—the one on the Aversion of Men of Taste to Evangelical Religion—occurs the following:—

> Some anticipate the other world in very defined images. I recollect one of them . . . . thus expressing his complacency in view of the Great Deliverer.
>
> Death joins us to the great majority;
> 'Tis to be born to Platos and to Cæsars,
> 'Tis to be great for ever,
> Tis pleasure, 'tis ambition, then, to die.

Foster, my informant adds, does not state whence his quotation comes. Obviously it is from Dr. Edward Young. But yet another correspondent writes, pithily: "The phrase 'joining the majority' is a free translation of the sepulchral formula, 'abierunt ad multos,' used by the Roman legionaries in Britain; and a very beautiful formula it is."

In the second volume of "Art and Letters," conducted by Mr. J. Comyns Carr, there is (pp. 339-344) a most interesting article on Bookbinding, illustrated by engraved specimens of some of the choicest bookbindings extant. What with Mr. Zaehnsdorf's "Art of Bookbinding," Mr. Arnett's "Bibliopegia," Mr. Andrew Lang's admirable contribution to the subject in "The Library," to say nothing of the paper in "Art and Letters" and the bookbinding dissertations of MM. Octave Uzanne and Ambroise Firmin Didot, we have a goodly pabulum of literature on the bibliodetic art (I say bibliodetic for the sake of variety). In modern Greek, a bookbinder is a "bibliodētes." October.

October. Yet does something remain to be done in this direction. Will somebody write a book, or, at least, an article in a magazine, or a review on the yet half-untold agonies, miseries, vexations, and disappointments of the bibliophile who is continually having his books bound? Dr. Blumberg, in his address on Hahnemann, said that the inscription on his monument should be "He shortened suffering and lengthened life." I am afraid that the converse of such an inscription would be most suitable if a monument were erected to some of the modern descendants of Roger Payne. What do you say, Mr. Sam Timmins, of Birmingham, J.P.?

With regard to Mr. Andrew Lang, I at once owe that accomplished gentleman "a good turn" and have "a crow to pluck" with him. The "good turn" is due for his having reproduced in "The Library," and thus first brought under my notice, M. Uzanne's proposal to utilise as covers in book-binding "old scraps of brocade, embroidery, Venice velvet, and what not;" and, doubtless, adds Mr. Lang, "a covering of some dead lady's train goes well with a romance by Crébillon and engravings by Marillier." Fired by the suggestion, I was at once "down," not on a dead, but on a living lady for about a third of a yard of her train; that is to say, I "took toll" on a new fabric before it was despatched to the dressmaker, and sent the precious fragment, with a book, at once to my binder's.

And the crow to be plucked? Well, Mr. Lang has the hardihood to say (p. 61) that "almost all women are the inveterate foes, not of novels, of course, nor peerages and popular volumes of history, but of books worthy of the name." Oh! Mr. Andrew Lang. Cruel bibliophile! For my part, I am struck with astonishment at the patient cheerfulness with which women (of course I mean nice women) bear with the whims and caprices (and, let it be added, the selfishness) of their book-collecting husbands, fathers, and brothers. I am often filled with deep remorse by the thought of how great a nuisance my own books must be

when I bring them home from the second-hand dealer. How ragged and tattered they are! What strange insects may be lurking under their flapping covers! How ancient and fish-like is their smell! And how worthless they appear when contrasted with a brand-new copy of the last "Gift-Book" of the season. October.

The *Saturday Review* has administered "toko for yam" in an exceptionally vigorous manner to a writer in *Punch*, who has published some hard things concerning Rabelais. *Sursum corda!* The controversy is naught to me. Earnest and systematic students of Rabelais take the Curé of Meudon just as they take Chaucer and Boccaccio—as they find them. Those authors did not write for the Nineteenth Century, but for the world as it wagged in their day. All those who understand the Doctor of Chinon know that his gross buffooneries are underlaid by a wise and good purpose.

Alluding to the recent announcement in a morning contemporary that "the remains of the late Mr. John Payne, *collier*, were interred yesterday in Bray Churchyard, in the presence of a large number of spectators," a Dublin Correspondent forwards me a cutting from an Irish paper, which quotes from the *Eastern Daily Express* thus:—"The Bray Colliery Disaster.—The remains of the late John Payne Collier were interred yesterday," &c., &c. "So much" adds my Hibernian contemporary, "for literary reputation at the age of ninety-four." But perhaps the "Bray Colliery Disaster" was written sarcastically.

One of the oddest misprints that I ever met with was in one of the volumes of the complete works of Thomas Fuller, author of the "Worthies," the "Church History," and many more tall folios. Many years have passed since, in the old reading room of the British Museum, I looked into the

October. edition in question; nor can I remember the name of the Editor. I have only a dim impression that he was a (then) celebrated scholar and divine. The misprint was in allusion to "the pets of Chatham." Who, on earth, I asked myself, were "the pets of Chatham"? Of "Poll of Portsmouth Point," of "Susan from Deptford," and "likewise of Sal," I had heard and read; but those "pets"? Suddenly it dawned upon me that the mysterious darlings must have been in reality the Pett family, who from generation to generation were noted shipbuilders in the Royal Dockyard, Chatham.

November. Surely it must have been by some mistake that the "representatives" of a late eminent solicitor transferred to a New York publisher a large collection of letters, written by Charles Dickens not only to his friends but to his lawyers. Such communications as the last-named are usually, when they are of a business nature, restored, on the death of a client, to his family, or they are burned. But a selection from the Charles Dickens letters to his several solicitors, dwelling now on the financial distresses of his father and his brother, and now on his money squabbles with his publishers, has appeared in the *New York Tribune;* and the London *Times*, in a lengthy article published on the 29th October, comments favourably on the American publication, and expresses a hope that it will assume a permanent form.

To be sure, the letters comprise some very interesting ones from the great novelist himself, and a large number of most readable communications from celebrated men and women; but it is the legal correspondence that constitutes the blemish. A new terror would be added to death did we have reason to fear that the letters which we wrote to our legal men of business would be published after our death. I repeat, there must have been some mistake; and if the new Dickens correspondence ultimately assumes the form of a book, the letters to the lawyers should certainly be cancelled.

I note, in the *St. James's Gazette*, a thoughtful but some- November.
what one-sided article, in which the writer seems gravely to doubt whether South Kensington, or, indeed, any local school of art save Lambeth and Nottingham (the art-training at the last-named centre of industry is, I can vouch for it, simply admirable), is doing much practical good in the way of producing competent draughtsmen for the service of house decorators and art manufacturers generally.

I am somewhat staggered, at the outset, at finding quoted a pamphlet by one Mr. Harris, who complains that "one can't get young men, willing to accept the ordinary twenty shillings to forty shillings weekly wage, who can draw foliage even decently. To draw foliage "decently" is no very easy matter. At the Lyons Schools of Design, forty years ago, according to Benjamin Robert Haydon, the Father of Schools of Design in this country, and who was snubbed by Sir Robert Peel because he insisted on the necessity of establishing such schools, the pupils were taught to draw the academic nude with accuracy before they were allowed to draw foliage and geometrical patterns.

Mr. Harris is quoted much more cogently when he says that "no school seems to exist for teaching young people to draw a laurel spray or an acanthus with the immediate and practical object of drawing these forms quickly and correctly for house decoration." In this connection, I may be permitted to direct attention to a little book from the examples in which young people will, in a surprisingly short space of time, be able to draw the acanthus, "with the immediate and practical purpose of representing these forms correctly for house decoration." I shall not be suspected of puffing a work published more than thirty years ago; since it was in the year 1851 that the late Mr. Adolphus Ackermann, a partner in the then historic firm of Ackermann & Co. (their premises were in the Strand, where now is the perfumery warehouse of Mr. Eugene Rimmel), gave me the "Guide for Drawing the Acanthus and Every Description of Orna-

November. mental Foliage, by I. Page." The book, which is illustrated with upwards of two hundred woodcuts and sixty etchings on steel, was published by Atchley & Co., Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury. I have not the slightest idea as to who I. Page was; from the text which accompanies his designs he would seem to have been a self-educated man; but he has made drawing the acanthus, and indeed every species of foliage, as easy as A B C; and if there be any modern reprint of his book, I can cordially recommend it (with Natte's "Practical Geometry," in which the demonstrated problems of the First Book of Euclid are further explained by beautifully artistic etchings of architecture and still life by Old Pyne of "Rustic Figures" celebrity) to the attention of all young decorators, scene painters, and cabinetmakers.

In the matter of the "Guide for Drawing the Acanthus," a correspondent tells me that I am right in my surmise as to the author of the "Guide," I. Page, having been a self-educated man; "but," adds my correspondent, "he became an accomplished draughtsman, engraver, and etcher. His son has inherited his father's talent"—and, of course, his father's indefatigable industry, without which the brightest talent is not worth twopence-halfpenny—"as may be seen in the illustrations of Veitch's 'Manual of Coniferæ' and other engravings of plants and foliage." There is a third "I. Page," a grandson, who is also coming on well as a draughtsman. It is pleasant to note hereditary gifts among artists—how Horace Vernet was the son of Carle, who was the son of Claude Joseph—all born painters, but all of whom worked as hard as railway guards and engine-drivers do. Grandfather Joseph, the famous marine painter, the son of a wheelwright, was self-taught, and began his career by painting sedan-chairs. And consider Clarkson Stanfield, who had been a forecastle hand; and David Roberts, who had been a house-painter; and look at George Tinworth, "artist and artisan."

Meanwhile, in the interests of that "Self-Help" which Dr. Samuel Smiles has taught us how to formulate as an art

and almost a science, I should very much like to see a re- November.
publication of the "Guide for Drawing the Acanthus." I have always held that the best school to which a young man who is really desirous to Learn Things can possibly go is in a small room up three pair of stairs—you have little idea of what a capital light a garret one is—where he can sit "all alone by himself," and with inflexible persistence discipline his will to the acquisition of knowledge. He will not be one whit the worse in his early days for having to use as a work-table a deal board supported on trestles. You can buy a very serviceable rush-bottomed chair at a broker's shop for fifteenpence; and let me tell you that a potato cut in halves, and with a hole scooped out of the convexity of one-half, makes an excellent candlestick. I just hint at these economical details, because hard-studying young men are usually very poor; and while pens, ink, and paper are cheap, cases of mathematical instruments and technical text-books of a really superior nature are dear.

Did any lady, writing from some remote region into which "Myra" or "Sylvia" or "The Ladies' Gazette of Fashion" has not yet penetrated, condescend to ask me "how sleeves are worn?" just now, I should respectfully reply that sleeves are largely worn with human hearts upon them for daws to peck at. It is the most candid, the most confiding, the most autobiographical age imaginable. All the celebrities are "owning up;" and to the men of letters who are about to publish a full, true, and particular account of themselves and their contemporaries must now be added Mr. Edmund Yates. It is no secret that for some time the Editor and Proprietor of the *World* has been actively engaged in collecting materials for two volumes of "Personal Reminiscences." The publisher, I learn, is to be Mr. Bentley. Mr. Yates has seen much of cities, and much more of men; he has a remarkably retentive memory, and a curiously developed faculty of humour; thus, his Reminiscences may be confidently expected to be of a most entertaining nature.

November Some of these days—on the eve, possibly, of my departure for Corea, or New Guinea, or the Andaman Islands, never to return to my native country—I intend to publish (in five volumes royal octavo) my own Reminiscences, Revelations, or Confessions. I think that I shall entitle the work "The Straight Tip; or All About It; by One who has Known Them All." It would rain criminal informations against the Distressed Compiler, and the existence of the Public Prosecutor would be rendered burdensome to him, I am afraid, for about six weeks after the publication of the "Straight Tip."

I think that the preposterous idea ventilated above (of course I have no more real intent to be autobiographical than to start a wax-work show) must have got into my head through reading the Hon. Lewis Wingfield's capital novel "Abigel Rowe: a Chronicle of the Regency." Mr. Wingfield, in addition to unfolding with great ingenuity a very dramatic story, gives us the straightest of "tips" regarding men and manners in London society at the period when that best-abused of monarchs, George IV., was Prince Regent. It has been for many years the literary fashion to vilify the memory of George IV. I think that fashion was set by Douglas Jerrold in the early days of *Punch*. There have been endless sneers about the Georgian white kid pantaloons, his high stock, furred collar, braided surtout, and curly wig, his mixing his own snuff, his fondness for curaçoa, his having the creases of his coat-sleeves snipped away and then fine-drawn, his partiality for "cockatoo" uniforms for the Army and Chinese Pagoda-like architecture for his palaces.

The literary depreciation of the "First Gentleman in Europe" was crystallised by Mr. Thackeray in a famous passage in "The Four Georges."

> The Sailor King who came after George was a man; the Duke of York was a man, big, burly, loud, jolly, cursing, courageous. But this George, what was he? I look through all his life, and recognise but a bow and a grin. I try and take him to pieces, and find silk

stockings, padding, stays. . . . under waistcoats, more under waistcoats, and then *nothing*. I know of no sentiment that he ever distinctly uttered. November.

If Mr. Thackeray had ever read the "Memoirs of Michael Kelly," the musician, or of "Count Borulawski," the Polish Dwarf; if the illustrious author of "The Four Georges" had had any knowledge of the King's dealings with the Royal Society of Literature (to which he gave for ten years preceding his death, from his privy purse, a sum of a thousand guineas annually to be distributed in pensions among ten deserving men of letters: Coleridge was one of them), William Makepeace Thackeray, ever the consistent advocate of justice and truth, would have been fain to admit that George IV. was capable, not only of uttering distinct sentiments, but of giving substance to the utterance thereof by generous and charitable actions. But Mr. Thackeray only "took up the running," of which the lines had been marked out by Leigh Hunt in the *Examiner*, by Cobbett, by the reckless William Hone, and by George Cruikshank, in the exuberance of that artistic youth to which we owe "The Queen's Matrimonial Ladder," and "The House that Jack Built." It is a very different George that Mr. Wingfield shows us in his clever and interesting novel. I say nothing about his plot. To do so would be to anticipate the reviewers.

Some critics may be of opinion that the author of "Abigel Rowe" deals with unnecessary harshness with the character of Caroline of Brunswick. Well, she was certainly a very ill-used lady; *but* there looms darkly from a lower shelf in my study a tall folio of many hundred pages of evidence and speeches bearing on a Bill "to Deprive Her Majesty Caroline Amelia Elizabeth of the Titles, Prerogatives, Rights, Privileges, and Exemptions of Queen Consort of this Realm; and to Dissolve the Marriage between His Majesty and the said Caroline Amelia Elizabeth." Reading, calmly and dispassionately, the records of this memorable

November. trial, one's impression as to the ill-usage of the Queen is not removed; but one's belief in her innocence is not strengthened.

The importance to Great Britain of the study of Arabic is as important as, but not more important than, that of modern Greek (which is as easy as Italian) and of Russ. With respect to the study of Arabic, no Royal road will ever be opened to the knowledge of that tongue until some compiler of an Arabic grammar does something towards simplifying the method of writing Arabic.

The present triple arrangement of the Alphabet as initial, medial, and finial letters, simply sickens and reduces to despair the youthful student. That which is wanted is a simpler arrangement, and a familiar explanation as to *how* Arabic should be written, why and when certain letters are left out in writing a word, with plain examples, not of the theory, but of the everyday practice.

One of the most sumptuous books of the season is the just published "Handbook of Gastronomy," being a new translation of Brillat Savarin's "Physiologie du Goût," with the preface (published in 1879) of Charles Monselet. The English translation has been executed with the minutest care and the most thorough appreciativeness by Mr. Henri Van Laun, the translator of Molière. Among the charms of this *édition de luxe* of Brillat Savarin's culinary classic, with its handmade paper, uncut edges, and "river of type running through a meadow of margin," are the fifty-two exquisite illustrative etchings, by A. Lalauze, printed on India Paper, in the text.

The vignettes heading the "Meditation" on "Gourmandise" (p. 188) and on "Dreams" (p. 274) are not only

beautiful in artistic conception, but veritable triumphs of the etching needle. In the *cul de lampe* (p. 305) of the *siphon* of *eau de seize*, the tumbler, plate, and spoon, and radishes, some of the details are so excessively delicate and minute as almost to make me wish for a pair of Mr. Samuel Weller's "patent double million magnifyin' gas microscopes of hextra power." November.

The title given by Mr. Henri Van Laun to Brillat Savarin's humorous, humane, and philosophic work is slightly a misnomer. The "Physiologie du Goût" is not a handbook of Gastronomy. It is, the rather, an epicure's album, the *carnet* of a *bon vivant*, a collection of polished, sparkling, and gentle culinary essays. The few practical recipes which Savarin gives are mainly obsolete. The observations on bouilli, or what we call "gravy-beef," in particular, are out of date. "*Bouilli*," he remarks, "has disappeared from first-class dinners. It has been replaced by a piece of roast meat, a turbot, *or* a *matelotte*." In Brillat Savarin's time the *bouilli* was served immediately after the soup, and the fish came very often in the middle of the dinner. And there is a charming old-world twang in the remark that "in former times a dinner of any importance used to begin with oysters, and there was always a good number of guests who did not stop till they had swallowed a gross—twelve dozen."

That which Brillat Savarin has to say on the subject of strong drinks I commend to the attention of Dr. Benjamin Richardson; but he should have a bottle of smelling salts ready, lest he should, while reading, feel faint.

Alcohol is the monarch of liquids, and carries the exaltation of the palate to the highest degree; its various preparations have opened new sources of enjoyment; it communicates to certain medicines an energy which they would never have possessed without this vehicle; it has even become in our hands a formidable weapon, for the natives of the New World have been almost as much overcome and slain by brandy as by gunpowder.

December. What is the matter with Mr. William Morris, poet and artistic (and I hope that I may say, in the proper sense of a sadly abused word) æsthetic craftsman and member of the Kyrle Society? I gather from the *Times* that the gifted author of "The Earthly Paradise" and "The Life and Death of Jason" has been lecturing on "Art and Commerce" at Wimbledon; that he has expressed himself in almost despairing terms touching the present condition of Art in our midst; and that he suggests some kind of socialism as the only remedy for what he considers to be a most disastrous state of things.

What socialism in its relation to Art may mean I shall not stay to inquire, for the simple reason that, regarding what is called socialism in theology, political economy, and so forth, I am in a state of profound and blissful ignorance. I am tolerably familiar with the Memoirs of the Duc de St. Simon; but touching the other St. Simon—the socialist one—my mind is completely a blank. I never read any of the writings of Cabet, or Pierre Leroux, or Proudhon, or even of Robert Owen. To my thinking, life is just *long* enough to try to do our best to be sociable: the rest is to me (being happily and I hope invincibly ignorant of so-called sociology) only so much leather and prunella.

But when I read that a gentleman who has done so much for the cause of decorative art in England is beginning to despair of our artistic progress, I am tempted to fancy that Mr. William Morris must be a considerably younger man than I am. Can the memory of Mr. Morris take him back, say, to the year 1837? My remembrance can do so. There were great painters and sculptors in the land—David Wilkie, Turner, Edwin Landseer, Clarkson, Stanfield, Roberts, John Martin, Bailey, Lough, Gibson, Maclise, Etty, Mulready, Lewis—alive and flourishing. For the rest, nearly all the appliances of domestic life were hideously and deplorably ugly. Ugly upholstery, ugly carpets, ugly plate and jewellery, ugly glass and crockeryware,

ugly wall-papers and window curtains, ugly picture-frames, December
ugly *papier-mâché*, ugly oilcloths and wood carving and metal work — these were our portion in the year '37; and the noble-minded and luckless Benjamin Robert Haydon was vainly importuning successive Administrations to establish Schools of Design, and was being snubbed and cold-shouldered for his pains.

And now, Mr. William Morris, turn to November, 1883, and mark what has been done within a period of five-and-forty years for domestic art in England by the Elder Pugin, by Alfred Stevens, by the Elkingtons, the Mintons, the Copelands, and the Wedgwoods; by Dr. Christopher Dresser, by Thomas, by Owen Jones, by Matthew Digby Wyatt; and last, although certainly not least, by yourself. The progress of art! I find it everywhere. I find it in Mr. Walter Crane's picture-books for children, and in the Christmas cards of the De La Rues, the Marcus Wards, and the Raphael Tucks. I unhesitatingly declare that I can buy for sixpence a little-colour-printed card of a posy of flowers, deft in design, skilful in composition, pure, brilliant, and natural in colour, and that five-and-forty years since such a pictured posy (could it have been produced at all) would have cost at least a guinea.

Take the fashions. The first *modes de Paris* that I can recollect comprised "leg-of-mutton" sleeves; long waists, monstrous high combs for the back hair; more monstrous coach-wheel hats, toweringly burdened with ribbons and flowers; preposterous "habit-shirts," and sandalled shoes—the thinness of which last provoked consumption to decimate our womankind. I have some thousands of fashion-plates at home; and I grant that when I glance at some of the bygone *toilettes*, I recognise something quaint and even pretty in the old "leg-of-mutton" sleeves and "coach-wheel" hat style; but please to bear this in mind, Mr. Morris, that in the days of which I am speaking there was no freedom of option permitted in female attire. If a lady did not wear leg-of-

December. mutton sleeves and a coach-wheel hat, or, in the next epoch of fashion, "bishop's sleeves" and a "cottage" bonnet, she was voted a frump, and laughed at. Lady Byron, the widow of the poet, was a frump. She persisted in wearing bonnets dating from the year 1817.

At present there is full and entire freedom in ladies' attire. I admit there is much that is absurd in the fashions which we receive from Paris. But a lady is not forced to adopt them. She may dress as artistically or as fantastically as ever she pleases. We have many artists who "set" the fashions. Mr. E. Burne Jones sets them for one section of society; Mr. Du Maurier for another. Mr. Caldecott sets them. Our ladies may dress, if they please, *à la* Kate Greenaway, *à la* Sandro Botticelli, *à la* Dante Rossetti; they are free to patronise, if they choose to do so, the Grecian peplum or the "divided skirt." Art, in dress at least, is free; and freedom is the soul of artistic progress. Do not despair, Mr. William Morris.

I was not aware, until I read Signor Carlo Faccioli's selected translation into Italian of the poems of Alfred Tennyson, that the ancient and comely city of Coventry boasted among her architectural embellishments three towering obelisks. Yet Signor Faccioli tells us so in his rendering of the "fore-words" of Godiva. Writes the translator,

> A Coventria, sul ponte
> Di facchini affolato e di staffieri,
> Io rivolsi la fronte
> *Ai tre obelischi intra le nubi alteri;*
> Ivi aspettando il treno.
> * * * * *

And so forth. I thought that the objects which chiefly attracted Mr. Tennyson's attention when he waited for the train at Coventry, and hung with grooms and porters on the bridge, were "three tall spires," not "obelisks."

I am much beholden to my friend, Mr. Sam Timmins,

for directing my attention to a passage in the "Local Notes and Queries" of the *Birmingham Weekly Post*, which throws a curious light on the mistranslation of Coventry's "three tall spires" as "obelischi," as quoted above. In 1819 an Italian traveller named Orti published, in a series of letters to his daughter, a description of his travels in England, notably in the neighbourhood of Birmingham, Coventry, and the Black Country. In one of his letters he remarks :— December.

Behold me from Oxford at Birmingham. Here I knew the excellent Signori Moilliet and Galton, who directed me soon to Tipton—a mile distant from Doudley (Dudley), to the house of the most courteous Signor Baker, President of Mines and Works. It is said that the Greek (?) name of Tipton came from its industrious and able smiths. I saw the composition (manufacture) of soap, so jealously, like other things, concealed in London, the oxidation of lead, and the melting of iron. When brought from the mine, and the coal added, the purification is by a slow fire. Then the melted iron flows into moulds, and quickly vases, pipes, pavements, ladders, arches, and columns of iron are made. How lugubrious is the aspect of the place! How immense the steam machines! How the fire-belching chimneys (obelischi) smoke!

Now, in the original Italian Signor Orti renders the "fire-belching chimneys" as "obelischi." Here are his own words: —"Quanto è lugubre l'aspetto di questo luogo! Che immensità di macchine vaporose! Che ignivomi obelischi e fumanti." It is not at all improbable that the Veronese gentleman who translated "Godiva" had never visited Coventry, but that he had read Orti's book, and, learning that the neighbourhood was a centre of manufacturing industry, jumped at the conclusion that the "three tall spires" were so many smoke stacks.

There is a droller blunder, not in the translation, but in a note appended to, "Donna Clara," the Italianised "Lady Clara Vere de Vere." Signor Faccioli renders the famous lines about "The grand old gardener and his wife" very prettily, thus :—

Dal curvo ciel che i trapassati accoglie
Il Giardiniere, tuo bisavo, accanto
Alla sua vecchia semplicetta moglie
Sorride certo del tuo stolto vanto.

December. "This," the translator adds in a footnote, "is an allusion to the ancestors of Donna Clara, *who appear to have been simple agriculturists*." Very simple agriculturists, indeed, seeing that the name of the Grand Old Gardener was Adam, and that of his wife Eve! The Italian translator's misconception of Mr. Tennyson's meaning is not, however, more laughable than the *bévue* of the English lady who opined that it was an act of the grossest impertinence for a gardener and his wife to sneer at the ancestry of a noble family in whose service they had been so long. Signor Facciola states, on the title-page of the second edition of his work, that it has been "notabilmente accresciuta e approvata dall' autore." It is a pity that some of Mr. Tennyson's English friends did not read that wonderful note about the "simple agriculturists."

Scholars in search of a subject, what do you say to an essay on "The Extent to which History has been Falsified by Poets and Painters?" Take, to begin with, two eminently illustrated cases—those of Lucrezia Borgia and Beatrice Cenci. The first, it has been clearly proved, was not the monster of inquity she is described by Victor Hugo as having been. The latter was not the angelic creature—at the utmost, sixteen years of age at the time of her death—as she is erroneously supposed to have been, painted by Guido, and as she figures in Shelley's tragedy and Guerrazzi's novel. The real Lucrezia Borgia had many admirable qualities, and died in her bed. The real Beatrice Cenci appears to have been a most objectionable person, questionably good-looking (for, with a large fortune at her disposal, she had not been able to find a husband), and twenty-two years of age and the mother of a fine boy when she was beheaded for the murder of her father. If you have any doubts on the subject, read Signor Bertolotti's book, which is simply a laborious compilation of the criminal archives of the time. Signor Bertolotti's verdict on Beatrice was that "she was capable of everything except good;" and the only excuse that he can find for

her is that from her early childhood she had been motherless, and that her father was an intolerable old brute, who was continually drubbing his children and his domestics with a broomstick—"un manico di scoppa grossa." December.

Victor Hugo deliberately made "ducks and drakes" of the story of the Borgias, just as in his astonishingly apocryphal play of "Cromwell" he has made "confusion worse confounded" of the history of the Great Protector and his epoch. But Guido Reni must not be held responsible for the curious misconception respecting that portrait which enchants the world in the Barberini Gallery, and thousands of copies of which are dispersed over the surface of the globe. Guido did not come to Rome until some years after the execution of Beatrice. How his portrait of an evidently favourite model (in more than one instance he has repeated her in works which are indubitably his handiwork) came to be mistaken for a likeness of Beatrice Cenci is one of the most puzzling of pictorial mysteries.

ARCHITECTURAL ECHOES.

The Old Law Courts—Pillars and Stones of Old Buildings—Queen Anne's Statue at St. Paul's—The New Law Courts—Memorial to G. E. Street—The Wellington Monument at St. Paul's—Inigo Jones's Designs for Whitehall.

The first steps towards the demolition of the Old Law Courts at Westminster were taken on the 22nd of January. Architecturally considered, the ugly pile designed by Sir John Soane is not sixty years old; and in Brayley and Britton's "History of the Palace of Westminster," published shortly after the destruction by fire of the Houses of Parliament in 1834, I find the block of buildings now about to disappear spoken of as the "New" Law Courts. January.

There used to be a "tubman" in the Court of Exchequer. The "tub" in the Exchequer on Monday was an auctioneer's rostrum; and very lively were the biddings for the various lots, comprising slates, doors, windows, rafters, chimney-pieces, panellings, boarded floors, stonework, and heating apparatus. I wonder where all these fragments of the broken-up Temple of Themis will go. The "History of Bits" (I am not referring to Mr. Philipson's work on Harness) would make a very amusing and instructive book Let me see. Some of the columns of old Carlton House went to support the portico of the National Gallery. There is a country house in North Kent built from the stones of Old London Bridge; the fittings of the abominable old Court of Star Chamber were purchased by Sir Edward Cust to decorate the dining-room of his country seat withal; Hungerford Suspension Bridge went to Clifton, and the Lion at Northumberland House, to Sion House (the grand staircase is in

January. a modern mansion at Palace Gate). I know of the whereabouts, not far from Leighton Buzzard, of the chimney-piece from Rubens's house at Antwerp, and the poop lanterns of the Bucentaur; and I remember a Debating Society somewhere at Pentonville, the president of which used to sit in the Speaker's chair from the Old House of Commons.

I cannot precisely recollect the place to which the pillars of the Regent's Quadrant were transferred; but I suppose that the Palladian colonnade from old Burlington House is still prostrate in Battersea Park. The stones of Temple Bar are safe (if not sound), I presume, somewhere; and the last time that I saw Mr. Thomas T. Barnum he told me that he had either bought or was in treaty for the timbers of old Traitors' Gate from the Tower. Yes; "a History of Bits" would be highly amusing.

The Dean of St. Paul's, the Corporation of London, and her Majesty's Office of Works seem, to judge from the report of a recent discussion in the Court of Common Council, to have been playing at the once popular game, "No child of Mine!" in the matter of that public disgrace to the Metropolis, the dilapidated statue of the Good Queen Anne at St. Paul's Cathedral. The Lord Mayor complained to the Dean of the condition of the effigy; and the Dean informed his Lordship in reply that as the statue had been paid for with public money, and erected under authority of an Act of Parliament, it was not within the powers of the Chapter to order the removal of the nuisance. The First Commissioner of Works, on being appealed to, politely answered that the Department had no control over the monument, and had neither the power to repair nor to remove it. In 1876 the Department had made an application to the Treasury for authority to expend five hundred pounds in repairing the statue; but My Lords refused to grant the required permission on the ground that Queen Anne's statue was not the

property of the Government. But supposing somebody was to steal the statue, and carry it off bodily, as the Eton "block" was spirited away. For stealing whose property could the robber be indicted? January.

I dreamt an Alnaschar-like dream coming away from the Royal International Fisheries Exhibition. Passing Hyde Park Corner I gazed upon the equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington slowly sinking through Decimus Burton's arch. Only the hero's plumed cocked hat and a portion of the nose were visible above the summit of the arch. A sad illustration of the Bathos, or Art of Sinking, this. To-day I read that it is hoped that the horse's hoofs will touch solid ground in the course of two more weeks. "What is to be done with him" (the hero, horse and all) "seems a moot question with the authorities." And then I dreamt a dream.

It was a dual vision. First, my mind's eye travelled to Berlin, Unter den Linden, and there I saw, opposite to the palace of Prince William, the great equestrian statue in bronze of Frederick the Great, modelled by the famous sculptor, Rauch. The statue stands on a granite pedestal, twenty-five feet high, presenting on each face bronze groups of the great military commanders in the Seven Years War, on foot and on horseback, all the size of life. There they are, Brunswick and Heinrich of Hohenzollern, Seydlitz and Ziethen, and many more. A glorious company. It was a dissolving dream, and melted into some spot in St. James's Park (was it over against Buckingham Palace?), and there I saw Wyatt's equestrian statue of the Great Duke on a towering granite pedestal, on the faces and at the angles of which were bronze groups of warriors on foot and on horseback, the comrades in danger and glory of Arthur Wellesley. Combermere, Anglesea, Hill, Hardinge, Packe, Clinton, De Lancy, Grant, Vivian, Vandeleur, Fitzroy

January. Somerset, the Napiers, and the illustrious William Viscount Beresford, a Field-Marshal of Portugal, a Captain-General in Spain, and a General in England: they were all there; and then some voice whispered to me that this pedestal and its statuary had been erected by public subscription as an enduring monument of the patriotism and the valour of the soldiers of the Peninsula and of Waterloo.

The next day I communicated my dream to an able Editor. It is with considerable mortification that I have to record that I could see, that the able Editor, while I was talking to him, was doing his very best to avoid laughing in my face. He told me that the monumental groups, properly executed, would cost at least fifty thousand pounds (the Griffin—which is a dragon—cost, with its belongings, eleven thousand guineas), and that the British public would not subscribe fifty thousand farthings for such a purpose. And on the whole, his speech implied that I might as well have talked to him about Cressy and Agincourt as about Talavera and Badajos, Salamanca and Vittoria. Was the able Editor right? I am afraid that he was.

That futile dream has brought me many letters; but, to my surprise, they are not couched in terms either of mild deprecation or of downright derision. It seems, then, that English people have not yet forgotten Vimiera and Albuera, Salamanca and Vittoria, Quatre Bras and Waterloo. One lady correspondent goes so far as to express her confidence that an appeal for funds for the execution of such a completion of the Wellington Monument as I dreamed of would meet with a ready and generous response from the female relatives of the valiant Captains, nearly all of whom have long since been laid in their honoured graves.

February. Here is a curious example of metaphor accidentally translated into fact. There is still a considerable amount of grumbling among the members of the legal profession about the structural arrangements of the New Law Courts; and I

read in the *Times* that a committee of the Senior and Junior Bar practising in the Chancery Division has been appointed to consider what, if any, improvements are desirable and practicable in the Courts belonging to that division. So the committee have forwarded a memorial to the Lord Chancellor recommending a considerable number of alterations in the fittings and arrangements of the Chancery tribunals. February.

So much for fact. Now for metaphor. I delight much in the perusal of an old black-letter book in three volumes, quarto, published in the year 1660, called "The Institutes of the Lawes of England," written by Edward Coke, C.J. In the Epilogue to this entertaining production I find Coke saying:—

> And for that we have broken the Ice, and out of our own Industry and Observation framed this high and honourable Building of the Jurisdiction of Courts, without the Help or Furtherance of any that have written of this Argument before, I shall heartily desire the wise-hearted and expert Builders (Justice being *Architectonica Virtus*) to amend both the Method, Uniformity, and *the Structure itself wherein they shall find either want of Windows, or sufficient Lights, or other deficiencies in the Architecture whatsoever.* And we will conclude with the aphorism of that great Lawyer and Sage of the Law (Edm. Plowden), which we have heard him often say, *Blessed be the Amending Hand.*

Wanted, a matter of some four hundred pounds. That, I believe, is about the sum required for the completion of a suitable pedestal for the memorial to the distinguished and lamented architect, Mr. George Edmund Street, to be erected in the New Palace of Justice. I have seen the sketch model of the statue and the pedestal in the studio of Mr. Armstead, R.A., who is hard at work on the figure of the architect. The whole scheme is full of quiet, thoughtful dignity and repose; and the bas-relief on the pedestal is entirely in harmony with the architectural surroundings. The effect of at least half of our very finest statues is marred March.

March. by the miserable meanness and inadequacy of their pedestals; and I earnestly hope that the Street Memorial, the claims of which have been so eloquently advocated in a recently-published letter from Mr. Beresford Hope, will not suffer for lack of a suitable base.

May. I read in the *Times* of May 1:—

Mr. G. Noel asked the First Commissioner of Works whether any decision had been arrived at with reference to the future site of the equestrian statue of the late Duke of Wellington.

Mr. Shaw-Lefevre: The Committee which I appointed to advise the Government as to the site for the statue of the Duke of Wellington have unanimously reported that, in their opinion, the statue should be placed, upon a fitting pedestal, upon a site immediately within the present railings of St. James's Park, facing the Horse Guards, and upon the central axis of the archway of that building. Beyond this I am unable at present to give an answer to the right hon. gentleman. The removal of the statue and a fitting pedestal for it will involve expenditure on which it will be necessary to consult the Treasury, and probably this House.

Mr. G. Noel: Is the new site where the refreshment lodge now stands.

Mr. Shaw-Lefevre: Close to that.

That I am growing very stupid I know full well; still, it may not be unpardonable to ask how a statue weighing many tons can be placed upon the central axis of an arch. It is true that the old casuists debated as to how many thousands of angels could dance on the point of a needle. But I thought that an axis was a straight line, real or imaginary, passing through a body or magnitude; and that the axis of a curve was a right line dividing it into two symmetrical parts, so that the part on one side exactly corresponds to that on the other, as in a parabola, ellipse, or hyperbola. If the Duke's statue is to be placed "upon the central axis" of the archway of the Horse Guards, how are Her Majesty's Household Cavalry to pass from the Parade into Whitehall? But perhaps "upon" is a misprint for "opposite." Anyhow, it is good to hear that the colossal effigy of the Iron Duke is to be removed from its invidious position over against Apsley House. Not the slightest disrespect will be shown

to the illustrious memory of the hero who, a generation since, was called in literal truth the Great Captain of the Age, by the transference of his statue to St. James's Park. To my mind, another and even a better destination might have been found, had it been possible, for the Wellington Monument. It might have been made a gift to the Duke of Wellington, taken down to Strathfieldsaye, and re-erected on a lofty artificial mound—say, of the altitude of the Montagne du Lion on the field of Waterloo—to be a sign and a beacon to the surrounding country. May.

The Iron Duke was, quite apart from his military genius, an extremely fortunate man. He never lost a battle, and he died at eighty-four full of years and honours, beloved even by that London populace who, in the turbulent times of the first Reform Bill, had smashed the windows of Apsley House. But curious ill-luck appears to have overtaken the memorials of the Great Captain of the Age. Nobody seems to think much of the statue of Achilles in Hyde Park. The Duke's equestrian statue has been taken down from Decimus Burton's disintegrated arch; and now the idea of re-erecting it on the parade in St James's Park referred to above, seems to have been abandoned, and it is coolly proposed to consign the luckless effigy to the melting-pot. Finally, an agitation is on foot to remove the Wellington monument designed by Alfred Stevens from its present position in the Wellington Chapel, formerly the Bishop's Consistory Court, in St. Paul's Cathedral, to a more conspicuous position in the nave, completing the work according to Stevens's original design by surmounting it with an equestrian figure of the Duke. That the horse and his rider have not hitherto crowned the canopy of the edifice seems mainly due to a silly jest of the late Dean Milman about the Duke of Wellington riding into St. Paul's on horseback. Surely the very reverend gentleman might have remembered the tombs of the Scaligers at Verona, and the equestrian statue of Constantine the Great in the vestibule of St. Peter's at Rome. August.

August. An elaborate drawing by Mr. John Watkins of Stevens's original design for the Wellington monument in St. Paul's is to be found in Mr. Walter Armstrong's splendid monograph "Alfred Stevens: a Biographical Study," and in the same work there is a powerful drawing, also by Mr. Watkins, of Stevens's all but finished model for the equestrian statue of the Duke, destined to surmount the structure in St. Paul's. The figure is bareheaded, and the horse is without a bridle, nor has the animal any perceptible saddle; but these trifling deficiencies could easily be supplied by a competent sculptor.

Inigo Jones's original drawings for a palatial Whitehall are yet preserved in the library of Worcester College, Oxford, and have been frequently engraved. At this time of day it would be, of course, impracticable to realise in stone the almost visionary plans of the great architect who built the Banqueting House and spoiled the west front of old St. Paul's with a classic portico. But it will be at least something to have a wholly Palladian Whitehall from which the hideous red brick and stone dressings of what some call the Early Domestic English, and others the Union Workhouse Style of Architecture, will be rigorously banished. Then shall we be able to sing, with Pope:—

> Behold! Augusta's glittering spires increase
> And temples rise, the beauteous works of peace.
> I see, I see, where two fair cities bend
> Their ample bow, a New Whitehall ascend.
> There mighty nations shall inquire their doom
> The world's great oracle in times to come:
> There Kings shall sue, and suppliant States be seen
> *Once more to bend before a British Queen.*

September. The allusion of "An Engineer," in a letter to the *Times* on the 11th September, to Sir John Steell's modelling the Duke's picture from life, sends me to my common-place book, where I find a rather curious extract from "The

Autobiography of William Jerdan," Vol. III., p. 259. Writes the quondam editor of the *Literary Gazette*:— September.

> At a dinner party of between thirty and forty, given by the Lord Mayor to his Grace and the Committee who superintended the erection of the city equestrian statue near the Mansion House, he condescended to notice me at the table, together with Sir Francis Chantrey, by whom I was seated, about half-a-dozen chairs from him, and which, I was told, was a very high compliment. At the time Sir Francis pointed out to me the singular conformation of the Duke's ear, which he, as an artist, modelling his head, had naturally observed: it was almost flat, and destitute of the shell-like convolutions which are the usual attributes of the organ.

Jerdan tells a droll story about his attempting to deliver at Apsley House a small quarto volume containing the minutes and proceedings of the Equestrian Monument Committee. The Duke's porter flatly refused to take the parcel in; whereupon Mr. Jerdan wrote to his Grace, explaining the circumstances, and inquiring how the volume could be made to reach him. In reply, F.M. the Duke of Wellington informed Mr. Jerdan that the porter had acted strictly in accordance with orders in refusing to accept the packet, adding that, if he took in all the things that arrived from every part of London, Apsley House would be filled throughout with rubbish; but that, to assure access to this particular object, the Duke had written the name and address of his porter at the bottom of the note, and requested Mr. J. to cut it off and paste it on the parcel, and re-deliver it. Which was duly done. But what would F.M. the Duke have said to a Parcels Post?

A Correspondent obligingly informs me that some months since he saw the model of the proposed architectural improvements in the neighbourhood of Whitehall, in one of the apartments in the basement of the Bethnal Green Museum, and that, for aught he can tell, the model may be there still. It is strange that during the Parliamentary debate

September. on the subject no official person should have been able to tell the First Commissioner of Works what had become of the missing model which, Lord Stratheden and Campbell alleges, was prepared when Mr. Layard was first Commissioner of Works, but of which, according to Lord Thurlow, no trace can now be discovered. The Earl of Wemyss added that the model cost five hundred pounds, and was worth fifteen hundred. And what are the structural improvements at Whitehall to be carried out under the Public Offices Sites Act?

SOCIAL ECHOES.

I.

Pullman Cars—"Wanted a Name"—A Plague of Armies—Paper Money and Coin—Price of Wine in the time of Queen Anne and George III.—Fires and Smoking—Safes—Billiards—Benefits of Social Tyranny—The Salvation Army—The Fisheries Exhibition—Lord Bramwell's New Aphorism—Toy Duty in New York—The Victoria Embankment—Tramways—Toys in Workhouses—Foreign Exhibition at Boston—"Barring Out"—Poker—Lord Wolseley and the Teetotallers—Mr. Vanderbilt's Fancy Ball—"No more Lamb"—Mashers—Footmen—An "Animated" Game of Chess—The Temperance Movement—An Odd Story—The Sunday Opening of Museums—Fish Supply—Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister—Church Doors—Subscription Lists for Public Calamities—"Billingsgate" Manners—Summer Weather—Festival of the Licensed Victuallers' Schools—Dinner to Henry Irving—The Royal Theatrical Fund Dinner—The Parcel Post—A "Scythian" Terror—Banquet to Henry Irving at St. James's Hall—Mr. Oscar Wilde—The Pawnbroker's Bill—The Art of Conversation—The Alexandra Park and Palace—Public School Education and "Cramming"—Louise Michel—The Channel Tunnel.

I note that two new sleeping-cars, specially constructed by the Pullman Car Company for service on English railways, have arrived at the King's-Cross Terminus of the Great Northern Railway. These cars are built on what is technically known as the "English pattern," having side January.

January. entrances, and thus dispensing with the end platforms; and the vehicles themselves are divided into compartments, "so as to combine the comfort, and to some extent the privacy, of an English first-class carriage, with the convenience of the American sleeping-car." There is a continuous passage from one end of the car to the other for the use of the attendant; but ordinarily each section is separated from the rest by doors and curtains.

The more Pullman cars, whether of the American or the English pattern, we have on our railways, the better; yet I hope to see the day when boxed-up compartments and locked-up doors will wholly disappear from our railway system; and when the ordinary cars will be constructed on the American plan, with a continuous passage from one end of the car (if not of the train) to the other.

I am too old and too busy to try to get up an "agitation" or a "movement;" but were I twenty years younger I would move all the people of rank and influence that I knew to preside over and speak at public meetings; I would "stump" the country from end to end, and inundate able editors with letters and leaders in advocacy —nay, in insistance—on Common Comfort and Common Decency in Railway travelling. And that comfort and decency can only be obtained by the abolition of the present ghosts of superannuated hackney coaches drawn by locomotives instead of horses, and the adoption of the American car system with Pullmans, in compartments, for sleepers. There should be one smoking-room for each class; there should be a refreshment buffet on board; and the conductor should be continually patrolling the train in its entirety; he alone holding the keys of the doors separating class from class. "Comfort, Decency, no Murders, no Outrages, and no Robberies on board Railway Trains." That should be my motto. Of course, it would be called "sensational," and reformed railway carriages would be branded as "un-English."

"Wanted, a name." Under this heading a gentleman, signing himself a "Water-drinker," has written a letter to the *Times* (is it "writ ironical?") pointing out that there is a great and growing need of some one definite and suggestive term wherewith to designate a person who abstains from the use of fermented liquors as beverages. The gentleman continues— January.

> "Teetotaller" is absurd, "Good Templar" unmeaning. "Total Abstainer" is long, clumsy, and (a fault it shares with "Abstainer") vague. Why not dedicate to the purpose a word made ready to hand, *hydropotes*, which, in the shape of its derivative verb, occurs in 1st Timothy v. 23? The form to be adopted would require careful consideration, for that which suggests itself, "hydropot," would be apt to degenerate into "water-pot." I commend the subject to the consideration of word-builders.

"Well, why not 'water-pot?'" pithily asks the *St. James's Gazette*, commenting on this *naïve* letter. The reference to Timothy is embarrassing. 1st Timothy v., 23 says: *Drink no longer water*, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine often infirmities." "Meekti hydropotei" is certainly not a motto that total abstainers would like to adopt; and the educated abstainer could scarcely call himself a "hydropot" without recalling St. Paul's deprecation of water-drinking. But might not the lovers of the pump call themselves "Hydrophils" or "Antibacs"—"bacs" being accepted as an abbreviation of "Bacchanalians"? or, what do you say to "New Riverites"? "Waterspouters" might be turned to discourteous account, and "Acheloans" would be too recondite.

The Total Abstainers are very fond of processional demonstrations. Indeed, "Poor Humanity" seems incapable of getting on without some kind of feverish excitement; and when the stimulus of alcohol is abandoned, a "pick-me-up" appears to be found in banners, badges, and brass bands.

January. But what of this Plague of "Armies" under which people are suffering? What is to be said of "Hallelujah Lasses" banging tambourines and shrieking hymns in the streets? I ask these questions simply in the interests of the Queen's peace? At Worship Street Police Court, the other day, a labouring man was brought before Mr. Hannay charged with being drunk and throwing stones in Shepherdess Walk, City Road. "Shepherdess" Walk! A nice thing, indeed, to get tipsy and throw stones in the heart of Arcadia! The charge arose out of the congregation of the Salvation Army at the ex-Grecian Theatre; and the police stated that when the "army" marched out of their "barracks" at the Eagle last Sunday afternoon they were confronted and hustled by an organised mob, who, like the Salvationists, kept military step and played on military instruments. There is, it appears, a "Skeleton" as well as a "Salvation" army, and the former claim the right to march and yell as freely as the latter do. The result of their rivalry is that the householders in the neighbourhood of the City Road have a wretched time of it on what should be a quiet Sabbath.

A police inspector told the magistrate that on the Sunday in question there were at least five thousand persons present, and that between the two marching bodies "a great fight" was at one time imminent. On behalf of the superintendent, he asked for some advice as to how the police should proceed in the matter. Mr. Hannay declined, somewhat tartly, to give the advice requested. The police, he remarked, had a legal adviser; and if the law was not strong enough, the matter became one for the attention of Parliament. But the Sunday rioting and fighting are going on not only in London, but all over the country. Is it worth anybody's while to insist that the Queen's peace shall be kept, or not?

Virgil—or the "Mantovano," as it is now the "intense fashion to call him—is still believed by the South Italian

people to have been a great Magician. His thaumaturgic spirit yet lingers among the tradespeople and *caffé* keepers of the Peninsula. But the modern necromancers of Italy possess the skill of the Enchanter in the Arabian Nights, who was able to transform good money into dry leaves. I was reminded of this verity during a recent holiday abroad. January.

You enter a shop or a house of refreshment in Rome or in Milan and tender a napoleon or a five-franc piece in payment for the article which you have purchased, or which you have consumed. Forthwith, the magician shop-keeper, or waiter, metamorphoses what should be your due metallic change into a quantity of dirty paper and greasy coppers. You are told, if you remonstrate, that the "biglietto consorziale" still possesses a "corso forzoso," and is a legal tender. Yet, in the same breath, you are mocked by the assurance that paper and gold and silver are at par. For weeks I did not have so much as a fifty-centesimo piece in silver offered me in change. I think this to be the reverse of honest. If the paper currency be at a discount, the foreigner who brings gold and silver into Italy is entitled to the benefit of that discount in exchanging his hard money for "flimsy." If paper be at par the foreigner should be entitled to demand "hard" change. As things stand, the only hard money he receives takes the form of halfpence, which weigh down the male pocket, and in the feminine porte-monnaie must be an intolerable nuisance.

The natives do not feel the infliction. They have long since grown accustomed to it. I was in Italy when "shinplasters" first came in, just before the war of 1866; and the younger generation of Italians may scarcely know how to appreciate the luxury of "honest money." So it was as recently as 1880, when I was in America. The people had become so familiarised with greenbacks since the year '61 that they hardly cared about handling silver dollars and quarters; and I remember a friendly telegraph clerk in Chicago who, in handing me a gold twenty-dollar piece February.

February. (about as handsome a coin as can be met with anywhere) as "change out" for a telegram to Europe, apologised for troubling me with what he called "this truck" (rubbish) instead of giving me a bank bill.

Next to the English, the French are the people who most thoroughly appreciate the blessings of "honest money." The Revolutionary "Assignats" cured them, for good and all, of any partiality which they may once have had (through John Law's teaching) for a paper currency. Paper below the value of twenty francs they resolutely refuse, and even refused, just after the disasters of 1870, to take. The Gallic fondness for hard cash is well illustrated by the name of endearment given to the five-franc piece, "la belle et bonne pièce de cent sous."*

In the "Journal to Stella" (Sept. 29, 1710) Swift tells Hester Johnson that he "drinks good wine every day of five and six shillings a bottle." Yet more than fifty years later, in the Sergeant-at-Arms' bill against Woodfall, the printer, committed to his custody by the House of Commons, the prisoner is charged only two shillings a bottle for sherry. How was this, Mr. John Ashton? Why should wine have been so much more expensive in the reign of Queen Anne than it was in the reign of George III. Perhaps the costly wine that Swift drank (at other folk's expense) was claret. Elsewhere he poetically recommends "beef and claret" as a regimen for Stella.

Two grooms lying on a truss of straw in a stable and smoking cigarettes. Such was the positively ascertained cause of the horrible fire by which the circus at Berditscheff, in Russian Poland, was destroyed. Hundreds of people were burned to death through the cigarette smoking of the two grooms. Does authority in England intend to

* A metallic currency is now really restored in Italy; yet there is still plenty of paper about.

suppress the detestable practice of smoking tobacco in theatres? Is it the Managers', or the Insurance Companies', or the Lord Chamberlain's, or the Metropolitan Board of Works' business to insist that no cigar nor cigarette shall be kindled in a playhouse during the hours of performance? With respect to the introduction of smoking on the stage, as part of the "business" of the piece, it is urged that this is an age of realism, and that a drama of modern life would not be sufficiently realistic without a certain amount of smoking. I reply that the rooms in which we smoke out of the theatre do not have walls, doors, and ceilings made of painted canvas and are not hemmed in by flaming gas-battens. As for the "Johnnies" and "Chappies" who fill the buffets and corridors of the theatres with clouds from their cigarettes, and puff the fumes of burning paper and bad tobacco in ladies' faces on the very staircases of theatres, they have received due attention in a letter of "A Dramatic Critic" in the *Times*. It is with a clear conscience that I can inveigh against theatrical smoking, for I have been an inveterate smoker ever since I was fourteen years of age; but I abhor the practice of smoking in the presence of ladies; and the smoker who has not strength of mind enough to desist for three or four hours on a stretch from his favourite habit is not worthy of admission into the fraternity of True Raleighites at all. February.

Look to your safes. An audacious attempt has been made to break open the cash-box at Charing Cross Terminus; and St. Bartholomew's Church, Gray's Inn Road, has been broken into, and the whole of the communion plate stolen. To accomplish their object the thieves had to burst open an iron receptacle, which they literally smashed to pieces. This receptacle was, in the outset, erroneously styled a "safe," and its manufacture was imputed to a well-known firm of safe makers; but these gentlemen have written to say that the receptacle at St. Bartholomew's was only an old iron box, to which one of their locks had been fitted, but that

February. with the fabrication of the box itself they had had nothing to do. So I say, Look to your safes; and if you really want a thoroughly fire-proof and burglar-proof safe "see that you get it."

There would appear to be some need for people to look to their safes on the other side of the Atlantic as well as on this. At the inquest held at Milwaukie to investigate the causes of the horrible fire at the Newhall House, one of the night clerks of the hotel stated in evidence that "he had twenty-five minutes time between the discovery of the fire and the time when he knew that the hotel was doomed; that he might have run through every hall and alarmed every guest in the house in that length of time; but that he had to attend to office duties—saving papers and valuables—*knowing the hotel safe to be useless in case of a fire.*" A pretty state of things at Milwaukie, truly!

I never played a game at billiards but once in my life; and then I think (it was in a Parisian café) that I cut the cloth with my cue, and had to pay five-and-twenty francs for the damage done to the *tapis vert*. Still I suppose that billiards is a noble game. It is healthful as giving opportunities for taking bodily exercise within doors. I forget how many miles you walk round the tables in the course of a three-hours' spell. It keeps your mathematical training green (so I am told) in assisting you to calculate the properties of angles. So long live billiards!

Still, youth is the season for learning most things; and it does seem hard that, if you have a turn for knocking ivory balls about with a stick chalked at the end and causing them to plump into net-work pockets, you should be debarred by municipal authority from cultivating a perhaps inborn faculty. The poet and the roasting-cook are born, not made. The ability to drive a gig and write a leading article comes

naturally to most people; and it may be the same with billiard-playing. But the trustees of the village of Middletown, in the State of New York, do not see things in that light. They have issued an ordinance reciting that it shall not be lawful for anyone having control over or charge of any billiard or pool table in Middletown to permit any individual under the age of twenty-one years to play billiards or pool thereupon, on pain of a fine of ten dollars for every offence committed. February.

For the encouragement of a fine, healthy, thorough-going system of social despotism there is nothing like a Democratic Republic. Universal suffrage and election to all public offices have a curious tendency to favour the enactment of "ordinances" resembling in spirit, and almost in letter, the Blue Laws of Connecticut. Sometimes, I own, there occurs to me the impression that a little social tyranny would do an appreciable amount of good in this country. What do you say, for instance, to an "Ordinance" issued by the Metropolitan Vestries and the Board of Works, and countersigned by the Home Secretary, to the effect that, on and after the first day of April next, no "individual" under the age of twenty-one years shall presume (1) to wear a "masher" collar; (2) to wear tightly-laced stays or inordinately high-heeled boots ("individual" would cover both sexes); (3) to smoke cigarettes in any place of public resort; (4) to thwack a tambourine and howl hymns in the ranks of the Salvation Army; (5) to drink chloral (corporal punishment on a second conviction); and (6) to write anonymous letters. For violating the last-named section of the ordinance the punishment should be, for the first offence, the "cat"; for the second, penal servitude; and for the third, hanging—which is a great deal too good for the majority of the abominable crew who write anonymous missives.

February. To whatever extent we may differ as to the means adopted by the Salvationists to carry out the objects of their mission, and however much quiet people may object to brawling religionists who thwack tambourines and shout psalms till they bring about a semblance of Bedlam broken loose, it must be admitted that there is nothing of a gloomy or ascetic nature in their devotional proceedings. Indeed, they seem to be quite a "merry family." The young lady who was expelled from the Canton of Geneva, and whose passionate fondness for the "Army" seems to have caused so much pain and perplexity to her worthy papa, is evidently gifted with a strong sense of humour. "The great fun," she remarked in the account of her interrogatory by the police authorities at Geneva, "was that all these cross magistrates and inspectors were kept from their dinners. So were we; but, as I told them, that was a very secondary consideration with us." And the young lady left the police office with her companions, gaily singing a hymn. Great fun! I wonder what stern John Calvin would have thought of this irrepressibly cheerful damsel had she lived in the days when he sent Servetus to the stake.

I like Geneva very fondly indeed; although a distressing number of the young ladies there (they seem to go to school until they are two-and-twenty years of age) wear spectacles. But my personal affection for the birth-place of Jean Jacques arose in this wise. In the late autumn of 1870, the very night indeed before Paris was invested by the Germans, I escaped from the once gay city. The railway authorities at the Gare de Lyon declined to carry heavy luggage; and I arrived at Geneva with no other *impedimenta* than a travelling bag, and no more money than fifty francs. I told the landlord at the hotel what I was; and he consented to give me temporary credit until my remittances from England arrived. Three long weeks, however, elapsed before a letter of credit came to hand. During these three dreadful weeks

the landlord and the waiters kept the sharpest of eyes on me. The fifty francs were soon spent. The washerwoman was courteous, but firm in her adherence to "cash on delivery" principles. "Point d'argent, point de Suisse;" says the proverb. "Point d'argent, point de chemises" was the Genevan laundress's motto. February.

"The rain it raineth every day"; and it was on the wettest of wet Friday afternoons, the second of February, that I journeyed to the Exhibition Road, South Kensington, to visit the colossal buildings which, in the gardens of the Royal Horticultural Society, are being erected for the Royal International Fisheries Exhibition. The opening of this grandest of piscatorial and piscicultural shows is "irrevocably" fixed for the first of May next; and of course there yet remains an immensity of structural work to do ere the huge halls are swept and garnished, and ready for the reception of exhibits. Still the buildings are sufficiently advanced to warrant the Executive Committee in issuing invitations to a considerable number of persons whose main business in life is to attend "private" views, in order that they may publicly write about what they have seen.

There are very few things in air, or on earth, or in water that may not be legitimately shown in a Fisheries Exhibition. Birds? Why, a large case might be filled with quills for anglers' floats. Beasts? Where would the fisherman be without catgut and horsehair, leather for his boots, and wool for his jersey?—all animal products. Iron and steel, hemp, cork, cotton, linen, silk, wood, pigments, varnish, glass, oil, glue, sugar, and spice are all used in fishing or in the curing of fish; nor need the fine arts be left by any means "out in the cold" in connection with the finny tribe. A very attractive exhibit might be a collection of tastefully designed ceramic ware used as receptacles for potted char, lobsters, and anchovies. It is necessary to elevate the standard of taste in this direction. The American designs

February. on the cans of preserved provisions imported in such amazing quantities into this tariffless kingdom are certainly not models for imitation.

An immense quantity of timber has been employed in the construction of the Exhibition building, which has been rendered practically fire-proof by being covered throughout with patent asbestos paint. In order to show the company the extraordinary capacity of this composition in resisting fire and as a non-conductor of heat, two huge wooden packing-cases, open on one side, were placed on the terrace in the gardens. One of the cases was coated with asbestos paint: the other was *au naturel;* and the interior of both was filled with shavings liberally soaked in petroleum. The shavings were then set on fire. The unpainted packing case was speedily in a blaze, and ultimately "caved in," leaving only a heap of charred timbers. The fire in the asbestos-painted case slowly burnt itself out, doing no damage beyond slightly blistering the paint on the surrounding sides.

The public are indebted to Lord Bramwell for a new proverbial locution. In the course of an able speech in the House of Peers against the bill prohibiting the payment of wages in public houses, the noble and learned Lord remarked that Saturday might be considered "Pay Day, Drink Day, Crime Day." Thanks, Lord Bramwell. "Pay Day, Drink Day, Crime Day," will be an aphorism quoted and commented upon, I should say, by all advocates of temperance throughout the length and breadth of the land.

In a recent number of the New York comic illustrated journal *Puck*, I find a sketch of a baby in doleful dumps, bending beneath the burden of a heavy sackful of toys. Why is the baby bewailing its lot? Because its toys are

taxed. The import duties on foreign dolls has hitherto been thirty-five per cent. Under the provisions of the new Tariff Bill, the duties are to be increased to fifty per cent. To this *Puck* adds the note that in the course of the last financial year as much as a quarter of a million of dollars was collected by the U.S. Revenue Department in duties on foreign dolls. How much, I wonder, is the duty on rocking-horses, on Noah's arks, and on Jacks in the Box? March.

While the comfort of underground railway travellers should undeniably be studied, the public at large have a right to protest against the Victoria Embankment being rendered hideous by the construction of railway ventilating-shafts. John Bull is a very long-suffering creature; but these last straws, or rather last shafts, threaten, not so much to break his camel-like back as to arouse him to somewhat perilous wrath, and to lead him to indulge in some very strong language as to the manner in which he is municipally governed, mis-governed, or not governed at all. Altogether, what with this Board and that Board, the position of John Bull seems to be analogous to that of the traditional toad under the harrow "When every tooth gave her a tig."

We have used Sir Joseph Bazalgette's magnificent engineering achievement in a simply shameful and scandalous manner. I have seen the Quays of the World; and there is not one of them, on which so many opportunities for grandiose architectural embelishment have been so wantonly thrown away as on our Embankment. That there are some fine buildings on the site I freely admit; but they are mostly out of harmony with one another; they are without cohesion, and between them yawn dreary intervals of vacant land and builders' rubbish. By day the Embankment, away from the ornamental gardens (which are being ruined by the railway "blow-holes") is a semi-solitude. By night, the place is the rendezvous of roughs and robbers.

March. The Victoria Embankment ought to be adorned not only by handsome public buildings, built on some regular plan, but by more hotels, by banks, insurance offices, museums, picture galleries, theatres, cafés, newspaper kiosks, and shops. It ought to be used to ten times a greater extent than it is used now for wheeled locomotion. At present when you wish to make your way in a hansom from Blackfriars to Westminster, it is only with difficulty that you can persuade your cabman to drive along the Embankment.

Oxford Street, threatened with the invasion of tram-cars, is, for the present, safe. Unfortunately, only for the present. Tramways—an inestimable boon in the great outer boulevards of the Metropolis—are, in the heart of London, and especially in streets full of fashionable shops, more or less of a nuisance, and a dangerous nuisance to boot. But some day or another Oxford Street and Holborn—perhaps also Regent Street and Piccadilly, will be "griddled." It is as unwise to apply M. Rouher's memorable "Jamais!" to social contingencies as to political ones. Tramways all over London are, I fear, the Inevitable. The most that we can do is to try and stave off the wholesale Americanisation of our thoroughfares as long as we possibly can.

I have heard that at Venice people are talking of the feasibility of draining and filling up all the smaller canals so as to promote vehicular locomotion in the City of the Sea. Were such a disastrous project consummated, one of the first acts of the Venetians would be to demand "un tramvai." Already the Romans have got one to Tivoli.

Should workhouse children be permitted to have toys? People of Mr. Bounderby's way of thinking may opine that if our small paupers were indulged with playthings, they

would forthwith proceed to demand to be fed on turtle soup with a gold spoon. It seems, nevertheless, that the master of the Wisbeach Workhouse, acting under the orders of the Chairman of the Board of Guardians, recently expended the enormous sum of three shillings and threepence for the purchase of toys for the sick children in the Infirmary. The district auditor disallowed this flagitious item; but the Local Government Board has "proposed to hold that the expenditure was within the legal powers of the guardians, and the auditor will be communicated with with a view to a reversal of his decision." I wonder how much money has been spent in stationery—to say nothing of red tape—over this momentous matter of three and threepence worth of toys. March.

A portentous batch of documents reaches me from Boston, Massachusetts, containing the information that in September next a grand exhibition, consisting exclusively of Foreign arts, products, and manufactures, is to be opened at "The Hub of the Universe," and is to continue open not less than three months. The Exhibition building is centrally situated, and has been erected at a cost of a quarter of a million of dollars; and it presents over seven acres of floor space available for exhibitors. The idea of an exclusively Foreign Exhibition is certainly a very ingenious and almost a novel one.

There has been an insurrection in the French capital, attended, happily, by no more serious casualties than the kicking of the shins of two or three policemen and the "punching" of the heads of a few disorderly hobbledehoys. The young gentlemen of the Lycée Louis-le-Grand chose to mutiny against their "Proviseur." In the outset no less than two hundred and seventy lads were turned neck-and-crop into the Rue St. Jacques, where they were handed over to their parents or guardians; but subsequently justice was tempered with mercy.

March. There has not been, I should say, a "barring out" at a large English public school for a very long time. I read of one which took place at the Charterhouse in 1809. Some of the elder boys had "organised" a dinner, at which they drank too much claret. The head master, Dr. Raine, severely rebuked the juvenile Bacchanalians, who shortly afterwards, "imputing their disgrace to the interference and suggestions of Dr. Fisher, watched their opportunity, and ignominiously assaulted him with unrelenting fury." In the sequel, about twenty of the offenders were expelled; many "minor offenders were well chastised, and subordination was completely restored by the influence of Dr. Raine."

Oddly enough, the discontent at the Parisian Lycée appears to have arisen from the punishment inflicted on some of the elder boys, a few weeks since, for snowballing an old gentleman who was crossing the court-yard of the college, and who turned out to be a member of Grévy's Cabinet! There is no corporal punishment whatsoever in French public schools. The direst penalty (short of expulsion) is the *cachot*, or black hole. If College discipline in France has not materially differed from the discipline which I remember (with mingled feelings) as being prevalent three-and-forty years ago, the life of a French public schoolboy at the present day is not altogether a happy one. There was too much black hole and too little recreation. The boys' brains were wearied by tasks of inordinate length. They scarcely knew how to play. When I was twelve I did not know how to drive a hoop. The food was poor; the hours of work were too long; the inspectors were bullies and the sub-ushers *(pions)* spies, and there was little sympathy between the masters and their scholars.

The game of Poker. A British Consul, long settled in the Levant; a Galata banker (Greek), a Turkish Effendi, a French journalist, a Scotchman, an American, and a Meso-

potamian :—these, I think, used to be my fellow-players at Poker, at Pera, Constantinople. Let me draw a veil over the financial results (to me) of this enchanting game. I may but mention that the Mesopotamian (he had never played Poker before) usually swept the board and came out in the end a finished Poker-player. We did not play high. Had we done so, I should very speedily have hired a *caïque*, and, leaping therefrom, made a hole in the Bosphorus. I apprehend that it is one of the luckiest (and most merciful) things that can possibly happen to a man that he should be almost invariably unlucky at cards. I won a thousand pounds once in about two hours at Hombourg; and precisely eight days afterwards I arrived at London Bridge terminus with the sum of exactly eighteenpence in my pocket. March.

A correspondent skilled in practical engineering remarks that in the matter of the "blow-holes" on the Victoria Embankment, a leaf might be usefully taken from the book of North Country Colliery practice. "If the tunnels," he writes, "were divided by a brattice, each train would clear out the foul air before it, just as a Whitworth ramrod cleans out a rifle. There would then be required only a high ventilating tower near each station." And could not the ventilating tower be made architecturally ornamental and not a hideous eyesore? April.

In a letter to a teetotaller Lord Wolseley says :—

> Although I take a deep interest in all things relating to temperance, I am not a total abstainer, and have never claimed the character for myself; but whenever it has been found necessary to enforce on the troops under my command a total abstention from alcohol I have invariably observed this practice."

This clear and candid statement will, I hope, satisfy the slightly too-confident gentleman who, some time back, wrote a little book called "Illustrious Abstainers," among whom

April. he claimed Sir Garnet (now Lord) Wolseley and Dr. Samuel Johnson—the "Who's for poonch?" doctor. The departed Sage and the living Hero could both be abstainers upon occasion; but when they chose to drink wine, and were setting no evil example by drinking, they drank it. He is the best advocate of temperance, I take it, who pursues such a course; but I am aware that one of the bugbears of the hard-and-fast teetotaller is the "moderate drinker."

I read wonderful accounts in the New York papers about Mr. Vanderbilt's grand fancy-dress ball, to which one thousand guests were invited. Some of the dresses worn by the ladies must have been startling in their effect. One *grande dame* appeared as the "Electric Light," in white satin trimmed with diamonds, and with a magnificent diamond head-dress. Then there was a married lady who wore the costume of a "Vivandière du Diable"—whatever that may be. What do you say to "a red satin dress, on which were embroidered fantastic figures of demons, crabs, &c. A large figure of a dragon covered the entire front of the dress; while from the head-dress peeped, on each side, two miniature Mephistophelian figures."

The palm for a "fancy" dress should, however, I venture to think, have been awarded to the fair damsel who personated "Puss."

One of the most striking costumes worn was by a well-known young lady who represented a "cat." The overskirt was made entirely of white cats' tails sewed on a dark background. The bodice was formed of rows of white cats' heads, and the head-dress was a stiffened white cat's skin, the head over the forehead of the wearer, and the tail pendant behind. A blue ribbon with "Puss" inscribed upon it, from which hung a bell, worn around the neck, completed the dress.

And these are the people who, worthy Mr. Herbert Spencer thinks, work so hard and stand in need of more amusement!

The Queen having commanded that no lamb shall be eaten in the Royal household, the example set by her Majesty will probably be followed in a vast number of families. Opinion, however, seems to differ very considerably as to what would be the economical effects of a wholesale surcease of lamb slaughtering. One correspondent of the *Times* suggests a heroic mode of dealing with the farmers who consign lambs to the carcass butchers. April.

> The remedy seems simple and practicable. Pass an Act of Parliament to stop the killing of lambs and calves under a certain age, such Act to have a limited duration. Under Parliamentary authority diseased animals have been slaughtered. Why should not similar authority be exerted to protect the healthy young animals and foster by natural means the growth of meat?

But another correspondent of the same journal hints that if the farmers find no market for their lambs they will either have to spend less money in their preparations for the harvest or try once more the over-taxed patience of the local banker. A writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* goes further still. In a thoughtful article, headed "No More Lamb," he maintains that the stoppage of the sale of lamb would result in a rise in the price of mutton, "and all other kinds of animal food would rise more or less in sympathy;" while sheep-breeding itself would be discouraged, by preventing the farmers from selling the lambs which they could not afford to keep.

In any case, the lambs will probably have a good time this coming summer. What says old Tusser, in his "June's Husbandry"?—

> Let lambs go unclipp'd till June be half worn,
> The better the fleeces will grow to be shorn.

And in "February's Abstract" the farmer of three hundred and fifty years ago writes:—

> If pasture by Nature is given to be wet,
> Then bear with the molehill, though thick it be set;
> That lamb may sit on it, and so to sit dry,
> Or else to lie by it, the warmer to lie.

April. So the little lamb is to lie on the molehill, unclipped and, happily, unkilled in 1883. But how about kid as an article of food? Everybody who has travelled in Italy or Spain, or in the East, knows that the young of the goat, roasted or seethed, is excellent eating. I read in the "Country Gentleman and Farmer's Directory," a work published early in the last century—

> The large sort are the best for eating, while they are kids of four or five months old; but the smaller kind may be eaten at a year old, being much nearer venison than the large sort. However, to eat of either, while they are kids, we shall find them full as good as a young fawn; and they should be prepared for the table in the same manner.

There is a Goat Society. What do they think of kid-eating?

It would be serviceable to the cause of social economy if we had some trustworthy figures of the quantity of lamb annually eaten in the metropolis. Does the Statistical Society trouble itself with the consumption of spring lamb, as against that of house lamb? Henry Mayhew, in the "Labour and the Poor" letters, originally published in the *Morning Chronicle* in 1849, computed that in the Leadenhall Market alone there were annually sold 450,000 stone of lamb. The amount of beef sold was 580,000 stone; of pork, 540,000; and of veal, 400,000; but the mutton reached the prodigious total of 950,000 stone. Do people eat so much veal nowadays as they used to do at the period when it was made "nice and white" by a horribly cruel process. "This veal is not white enough," said the lady in the story, laying her uncovered hand on a joint of veal in the butcher's shop. "Put on your glove, ma'am!" retorted the butcher. Was there ever paid a more graceful albeit unconsciously-uttered compliment?

The "Masher" has become a personage. The *New York Herald* has taken the trouble to explain that the characteristics of the London "masher" are not identical with

those of the American one. The British specimen is somewhat akin to the American "dude," the latter being the more ridiculous. The transatlantic masher "is any foppish, over-dressed fellow who parades more than he postures, and who may be a gambler, who in dull seasons lives on the earnings of his mother's washing, or who may pick enough pockets to get good clothes while he resides at his mother's boarding-house. The average American masher's points are a fine noticeable overcoat and a waxed moustache." Somewhat "rough on" the New York masher! In N. P. Willis's time the masher was the "Broadway lounger," who in the afternoon used to stand on the steps of the Astor House picking his teeth in order to produce the impression that he had been dining at that then fashionable hotel. The Astor House is still a very comfortable hotel; but, in point of fashion, it has become as much an old-world hostelry as the Boar's Head in Eastcheap, or the Tabard in Southwark. April.

All readers of "Pickwick" will remember the sensation which was caused at the "swarry" of the Bath footmen by the intelligence that Mr. Whiffers had resigned. That interesting and orange-clad individual himself explained, in an eloquent speech, the reasons which had led to his resignation. His uniform, he stated, was extremely rich and expensive; the females of the family were most agreeable, and the duties of the situation were not, he was bound to say, too heavy:—the principal service that was required of him being that he should look out of the hall window as much as possible, in company with another gentleman, who had also resigned. But he had no alternative but to state boldly and distinctly that he had been required to eat cold meat. The revelation of this outrage elicited loud cries of "Shame!" mingled with groans and hisses.

The modern representatives of the class of which Mr. Whiffers was an ornament have, it would seem, from a letter

April. signed "A Footman," recently published in the *Times*, grievances more serious. The correspondent of the leading journal complains that, the fashionable season having begun, he and his fellow-lacqueys have to perform a "very mean and unpleasant duty." When his master and mistress accept invitations to dinner, he has often to accompany them and wait at table in strange houses. The modern Mr. Whiffers thinks it a hard thing that, after so many hours of confinement indoors, and when there is a chance of a little recreation and fresh air, he and his fellows should be deprived of those boons.

But, may I deferentially ask, does not Mr. Whiffers have his carriage airing in the park every afternoon? Do shop assistants, clerks, warehousemen, journalists, have their carriage airings? For my part, I should like to have half Mr. Whiffer's complaint. I should like to go now and again into "ler bow mong"—I believe that is the correct pronunciation—and hear what the grand folks have to say among themselves at the festive board. Many of our modern novelists might pick up a good deal of valuable information if they went in boldly for powder and plush and waited at table in the mansions of the great. Every profession, nowadays, is crowded with amateurs. Why not have amateur flunkeys?

When Royalty honours a public dinner with its presence it is attended by its lacqueys in scarlet and gold; and these gorgeous creatures wait at the top table. When the Lord Mayor or the Sheriffs dine abroad in state their footmen assist in waiting. But there is a way out of your difficulties, Mr. Whiffers. You are, it is to be presumed, tall, strapping, broad-shouldered, and brave. Take the Queen's shilling. Enlist, Mr. Whiffers, enlist.

Madame Campan once organised at the Maison Impériale de la Légion d'Honneur, either at Ecouen or at St. Denis,

an "animated" game of chess, the pieces being the juvenile *pensionnaires* of the establishment. The Emperor and King was so pleased with the entertainment that he commanded that it should be repeated then and there; but one or more of the poor little school-girls happening to faint, the second game was perforce left unfinished. I have seen an "animated" game of chess in a *spectacle* at some Parisian theatre, and when a piece was taken he or she disappeared through a trap-door. April.

At no time probably during the history of the Temperance movement (which I take to be between fifty and sixty years old) have the prospects of Total Abstinence presented a more brightly promising aspect than they do at present. At the recent meeting of the Church of England Temperance Society at Lambeth Palace, it was stated that the Association now numbers nearly half a million of members (not all of whom, however, are total abstainers); while there are twenty-five thousand absolute teetotallers in the Army, twelve thousand in the Royal Navy, and twenty thousand in the mercantile marine. The Cunard Steamship Company now issue rations of coffee to their crews instead of grog; and many other passenger ships at present carry no intoxicants either for crews or passengers. But what a blow would be struck at alcoholism if shipowners unanimously refused to bring cargoes of wine from Xeres, Puerto, Santa Maria, and Oporto to England! Of course, the French and the Americans would be, in morality as well as in honour, bound not to take up the carrying trade which we had previously abandoned.

But even better news may be reported. The Duke of Westminster (who was to have moved one of the resolutions at the Lambeth Palace meeting, but was prevented by absence from doing so) has contributed one hundred pounds for completing the buildings of the London Temperance

April. Hospital in the Hampstead Road; and the Duchess of Sutherland has joined the fellowship of the Blue Ribbon. There is no need for the Duke to "post the blue"; seeing that his Grace has been for some years a Knight of the Garter.

A largely attended meeting of the Upper Ten Thousand was held on the 21st April at Stafford House; and in an eloquent speech Lord Mount-Temple dwelt on the advantages of total abstinence, and exhorted the aristocratic classes to set an example to those beneath them by forthwith joining the Blue Ribbon fellowship. The aristocratic classes, his Lordship truly observed, were always in the van, not only in war and politics, but in movements affecting social progress and improvement. Before the Stafford House meeting broke up several ladies and gentlemen came forward, signed the pledge, and were invested with the Blue Ribbon.

But one cannot hear without wounded feelings that a hundred dozen of champagne have been ordered for the approaching banquet of the National Liberal Club at the Westminster Aquarium. Perhaps, after all, the journal in which this melancholy statement was made was mistaken; and it is only a hundred dozen of Wilhelms Quelle, or Apollinaris, or "Imperial Pop" that have been ordered. But one reverts with a sigh of relief to the Stafford House meeting. When Peers and Peeresses of the highest rank don the Blue Ribbon (affiliation to which brotherhood means not drinking in moderation but total abstinence from every kind of intoxicant) it may reasonably be expected that the example set in exalted quarters will be speedily followed by the affluent middle classes. Large numbers of butlers and under butlers may therefore expect prompt dismissal from their posts; and the wine trade, of course, will be ruined. The glass industry, too, will be seriously affected by the spread of Blue Ribbonism among the aristocratic classes. When I go out to dinner I am content with a single glass of champagne (and I like it dry), but I see by my side on

the snowy damask no less than five glasses—one for sherry, one for hock, one for champagne, one for claret, and one for water; while at a later stage of the banquet I am offered a choice of spiritous compounds in tiny liqueur-glasses. When the ladies retire more glasses are brought for the male guests. When Blue Ribbonism completes its triumph over the Upper Ten Thousand the guests at grand dinner-tables will require only a tumbler apiece for their water-quaffing. What do you think of this prospect, Mr. Mortlock, at "the sign of the Pitcher"? April.

I hope yet to be present at a Blue Ribbon banquet at the Mansion House; but I shall take my allowance of wine with me in a little bottle, and drink it on the sly. It is to be hoped that Blue Ribbonism will not lead to drinking "on the sly" to a much greater extent than is contemplated by your humble servant.

Toasted bread has long since ceased to be placed in the flowing bowl; but we continue to drink "toasts." Under the Blue Ribbon dispensation we may be permitted to drink toast-and-water.

Blue Ribbonism should surely put an end to those disastrous nuisances public dinners, and the subsequent speech-making thereat. It would be positively scandalous for a company of gentlemen to assemble simply for the purpose of devouring course after course of rich and not too-digestible food. It is as urgently necessary to be temperate in eating as in drinking; and a strictly temperate man should be ashamed to spend more than two shillings on his dinner. How, then, could the Blue Ribbon diner-out of the future bring his conscience to consent to his paying even the reduced sum of half-a-guinea for a public dinner-ticket? No, no; the public banquets of the future must be either breakfasts or "high teas." A capital "high tea" could be provided at a florin a head.

April. The Temperance cause has been materially (?) aided at Salisbury by the "thorough" proceedings of a distinguished leader of the Blue Ribbon movement, who, in the course of an eloquent address, declared that "he could not say it was not a sin to drink a glass of beer," and in which he strongly condemned the Christian who had the wine glass in one hand and the brandy bottle on the side board. A wealthy miller was among the Blue Ribbon gentleman's audience, and was his host as well. At the breakfast-table, the next morning, the hostess made the announcement that her husband intended to sweep the whole contents of the wine-cellar away, explaining that the wine had only been kept for visitors. The "Blue Ribbon" gentleman ejaculated "Hallelujah!" and, taking two bottles, smashed their necks at the riverside, pouring their contents into the Avon, and declaring that not a drop should pollute the earth. "He then left by train, and the family completed the destruction of the wine-cellar."

Pollute the earth, quotha! I cannot (because I dare not) drink port wine; but a kind lady recently made me a present of some rare old Madeira, out of the cellar of George Canning; and if any Blue Ribbon gentleman has a mind to come my way and endeavour to smash my bottles, I merely give him notice that there is a well in the basement of my house, and a trap-door giving entrance thereto, and that it is not the rare old Madeira that will be pitched into that well. Pollute the earth, forsooth! Read the Hundred-and-Fourth Psalm, Mr. Blue Ribbon.

There must be some reason for my inability to understand what on earth (or in the heavens above the earth) the Balloon Society of Great Britain can have to do with the "Legal Treatment of the Intemperate?" Yet recently, on this subject, in the Lecture-Room of the Royal Aquarium, Westminster, a paper was read by the Chaplain of Clerkenwell Prison. Balloons, fishes, inebriates, and Clerkenwell

Prison: that way madness must surely lie. A reverend gentleman, described as the "Hospitaller" of St. Thomas's Hospital, took the chair. Now, as we all know, on the authority of the late Bishop Blomfield, that it is the duty of an Archdeacon to perform archidiaconal functions, the business of the "Hospitaller" of a Hospital is, I apprehend, to be hospitable. I fail, however, to read that the proceedings at the Westminster Aquarium included the proposal of the usual loyal and patriotic toasts. April.

The general unanimity of the Balloonists as to the expediency of subjecting tipsy people to lengthened terms of imprisonment was slightly disturbed by a gentleman who pithily asked, "If a person chose to get drunk, why was he not to be allowed to get drunk? Was the State prepared, and would the State be ever prepared, to undertake to deal with the domestic habits of the people, so as to make the prison, practically, an infirmary and a sanatorium for drunkards?" But things were speedily set right, from the Blue Ribbon point of view, in a speech from an M.R.C.S., who, arguing from experience as a police surgeon and parochial doctor, remarked that the present law was absolutely useless, either as a preventive or reformatory measure. "He would extend the system tried in Scotland of sending inebriates to certain islands in the Firth of Clyde, and would deport to the Pacific Islands our growing hereditary class of inebriates."

Deportation to the Pacific Islands. Good. By balloons, of course. But what do the Scotch do when they get their inebriates to the "certain islands" in the Firth of Clyde? Is an island life necessarily conducive to sobriety? Trinculo, shipwrecked on the enchanted island, certainly did not turn teetotaller, and as for Caliban, he found in the bottle a sweet solace for the monotony of insular existence.

One of the oddest stories that I have read for a long time appeared recently in the *New York Herald*. A lady resid- May.

May. ing in Washington had a pet dog, which died. His disconsolate mistress caused the remains of the lamented "bow wow" to be embalmed, and conveyed for interment at his Western home. The "robe" (shroud) was of broad cloth, the necktie white, the "casket" (coffin) of rosewood, with silver-plated ornaments. "Curiously enough," sardonically adds the *Herald*, "although the dog was from Ohio, he had never sought nor obtained office."

But there is a suggestion not at all of a sardonic nature in the obsequies of the pet dog. Had the bereaved lady, I wonder, ever read the moving passage in the Sixteenth of Bacon's Essays, on the Religion of Dogs?

> Take an example of a dog, and mark what a generosity and courage he will put on when he finds himself maintained by a man who to him is instead of a God or "melior natura;" which courage is manifestly such as that creature without that confidence of a better nature than his own, could never attain.

They that love dogs, and live much with them, and mark the many qualities of true piety which they display —unbounded love, unalterable fidelity, unmingled gratitude, unstinted obedience, and wholesome fear of rebuke for wrong doing—can scarcely be blamed if they come at last to regard the dog as, after its kind, a distinctly religious being; and if, when the creature's harmless and beautiful little life is ended, they are averse from suffering its body to be carted away by the scavenger.

June. The House of Lords have rejected by 91 to 67 votes the motion of the Earl of Dunraven (seconded by Viscount Powerscourt) for opening the national museums and picture galleries in the metropolis on Sunday. The noble proposer was willing to accept an amendment, moved by Lord Stanley of Alderley, to the effect that the galleries should not be thrown open until after two o'clock on the Sabbath day; but the majority of the Lords would have nought of Lord Dunraven's motion, and threw it out.

Some curious statements were made by the opponents of the proposed resolution. The venerable Earl of Shaftesbury, for example, quoted statistics to show that in Birmingham intoxication had increased since 1876, the year when the galleries there were first opened on Sundays. This is a contention which may safely be left to the citizens of the Midland Metropolis to deal with. The Birmingham people are a remarkably shrewd, hard-headed, and logical folk; and if the Municipality find that the Sunday opening of their noble Free Public Library and Art Gallery has really led to an appreciable increase of drunkenness in the town, they will no doubt hasten to close these institutions on the Sabbath. June.

Another noble Sabbatarian denied the analogy between the Sunday opening of such places as Kew Gardens, Hampton Court Palace, and the Painted Hall at Greenwich Hospital, and the Sunday opening of the London museums and picture galleries. His Lordship saw no harm in people resorting on Sunday to the public parks and gardens for the purpose of walking about and looking at the flowers. But the chief attractions at Hampton Court are scarcely the Maze and Queen Mary's Vinery. The working classes flock on Sunday into the Palace itself, to see the magnificent gallery of pictures, the cartoons of Rafaelle, and Wolsey's Great Hall. At Greenwich there is no garden at all. People are attracted thither by the pictures of sea-fights, the portraits of naval heroes, and the uniform worn by Nelson at Trafalgar. To be commonly consistent the Sabbatarians should insist on the Sunday closure of the picture galleries at Hampton Court and Greenwich.

The decision of the Lords should be rather rejoiced at than found fault with by those who are anxious to see this much-vexed Sunday question settled on a permanent basis. One of the many bills now in Parliament for the entire closing of public-houses on the Sabbath will in all probability be passed during the ensuing, if not during the present, Session. When such a measure becomes law, it will be

June. necessary (in order to prevent Sunday "Go-to-Church" mobs and window-smashing) to close all the West-End Clubs on Sunday. To a nobleman or gentleman his club is to all intents and purposes a tavern; and he would clearly have no right to "use" his club on the day that the licensed houses are shut in the faces of the public at large.

There is an immense amount of vehicular locomotion on Sunday; and that locomotion, if the public-houses are closed, should surely be put down. If people wish to walk to church or chapel let them walk thither. If it rain, are there no umbrellas? It would be shameful to force so many thousands of cabmen, omnibus and tram-car drivers and conductors, engine-drivers, guards, ticket-collectors, and porters to labour on Sunday, could it be shown that the greater portion of their toil is due to the desire of the worldly-minded portion of the community to amuse themselves on the Sabbath. Let us have a thoroughly consistent, logical, and impartial Sunday law. Shut up the shops of all the newsvendors, the confectioners, the penny ice-sellers, the fruiterers, and the tobacconists. In particular, be careful to prohibit the pernicious practice of Sunday baking. The custom, too common among the working-classes, of sending on Sunday morning to the baker's oven a piece of meat, with potatoes or a batter-pudding under it, is not only immoral, but is directly inimical to the spread of a knowledge of domestic cookery among the poor. Besides, on Sunday, everybody should be content with a cold dinner.

"Cheap Fish at Last!" Such is the announcement (to which I have added a pardonably exultant note of exclamation) which I read in the daily papers. "The Charter," proclaimed Louis Philippe in July, 1830, "shall henceforth be a Verity." Let us hope that the brand new Cheap Fish Charter so suddenly conferred on Londoners will be of a more permanent nature than the constitutional instrument about which Frenchmen about fifty years ago used to make

such a pother, but which has long since been relegated to the political waste-paper basket. June.

The new Farringdon Fish Market is within a quarter of an hour's walk of my habitation; and to Farringdon I dispatched a trusty and experienced agent with instructions to report on the prices ruling in the new emporium. As a substantial earnest of results, the agent returned with four fine fresh mackerel purchased for the sum of one shilling; and I was further informed that good-sized soles were obtainable for sixteenpence a pair; that turbot was to be had at from sixpence to eightpence a pound; that codfish stood at threepence a pound; and that salmon was freely offered at from a shilling to one and sixpence a pound. The conscientious agent had even, in returning, visited the *al fresco* and unchartered market in Leather Lane, and had there found a great array of costermongers selling prime fresh fish at wonderfully low prices.

More than this, I read that the fish market near the Elephant and Castle, which was opened recently for the supply of haddocks to the fish-curers in the neighbourhood, was thrown open to the public on June 12, as a retail fish market for South London generally; and that fresh cod found ready purchasers at from twopence to threepence a pound, and good-sized smoked haddocks were sold at a penny each.

There is more fish in the sea than ever came out of it; and if the Cheap Fish Supply is to be an enduring one, we may expect to see in our new markets such comparatively unfamiliar denizens of the deep or of the river as dubs, green, carp, weaver, pouting, graifing or humber, lumps, colefish, allis, bass, willis, smeey-dabs, homelings, coney fish, ruffs, popes, fire-flaws, bleaks, shad, and grigs. The portraits of all these fish, and many more, were painted in the year 1753 by Mr. Spiridion Roma for the Worshipful Company of Fishmongers; and they may be in the loan collection of pictures in the International Fisheries Exhibition.

June. While it seems undeniable that an abundant supply of really cheap fish will prove a great boon to the working classes, it must not be expected that English people will be at once transformed into a race of Icthyophagi. And, at the same time, we must not be too deliriously enthusiastic about the value of fish as food. I know not whether, by medical authorities, Dr. Jonathan Pereira's "Treatise on Food and Diet" is considered to be out of date (his book was published in 1843); but I read therein that "the flesh of fish is less satisfying to the appetite than the flesh of either quadrupeds or birds. As it contains a larger portion of water, it is clearly less nourishing. A fish diet, therefore, is less substantial than either butcher's meat or poultry. Medicinally we employ it when the digestive powers are unable to assimilate stronger kinds of aliments, or when it is considered desirable to avoid the stimulus which butcher's meat communicates to the system. *The jockeys who waste themselves at Newmarket in order to reduce their weight are never allowed meat when fish can be obtained.*" I italicise the last part of Dr. Pereira's statement, because I should like to know whether it be "historical" or not. Will Mr. "Wizard" Corlett enlighten me.

Dr. Paris is even more discouraging as to the virtue of fish as food. He points to certain cutaneous diseases which may be provoked by a constant fish diet; and as for shell fish, is not their consumption distinctly prohibited in Leviticus xi. 9-12? Nearly all the medical authorities also condemn lobster, shrimp, and egg-sauce as condiments for fish; and, according to Dr. Paris, vinegar and salt are the only fish sauces permissible. Fish fried in oil or lard is also strongly denounced.

I intend to have a few friends to dinner shortly, and I intend to offer them, item, "a sole à la Normande," item, a "dariolet de homard à la Harfleur" (Harry of Monmouth's favourite dish); item, some salmon with *sauce tartare*; and, if sufficient crawfish (or crayfish) be obtainable, a "bisque

aux écrévisses." If we did everything that the doctors tell us to do in the way of eating and drinking, would life be worth living? The other day, travelling through Poland, I skimmed a number of the *Nineteenth Century*, in one of the numbers of which the "Man of the Future" was foreshadowed as a hairless, toothless creature, web-footed, and with very restricted powers of locomotion. Possibly, our coming to such a complexion might be accelerated by our adhering strictly to the doctors' dietary. June.

The second reading in the Lords of the Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister Bill is no concern at all of mine. But I feel tolerably sure that, if I were so unfortunate as to be a widower, my Deceased Wife's Sister (if I had one) should not marry *me*. The debate in the Peers was enlivened by a wonderful bit of casuistry, ironically stated by Lord Bramwell, who was in favour of the measure. "It was said," remarked his Lordship, "that a man's wife's sister became his sister, and, by the same rule, all her sisters became his sisters. Accordingly, if his wife was sister to all her sisters she became her own husband's sister." At this there was loud laughter in the august Chamber. Lord Coleridge protested with some warmth against dealing with the question in a frivolous spirit; but a score of years ago people were not very much shocked at Lord Palmerston's once famous jocose utterance to the effect that the principal argument in favour of a Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister Bill was that under its operation the re-married man would have only one mother-in-law.

Quite as important as a measure for legalising marriages to which the bulk of the community may be indifferent, while to others they may be repugnant, is the question of

June. affirming and settling the laws affecting the marriages of English people with French subjects domiciled or temporarily resident in England. I know of many cases of positively atrocious hardships and cruelty where respectable English girls have married Frenchmen in London, and, following their husbands to France, have discovered to their horror and despair that, according to French law, they were not married at all. The French marriage laws are stringent; but they are clearly and explicitly set forth in the Code Napoléon. Surely it would not be difficult to arrive at an international understanding, by virtue of which there should be at the French Embassy in London, and at the French Consulate in every considerable English town, a department answering to the "Mairie" of a French *arrondissement*. Here the preliminary formalities insisted upon by the law of France could be gone through, and a Certificate of Civil Marriage granted, which should be an indispensable supplement to the "marriage lines" demanded by the English law, whether the parties are married (as every one ought to be) in Church, or before a registrar.

A very sensible little letter appeared in the *Times* of June 20, in which the writer begs all clergymen and other church officials to take warning by the late fearful calamity at Sunderland, and never, under any circumstances, to allow the doors of their church to be locked during service. The correspondent of the *Times* adds that "it has been the practice for some time in the particular West-End parish in which he resides to lock all the doors of the Parish Church, except one, during service, the keys being placed where they are supposed to be immediately available;" but he considers the practice to be an obnoxious one, not to be justified by the reason which he has heard given—that locking the doors prevents the congregation from leaving before the sermon. An American critic reading this might supplement it by the remark, "and before the collection."

Perhaps the best form of church door is the huge suspended portal of quilted leather, by pushing aside which you gain admission into the nave of St. Peter's at Rome. This "warranted solid leather" curtain is heavy enough to fit closely to the door jambs, and exclude the wind; but it can be easily and noiselessly moved; and to be able to enter easily and noiselessly into a place of worship is precisely what churchgoers want. Nor would the suspended leather portal be out of place at the entrances to the stalls in our theatres. June.

I recognise the strong common-sense displayed by a correspondent of the *Times*, who protests against "the illogical and ill-considered impulse to send money to Sunderland in connection with the calamity which we all deplore." "What in the world is it for?" asks the correspondent. "It cannot comfort the dead, and there does not appear to be many wounded. The parents are not in greater need than before—less so, for they are relieved of the care and expense of one or more of their children."

Will money comfort them? If it will, they are unworthy to receive it; if not, it will come as an insult. Or is it to fatten the undertakers? It is the old story. John Bull's plaster for all sores is a subscription-list. He hears of some event like this, feels uncomfortable, puts his hand in his breeches pocket and deals out a few sovereigns, and feels rather pleased with himself; not heeding the chronic suffocation which is going on every day by thousands, nor seriously troubling to prevent a repetition of this, nor considering the neglect of the parents and disregard of ordinary precautions which would have made such a visitation impossible.

Thus ends a terribly logical argument. There are two answers to it. The first is, that it is an uncontrollable impulse of human nature, when a great disaster occurs, to seek to alleviate, by something more than words of sympathy, the misery consequent on the calamity; the next is, that if the Sunderland Memorial Fund be devoted to the establishment of a Children's Hospital, or a Children's Convalescent Home, a distinct and appreciable benefit will be conferred on chil-

June. dren who are not dead, but living. I have heard a well-authenticated story of a lady of great wealth (she was once a famous *danseuse)* who became a widow, and, on the day of her husband's funeral, went to her solicitor and placed in his hands a cheque for a very large sum of money (some thousands), to be at once bestowed in works of charity and mercy. The proceeding was a wholly illogical one. It could not comfort the dead; and there had been as many sick and poor people suffering during the lifetime of the lady's husband as there were at the time of his demise. The act was simply a compassionate impulse. Should such impulses be checked when their outcome is not harm, but good?

Surely the national manners are becoming more polished every day. Whether they are being purified is quite another thing. In a recent action the plaintiff, a "cart-minder," sued the defendant, a fishmonger, for the utterance of "Billingsgate language" at Billingsgate Market. The litigants had a dispute about two brill; and the plaintiff's case was that the defendant called him a thief. One of the witnesses deposed that the fishmonger not only called the cart-minder a thief, but a "holy-faced dog" to boot. For accusing the plaintiff of dishonesty the defendant was cast in ten pounds damages.

The laws of slander and libel have been vastly altered and amended since Blackstone's time; but it is amusing to read in the "Commentaries" (the twelfth edition of 1794, with Christian's notes and additions) notes to the effect that it is actionable to call a person in writing "an itchy old toad," but not actionable to call him so to his face. It was not legally slanderous to call a man a thief because he had stolen a cat, the stealing of which was not a felony; nor to charge a lady with theft or murder, when the accusation was intended as a compliment, and alluded only to the fascinating or fatal influence of her beauty." It was libel

to say that a man was a highwayman, but no libel to declare that he was worse than a highwayman. As for the spoken words, scoundrel, rascal, villain, knave, miscreant, liar, fool, and such-like general terms of scurrility, they might, writes Christian in his note, "be used with impunity, and are parts of the rights and privileges of the vulgar." June

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"Summer has set in with its accustomed severity." That is a very old and grim joke; but, so far as the existing season is concerned, it is difficult to dispute the accuracy of the saying. Then there is the jest made at our expense by the Spaniard Gondomar, who was ambassador to the Court of James I., and who bade the young Castilian gentleman, who was returning to sunny Spain, present his compliments to "El Senor Sol"; "for," added Gondomar, "I have been six months in England, and I have never seen him." While we in England are complaining, on the verge of July, of over clouded and weeping skies, and a temperature varying between raw chilliness one day and oppressive "mugginess" the next, the good folk of New York are crying out loudly against "The Baleful Heat." The thermometer in the Empire City has recorded ninety-three degrees of heat, in the shade, at three o'clock in the afternoon; and the balefulness of the heat seems to have been as unendurable at midnight, when, according to the *New York Herald*, "scores of thousands, wretched and with veins of boiling blood," sought refuge in the streets and on the house-tops.

The Manhattan weather reporter is eloquent on the "baleful heat." I read—

The night was a "corker," because the day had been. Who that lives to tell the tale will ever forget a walk in New York yesterday morning? Before the earliest possible rooster had scored his feeble crow the sun peered over the eastern horizon like a red-hot cannon ball fresh from the everlasting fires. Red and angry as it was, when in sullen grandeur it sank behind the hills on Tuesday night, it was

June. bland and milky innocence in comparison with the inflammatory wickedness disclosed on this occasion. Every inch seemed a furnace. Little by little, at times, the god of day rises as if from a purple couch. Yesterday it bounced forth as if shot by some baleful potency, a missionary of evil, a demon of destruction.

And then we are told of "ice-carts lumbering through all the streets laden with their precious freight, and savage in their power"; of scared dogs which "jammed their tails between their thus impeded legs and scampered here and there, apprehensive of fate"; of children "lagging wearily to school"; and of little messenger boys, "each wearing a cap weighing from two to four pounds," who mopped their heads and lazily played "lightning-bugs." What is the game of "lightning-bugs"? By the way, touching children's games, what were "dust-point" and "span-counter," which with "cat," "trap-bat and ball," and "skittle-pins," I find mentioned in a queer little old book, published in 1673, called "Burlesque upon Burlesque; or, the Scoffer Scoft, being some of Lucian's Dialogues newly put into English verse?"

The "baleful heat" made the New Yorkers very thirsty. I read, "The bar-rooms filled up at eleven a.m. Men 'braced' on absinthe, gin-and-seltzer, gin-and-milk, whisky-cocktails, cider, milk-punches ('made light, please'), lemonade with brandy, 'stick,' and ginger ale." As for the lager beershops, "they struck a gold-mine every time they tapped a 'kag.'" No wonder that cases of sunstroke were numerous. There is reason to believe that the "baleful heat" was debited with much of the maleficence of the more baleful bar-room. Cocktails are capital cordials; but scarcely so when the thermometer stands at ninety-three in the shade.

I witnessed on June 26, in the Concert-Room at the Crystal Palace, one of the prettiest, the most interesting, and the most affecting spectacles that I have seen these many years past. Indeed, the proceedings at Sydenham

"fetched" me, personally, to a much greater extent than a recent pageant at Moscow did. The latter was a very grand show, no doubt; but in a vast number of respects it impressed you with the suspicion that it was a Gorgeous Humbug and a Sumptuous Sham. The pageant of the Crystal Palace was the seventy-seventh anniversary festival of the Licensed Victuallers' Schools. June

The children were all dressed neatly and in comely fashion; and it was pleasing to see that the girls were not deprived of such little items of smartness as modest ribbons and gloves, and flowers in their dainty straw hats. It was charming to hear their fresh, pure, young voices as they sang in chorus (there was a brass band, too, of boys who played very well). It was more charming to listen afterwards to the recitation of a poetical address by the senior girl of the school, who was perched on the table close to the chairman, and—poor little damsel—trembled at first painfully. But she had nine hundred male friends, and many hundreds more lady friends in the gallery to talk to; so she plucked up courage, and acquitted herself bravely of her onerous task.

The result of the entertainment was a subscription-list amounting to the sum of Five Thousand Three Hundred Pounds. I suppose the teetotallers will allow that the licensed victuallers are a charitable body. Perhaps they think that charity is the only virtue of the publican, and that he will leave, as Conrad, in the "Corsair," a name to other times,

> Linked with one virtue and a thousand crimes.

To my thinking, Boniface has a good many excellent qualities in addition to his abounding charity; and I deny the number and the enormity of his crimes: the most unpardonable of which (in the eyes of the teetotallers) seems to be that he does his best to supply the wants of a people who have been drinking something stronger than water for more than a thousand years, and who are now (according to the

June. teetotallers) to be made suddenly happy, and moral, and virtuous by being compulsorily brought down to the pump. Has the pump made the teetotal Mohammedan happy, moral, and virtuous? Are morality and virtue universally prevalent among the strictly abstinent Spaniards?

July. Some forty gentlemen were present at a charming farewell dinner recently given to Henry Irving by his fellow-members of the Rabelais Club. Sir Frederick Pollock was in the chair, and both eloquently and judiciously proposed Mr. Irving's health; to which the great actor replied in a graceful, thoughtful, and altogether most interesting speech.

It was at the restaurant of the Grosvenor Gallery that the repast took place; and, after dinner, Sir Coutts Lindsay liberally suggested an adjournment to the Grosvenor Gallery itself. And among the noble and beautiful pictures there a truly rare "conversazione" did we have.

To be able to escape from a large public "feed" is indeed a sweet boon; but there are some big dinners at which attendance is a case of "must." I mean Charity dinners, at which it is your bounden duty to put in an appearance—not only to give your mite to the charity but to "support" the chairman. Of such festivals is the annual dinner of the Royal General Theatrical Fund, which was held with brilliant success at the Freemasons' Tavern, on the 27th June. I contrived to be present for about an hour—coming in with the iced pudding, and going away after the chairman had made the speech of the evening, and the eminent tragedian, Mr. William Creswick, had responded to the toast of the Drama.

Mr. Wilson Barrett was in the chair. A capital chairman and a capital speech. The "Silver King" spake golden

words; and in response to his persuasive eloquence came a subscription of nine hundred pounds in aid of a most modest, deserving, and economically-managed charity. All honour, too, to kindly and clever Mr. Wilhelm Ganz, who, according to his wont, had gathered together a bright band of accomplished musical artistes, who gave their services "free, gratis, and for nothing." So we had songs and duets delightfully sung by Miss José Sherrington, Miss de Fonblanque, Miss Agnes Larkcom, Madame Ziméri, Miss Hope Glenn, and Miss Agnes Huntington, and by Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Bernard Lane, and Mr. Gilbert Campbell; Mr. Ganz presiding at the pianoforte. July.

It must be close upon fifty years since I was taken for the first time to behold a Christmas pantomime at the Theatre Royal, Brighton. I have quite forgotten the title of the entertainment—it was Harlequin Something, of course—but I have a distinct remembrance of some of the episodes in the "comic business;" among which were the incidents of a policeman being boiled in a copper, and emerging therefrom in the guise of a prodigious and brightly scarlet lobster, and of Mr. Clown (one of the true old Joey Grimaldi pattern) cramming a baby into a post-office letter-box. I was told afterwards that I very nearly went into convulsions, not of merriment, but of terror at the spectacle of the maltreatment of the helpless infant by the nefarious clown. Still I own, remorsefully but candidly, that in after-life experience of babies (the American "sleeping-car baby" is the awfullest of the infants that I have ever encountered), there has now and again come over me a grim and darksome desire to thrust a baby into a letter-box, in order to stop its yells.

Fortunately, the barbarous act continues to be illegal. I have been attentively perusing the Treasury Warrant giving in detail the regulations affecting the New Parcel Post; and among them I find a clearly implied prohibition putting babies

July. into the post. No "parcel containing a live animal of any kind whatsoever" is to be sent. The inhibition also covers, I suppose, boxes of leeches, tin cans full of "gentles," live guinea-pigs, cockatoos, and squirrels. Poor Frank Buckland was very fond of carrying about with him a baby crocodile in a cigar-box. It is, happily, illegal to send alligators (alive) through the New Parcel Post.

But you may send a stuffed alligator, provided that the dimensions of the creature in length and girth (measured round the thickest part), do not exceed six feet, and that the weight thereof be not more than seven pounds. Let me see: that should cover a small leg of mutton, a brace of salmon trout, a Bayonne ham, or a new hat, box and all. The next report of the Postmaster-General will doubtless contain some remarkably curious information as to the articles which have been sent by parcel post. Human skulls, whole skeletons of monkeys, Dutch cheese, wax dolls, warming-pans, and Noah's arks will probably be comprised in the catalogue. The New Parcel Post should be a great boon to the public at large. Personally, I regard with nervous dread its coming into operation on the First of August. I fear the Greeks—not their gifts—but the things which they send, and of which they may send to me an even greater quantity and variety next August to be inspected, criticised, and financially valued. There is horror in the thought of being peremptorily desired to give one's opinion on the merits of a supposititious Cremona fiddle said to have belonged to Dr. Arne, or to state the market value of a tea-caddy erst the property of Mrs. Trimmer.

That there were strong men before Agamemnon we have been told even unto the nauseating stage of reiteration. This warning notwithstanding, I cannot refrain from pointing out that, long before the scheme for converting the General Post Office into a Royal Parcels Delivery Company, Unlimited, was evolved from the administrative brain of St. Martin's-le Grand, there was in the principality of Wales a sage who

had very definite ideas on the subject of a Parcel Post. He lived at Llandudno, and his house had been furnished by a firm at Liverpool; and, in the course of the transaction, he forwarded to his upholsterers a letter, of which a former partner in the firm has favoured me with a copy :— July.

Gentlemans,—Why not fordam you no sen my chess of drars? Is not my money as good as no mans? *Sen it by return of post*, and oblige, Yours respectable, J. J.

Still, "fordam" puzzles me.

When I was a young man, and the editor of a small weekly paper, a firm of agricultural implement makers once sent me for review, of all things in the world, *a scythe*. My editorial sanctum was very small, and the scythe looked large enough to serve the turn of Old Father Time. The formidable implement was swathed in haybands, but it did not look any the less murderous for its envelope; and I was always fearful while I was writing that the accursed thing would come tumbling out of the cupboard in which it had been bestowed, and decapitate me. The office boy, if I remember aright, gave notice to leave "all on account" of that scythe. I believe that the Scythian terror was dispelled at last by the landlord seizing the scythe, with other chattels, for rent.

Aptly following the great Irving Banquet at St. James's Hall, on the 4th, at which it has been recorded that the oratory of Lord Coleridge in the chair was didactic, polished, and somewhat prolix; that Lord Bury, who proposed "Literature, Art, and Science" at very brief notice, was genial, hearty, and pleasant; that the American Minister, who responded for Literature, was light, graceful, and humorous; that Mr. Alma Tadema, R.A., in speaking for "Art," manifested most laudable elocutionary intentions, which circumstances over which

July. he had no control, precluded him from fully carrying out; that Professor Tyndall, who was the scientific speaker, made a grand pianoforte his rostrum, and seemed to address himself more to that instrument than to the audience; that Mr. Toole, in proposing the Chairman's health was excruciatingly funny; and finally, that Henry Irving himself, in responding to the toast of his own health, proposed by Lord Coleridge, made a short, modest, and simply eloquent speech;—aptly following, I say, all these grand doings, came the "Supper of Honour," given to Mr. Irving by Mr. Bancroft, at the Garrick Club, on the 10th. The guests at this supper belonged exclusively to the dramatic profession; and, in view of a gathering so thoroughly and peculiarly representative, it may be interesting to the *post nati* to learn who, in the month of July, 1883, were the leading male exponents of the drama in England. Here is the list:—

Mr. James Anderson, Mr. G. W. Anson, Mr. F. Archer, Mr. Geo. Alexander, Mr. H. Ashley, M. Pierre Berton, Mr. Lawrence Barrett, Mr. Wilson Barrett, Mr. George Barrett, Mr. J. H. Barnes, Mr. Lionel Brough, Mr. Dion G. Boucicault, Mr. Kyrle Bellew, Mr. Alfred Bishop, Mr. C. Brookfield, Mr. J. Billington, Mr. Edgar Bruce, Mr. G. F. Bashford, Mr. W. Creswick, Mr. J. Carne, Mr. John Clayton, Mr. Arthur Cecil, Mr. H. B. Conway, Mr. Chas. Coghlan, Mr. J. S. Clarke, Mr. G. Conquest, Mr. Arthur Dacre, Mr. Stewart Dawson, Mr. F. Everill, Mr. W. G. Elliot, Mr. J. Fernandez, Mr. David Fisher, Mr. H. Fitzpatrick, Mr. Corney Grain, Mr. Geo. Grossmith, M. E. Girardot, Mr. J. Hare, Mr. Augustus Harris, Mr. H. Howe, Mr. E. Hastings, Mr. David James, Mr. H. Jackson, Mr. W. H. Kendal, Mr. Walter Lacy, Mr. F. Leslie, Mr. H. J. Loveday, M. Marius, Mr. J. Maclean, Mr. W. Mackintosh, Mr. T. Mead, Mr. Henry Neville, Mr. Alfred Nelson, Mr. A. W. Pinero, Mr. R. Pateman, Mr. Howard Paul, Mr. H. Paulton, Mr. John Ryder, Mr. E. Righton, Mr. Alfred Reed, Mr. Forbes Robertson, Mr. J. T. Raymond, Mr. E. Russell, Mr. E. Smedley, Mr. R. Soutar, Mr. Arthur Stirling, Mr. C. Sugden, Mr. Herbert Standing, Mr. T. Swinbourne, Mr. Bram Stoker, Mr. W. Terriss, Mr. H. Beerbohm-Tree, Mr. T. Thorne, Mr. Edward Terry, Mr. J. G. Taylor, Mr. J. L. Toole, Mr. W. H. Vernon, Mr. C. R. Percy-Vernon, Mr. Herrmann-Vezin, Mr. R. H. S. Wyndham, Mr. Chas. Warner, Mr. E. S. Willard, Mr. E. N. Wenman, and Mr. E. D. Ward.

I read in a newspaper account of Mr. Oscar Wilde's Lecture on America, at the Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, an amusingly detailed notice of the lecturer's personal appearance. There was little, it appears, in Mr. Wilde's dress to distinguish him from any member of his audience. Evening dress, the trousers tightly fitting, a white flower in the button-hole, the shirt-cuffs overlapping the sleeves as a schoolboy's collar overlaps his jacket, and a heavy seal pendant from the watch-albert of dark material, with a large solitaire in the shirt breast, constituted the chief features of his clothing. I like "features of his clothing." I will write it down on the margin of my "Sartor Resartus." July.

But how did the critic expect Mr. Oscar Wilde to be dressed? In chain-armour, or a divided skirt, or like a "dude?" I cannot too earnestly express my gratitude to an American friend who has sent me an extract from the *New York Sun* containing a detailed account of the dress, mien, purport, and significance of a "dude," as he may be seen emerging after luncheon from the restaurant of the Hotel Brunswick, in the Empire City, "in the brilliant blaze of the sun, listlessly buttoning his gloves. He was languid, sombre, and inert."

But how, oh how, was the dude dressed? Well, according to the *New York Sun*, he wore "a bell-crowned English beaver," with a mourning band two inches wide, and around his neck was a collar of preposterous height. "A drab covert coat, such as Englishmen wear when riding to 'a meet,' was buttoned closely around his far from robust figure. The garment was so short that the ends of his spike-tailed coat fell far below it, producing a weird and eerie effect. His trousers were so tight that the uneven contour of his legs inspired pity; and his feet were squeezed into long and narrow shoes. Over his breast dangled a single glass; and he wore English dogskin gloves, the colour of ripe brick-dust. He held a silver-tipped cane under his arm, and stood with one foot far in advance of the other."

July. An intrepid newspaper reporter interviewed the Brunswick "dude," of whose conversation I give a slight sample:—

> To the vulgar a dude is not impressive. The gorgeous swell took the eye. The women worshipped him for the richness of his dress, and the waitahs in eating-houses were overpowered; but the dude is essentially negative. He is not a spectacle; he is a quiet, self-contained gentleman. He is refined, and he is distinguished from common people by his manners. In England we have a landed aristocracy; in America the aristocrats are popularly known as dudes, y'know. A fellah dressed properly and walking quietly on the Strand or in Pell Mell is known simply as an English gentleman; but when he appears in the same attire on Fifth Av'noo he at once becomes a dude."

The patriotic American reporter sardonically asked the dude how long he had been away from England; to which the youth, somewhat embarrassed, replied, "I—aw—cawnt say: the fact is, I have nevah been in England." Is this a caricature or a true copy of the American dude?

The bill relating to Pawnbrokers seems to me mainly drawn with the intent of relieving Scotland Yard of half the trouble it should take to track thieves to their lair, and of converting the pawnbrokers into incessantly harassed and unpaid agents of the detective police. By one of the clauses Mine Uncle is bound to keep a register of all inscriptions, initials, monograms, or crests on all watches, plates, and jewellery left in pawn. But why were not the framers of the bill thorough? Why did they not insist that every pawnbroker should keep a photographer on his premises, and that every valuable article left in pledge should be forthwith photographed. Mine Uncle's "spout" would serve very well as a "dark room."

Is the Art of Conversation really extinct? Have we no brilliant conversationalists nowadays; or is it, on the other

hand, just possible that the people who can talk well rigorously abstain from accepting invitations to dinner parties where they have a shrewd suspicion that they will meet only stupid and stuck-up people? Do many people, I wonder, nowaday's read Stillingfleet's "Essay on Conversation?" There are some excellent bits of advice in it. For example:— July.

> Would you both please and be instructed too,
> Watch well the rage of shining to subdue,
> Hear every man upon his favourite theme,
> And ever be more knowing than you seem;
> The lowest genius will afford some light,
> Or give a hint that had escaped your sight.

The following is even better:—

> But, above all things, raillery decline;
> Nature but few does for that task design.
> 'Tis in the ablest hand a dang'rous tool,
> But never fails to wound the meddling fool;
> For all must grant it needs no common art
> To keep men patient when we make them smart.

The only drawback to this undeniably sound counsel is, that, were it universally followed, a dinner party would be as silent as a Quaker's meeting until the spirit moved somebody to tell a story or to make a joke which nobody would presume to "cap," remembering, as every sensible student of Mr. Benjamin Stillingfleet (he was the grandson of the Bishop, and died, aged sixty-nine, in 1770) should do, that, above all things, "raillery" must be "declined."

The worthy folk of Hornsey and Hendon are extremely anxious that the Corporation of London should purchase the fee simple of the unfortunate Alexandra Park at Muswell Hill, disestablish the races and trotting-matches (which, they say, are nuisances), and preserve the grounds as a place of public enjoyment and recreation, for ever. Mr. J. T. Bedford thinks that he sees his way towards providing the purchase

July. money for the Park if Parliament will only consent to continue the Grain Duty for a few years longer. The tax in question is, according to Mr. Bedford, so infinitesimal in its percentage that nobody feels it; but it amounts in the aggregate to twenty-four thousand pounds a year.

It is to be hoped that the Alexandra Palace will not be pulled down. The people at holiday time want, and should have, much more downright mirth and jollity than are afforded by a park, where notifications of afflictive bye-laws meet you at every turn. Read the Prologue to Tennyson's "Princess." The people want the fiddler and "Soldier Laddie" at their outings. Where can they dance at present? It is the discouragement by the magistracy of hilarious public amusements that incites the common people to get moodily drunk and beat their wives.

A tremendous controversy has been raging in the *Times* about "cramming" (hideous word and more hideous process!), in which a young gentleman who has recently left school, Mr. Walter Wren, M.A., the eminent "crammer," a leader-writer in the *Times* itself, and a multitude of outside correspondents, have been having a "high old time of it." I have been equally amazed and amused by one of the outsiders' contributions to the controversy. Says this gentleman:—

> Some years ago my son went up for the Law Preliminary Examination. He was at a public school, and a fortnight before the time he wrote and told me that he was safe on every subject except history and geography, of which he knew literally nothing. I wrote back to him to come home at once, and set to work with him for the last ten days, during which, with the help of back questions, diagrams, and maps, I so stuffed him that he passed easily. A month of such cramming would have insured him a high place in any examination, but his ignorance of the subjects a fortnight later would have been as dense as

ever it was. I tried him shortly after he had passed, and found his mind had returned to its original vacuity on history and geography, while on the other subjects, which he had learnt in the usual way at school, he was quite at home. July.

The cost of a public school education in England varies, I am told, between a hundred and fifty and two hundred pounds a year. At the aristocratic public schools it may considerably exceed the last-named sum. Could not just a little geography and history be thrown in for the money? But I am happy to read that it was "some years ago" that "Paterfamilias'" son came from a public school knowing "literally nothing" of history and geography. I have heard of public schools (but they were not English ones) where boys of ten and twelve were taught, not only to draw, but to model maps to scale in clay, than which teaching I can scarcely imagine anything more instructive and more entertaining. Try it, O ye who teach the ingenuous youth of England, and do not let the tiny urchins of the kindergartens have a monopoly of "modelling clay." I conscientiously believe that schoolboys would not get into one tithe of the mischief they do get into if modelling were made a systematic branch of education.

A correspondent of the Paris *Figaro* has been visiting *La Grande Citoyenne* Louise Michel in the provincial *Maison Centrale*, where she is serving a term of incarceration, and describes the ordinary dietary of the *détenues* as being that of military barracks—"des casernes." But the trifling sums which the prisoners may earn by their surplus labour are placed to their credit on the books of the prison kitchen, and according to the state of their culinary banking account they may draw such luxuries as milk, fruit, and pastry, and even a little roast meat. On the day of the correspondent's visit one of the lady convicts had "offered herself" a fried sole. Henri Rochefort (the bitter *Intransigeant* is one of the kindest hearted and most charitable of men) allows

July. Louise Michel a small pension, which she, in turn, bestows on her aged mother; still it is to be hoped that the *Grande Citoyenne* keeps a few francs to treat herself to a baked apple or a fried sole, now and again.

The Channel Tunnel bills have been withdrawn, and a soothing rest may come to the perturbed spirits of the contributors and friends of Mr. James Knowles, of the *Nineteenth Century* (including the Poet Laureate), who so solemnly protested against the submarine tunnel scheme. I hope that the Tunnel projects will be shelved for at least five years. By that time we may possibly alter our national mind as to the desirability or otherwise of tunnelling under the British Channel. That which is now denounced in some quarters as mischievous and unpatriotic folly may possibly, if not in five at most in twenty years, be acknowledged to be both patriotic and wise. Gas, railways, steam navigation, the penny postage, and the Suez Canal, all in their origin encountered vehement opposition. Some of these days we may be clamouring for four canals through the Isthmus of Suez, and impetuously demanding why the Great Western and South-Western Railways are not provided, like the South-Eastern and the London, Chatham, and Dover, with Channel Tunnels.

SOCIAL ECHOES.

II.

Multiplying Money by Money—Fish as Food—The Cholera—Expensive and Cheap Education—Sir W. V. Harcourt on London—Sanitary Inspectors and Dustmen—On Eating Fat with Fish—Conger-eel and Turtle Soup—The Parcel Post—The Protection of Children—The Fire at Southall—The "Loyal and Patriotic Toasts"—Flirts and Coquettes—Religious Services by Telephone—The Hangman—Cab Fares—New Head-Dress for the Highland Regiments—Lord Coleridge—English Costumes—The Office of Hangman—Insanity in New York—A Congress and a Conference—Braces—Huts for the Police—A "Whistling Arrow"—Bombardment of Woolwich—Special Correspondents at the Tsar's Coronation—Humour in a Blue Book—"The Herring Pond"—Book-keepers in New York—Our Boys—Dr. Richardson on Felicity—Mr. H. Irving's Farewell Entertainment—The Dean of Bangor on Tea Drinking—A National Apple Congress—Meanness at Workhouses—A Hint to Mr. W. S. Gilbert—London Slums—Chinese Dignities—The Fisheries Exhibition—American Express Delivery—International Trades' Union Conference—A Classical Lord Mayor—Clubs for Working Girls—French Writers and the English Language—Beer Adulteration—Solicitors' Incomes—A Cigar-end-Saving Society—The Shrewsbury Impostor—Archdeacon Paley—Claret—Tramways in London—Covent Garden Market—Lord S. G. Osborne's Letter—Hot Water for Dinner—A Cigar Guillotine—Letter-writing at Post-Offices.

When the Right Hon. George Canning was made Chancellor of the Exchequer, it is said that he confessed his incapacity to work out a sum in long division. A August.

August. correspondent, writes wrathfully, "If your *very smart* correspondent had consulted any boy who had passed the Sixth Standard in one of the London Board Schools, he might have learned, what he appears not to know—that it is the *sheerest nonsense* to talk of multiplying 2s. 6d. by 3s. 9d. I defy your correspondent to do it decimally or any other way." Happy Board School boy who has passed the Sixth Standard!

Sir Henry Thompson delivered, before a large audience, at the International Fisheries' Exhibition, a highly interesting lecture on "Fish as Food." He stated that fish, although an inhabitant of the water, had only about five per cent. less of the flesh-forming elements than had animals reared on land. There was some inkling of reason, then, in the doubt which I have expressed as to whether such authorities on dietetics as Dr. Paris and Dr. Pereira might not be out of date. The latter gives from the tables of Brande and of Schlossberger the total of nutritive matter in the composition of the muscles of fish as eighteen in the haddock and twenty-one in the sole against twenty-nine in mutton and twenty-six in beef.

Sir Henry recognises in a fish "a combination of all the elements that the human body requires in almost every phase of life, more especially by those who follow sedentary employment." To women, he considers fish to be an invaluable article of diet. What the lecturer most strongly insisted upon was that "people in every class of life should eat more fish than they now do." People, thank goodness, are at length having a chance of eating more fish than they have been wont to do these many years past, and of getting it cheaply.

Talking of fish, the work-people employed at a bitumen and telegraph manufactory at Erith have found a rare haul in the shape of a Royal sturgeon, which was found in an almost lifeless condition, floating down stream. When dragged to shore the sturgeon had just vitality enough left

to spout some water from its gills at its captors, and then expired. On examination, it was found to measure more than six feet in length, and to weigh over a hundred and seventeen pounds. Sturgeon caught on the English coast rarely exceed six feet in length; but specimens taken in Scotland have been more than eight feet long; and Pennant tells of a sturgeon weighing four hundred and sixty pounds. The flesh of the sturgeon closely resembles veal; and by many epicures is accounted delicious. Who eats it in England? August.

The Cholera! It is a very ugly word, graven on my mind in connection with a very darksome memory. I can remember a very sultry summer evening, in the year 1832, when I was a child, looking from the window of a nursery in North Audley Street. Right opposite was the mansion of a great nobleman. Our nurse told us that one of my Lord's woman-servants had died that morning of what she called "Cholera Morbus," and that the body would be brought out presently for burial. But there was a great mob before the door; and when the undertaker's men made their appearance, bearing an elm coffin girt all about with ropes, this mob began to screech and yell and howl, to plunge and surge, and throw stones, and break windows and street lamps. A rumour had run among the many-headed that the corpse had not been properly prepared for the grave; and their cry was to have the grim receptacle of mortality opened. Even now, in my mind's eye, I can see that rope-bound shell—its bearers invisible in the serried mass of rioters—borne hither and thither, but seeming itself a sentient thing desperately trying to struggle out of the throng. A detachment of the then very New Police at length quelled the tumult; but not before there had been talk of sending for a detachment of the Guards from the Portman Street barracks.

August. Some astonishing strides in civilisation have been made in late years with respect to the public appreciation of the cholera. In September, '32, there was a horrible cholera riot at Manchester. Thousands of roughs paraded the streets, carrying with them the headless body of a child who, they declared, had been "murdered by the doctors in the Cholera Hospital." They had exhumed the corpse, which, in truth, for some reason never explained, had been decapitated prior to interment. The enraged populace proceeded to pull down the wall surrounding the Cholera Hospital, to force open the gates, and take away the patients, some of whom were in a state of collapse, and died during the process of removal.

1883 may again be advantageously contrasted with 1832, when it is remembered that, in the January of the year last named, the sensible people of Paisley having petitioned the Treasury to take off the duty on soap, "in consequence of the fear of cholera," the Right Hon. Thomas Spring Rice replied, "My Lords are not prepared to take the steps recommended in your memorial."

In an old medical dictionary (Dr. Parris, 1809) I find it stated that "the most commonly reputed victims of the disease (cholera) are those who are subject to a scorbutic acrimony, *or those of a passionate temper.*" Hoffman says that children often exhibit symptoms of cholera "owing to the vehement anger of the nurse."

"Catch," writes an airy and vivacious correspondent, "as many boys as you can between the ages of twelve and sixteen. Ascertain at what schools they are being educated, and against each boy's name write the approximate annual cost to his parents of his education. Then ask each boy a few simple questions—*e.g.*: (1) the earth's diameter; (2) the earth's circumference; (3) the value of ω and π; (4) to multiply 2s. 6d. by

3s. 9d. by decimals; (6) to give some idea of latitude and longitude; (6) to translate a few brief and well-known Latin sentences into English; (7) similarly to translate two or three French sentences of half a dozen words each. A few questions in history and geography may be added." In the opinion of my correspondent the correctness of the replies would be found in an inverse ratio to the cost of the education:—that the twelve-year-old boy at thirty pounds a year would know something; while the sixteen-year-old boy at two hundred a year knew (comparatively) nothing. August.

A grave and severe correspondent writes:—

An esteemed correspondent desires you to catch schoolboys and test their possession of useful knowledge, and their acquaintance with useful processes. Has he not betrayed his own need of enlightenment? One of his simple questions consists of the request to multiply 2s. 6d. by 3s. 9d., by decimals. May I ask him what the result is of such multiplication? There are not two dimensions in money. The request to multiply one amount by another is just as reasonable as the demand to square half-a-crown or to find the cube of a guinea. The late Professor de Morgan was continually calling attention to absurdities of a like character contained in books of arithmetic. In school-books of recent date they do not appear. 2s. 6d. may be multiplied by the number of shillings in 3s. 9d.—that is, by 3·75; but your correspondent's testing problem is one that all schoolboys should be taught to look upon as impossible.

It is the deliberately and publicly expressed opinion of the Right Hon. Sir William Vernon Harcourt, Her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for the Home Department, that there is no London, and that there cannot be such a place as London, until a Municipal Government Bill for the metropolis has been passed. This was what the Home Secretary roundly told an influential deputation from the metropolitan vestries, introduced by Mr. W. H. Smith, M.P., who went to Whitehall to make certain representations relative to the increased charges made by the water companies of the metropolis. I notice that the mysterious functionary who is

August. called the High Bailiff of Westminster was the spokesman of the deputation. I presume that Sir W. V. Harcourt will concede that there is a High Bailiff of Westminster.

Said the Right Hon. ignorer of the sun at noonday:—

> In the situation in which we find ourselves, and being in that situation, how can we deal with this matter? It was proposed, first of all, to buy up the water companies. But then, who was to buy them? Naturally, London ought to have bought them. *But there is no London.* If it had been Birmingham, or a much smaller place, they might have been able to look after their own interests. . . . And I cannot hold out any hopes that any Government can hope to do for London what London ought to do for itself.

So the deputation was practically placed in the position of the proverbial person who went for wool and came away shorn. Of course, in his negation of the existence of London, Sir William was speaking ironically. But his speech was not only a smart rhetorical performance. It was a very clever party move, and must have intensely amused Sir Charles Dilke, who, in his capacity as President of the Local Government Board, was present "to see fair." Underlying the Home Secretary's remarks was a strong current of reproach to the metropolitan vestries for not having spoken out more loudly in favour of the Government of London Bill, which, had the vestries "pronounced" more articulately, would possibly not have been abandoned. The adroitness of his tactics was especially conspicuous in its tendency to put the opponents in what is popularly termed "the wrong box."

A gentleman, whose residence is in the most aristocratic quarter of the south-western region of London, and his family have been half asphyxiated by the noisome odour from the dustbin of a neighbouring house. He complained to the Vestry; and the clerk of that body politely informed him,

in reply, that the Sanitary Inspectors had been directed to give the matter immediate attention, and that the dustmen had orders to remove the dust from every house in their district regularly once a week. The "point" of the official communication consists, in my correspondent's opinion, in the assumption that, at this season of lobster-shells and accumulated vegetable refuse of every kind (and I have even heard of tainted meat being thrown into the dustbins), once a week should be considered often enough for such receptacles to be cleared out. And when "Dusty Bob" does come, he expects backshish for doing his duty. If he be not "tipped," he will not come again until the Vestry screw is put upon the contractor. I look at this practice as simply shameful. It might be abrogated if householders whose servants were asked by the dustmen for money had the courage forthwith to call in a police constable and give "Dusty Bob" into custody for begging. But it is questionable whether the inspector on duty at the station would book the charge, or whether the magistrate would convict; and, after an irritating outlay of time and temper, we might find ourselves, in the matter of our dustbins, worse off than we were before. August.

Sir Henry Thompson has done a distinct public service by republishing *in extenso* his remarkable lecture delivered at the International Fisheries Exhibition on "Fish as Food." Naturally, amid the hurry-scurry of the London season, such lectures are nearly always lamely and imperfectly reported; but we have now the whole text of the lecture before us, and are able to know what the eminent surgeon and distinguished authority on dietetics really said and meant. The following passage will be read with keen interest by all patrons of the Trafalgar and the Ship (*Eheu!* what has become of the Brunswick and the Artichoke at Blackwall?):—

I cannot help alluding to the curious fact, which I have no doubt arises from the physiological law which I have been illustrating (*that*

August. *man should not live by fish alone, but that the fish should be accompanied by a proportion of starch and fat*) that, at a Greenwich fish dinner, from time immemorial, however profuse and varied the service of fish has been, at the end of it appears a fat ham, or a handsome piece of Yorkshire bacon, surrounded by broad beans. Clearly, the dish is not wanted in such luxurious circumstances; but it is beyond doubt, a survival of the practice founded on a natural want; and the bacon makes its appearance because experience ages ago taught mankind that, after fish or with fish, a portion of fat is demanded.

Why, certainly, Sir Henry. Our ancestors *did* know something about dietetics. See "A Noble Boke off Cookry for a Prynce Houssolde," written four hundred years ago, and recently reprinted from the rare MSS. in the Holkham collection, and edited by Mrs. Alexander Napier. See the "Noble Boke" for "congur freche" followed by "fflampayne;" "lamprey rost" and "payn puff;" "bacon hering;" "lamprey bake" in "a large coffyn of pured flouro;" "tartolettes of fische;" and any number of recipes for dressing fish in fat, or surrounding it with piecrust.

But when Sir Henry Thompson proceeds to descant on conger-eel, I confess that the galled jade winces, and that my withers are not unwrung:—

I shall but enumerate the conger—excellent for soup and stew-making—the source, as few people seem to be aware, of all our turtle soup when it is at its best, the turtle furnishing only the garnish and the name.

How is so lucid and authoritative a statement to be refuted? The thick, rich, gelatinous, lip-sticking stock, which forms the basis of so-called turtle-soup, is made from conger eel. But why have not the writers of cookery books the honesty to admit that the best stock for turtle-soup is conger? I have not the time to look through a collection of more than two hundred culinary compilations; but I will just open four at random. Here is "Simpson's Complete Cookery," by Brand, "of the kitchen of his late Majesty

George IV." (1833); next comes "The Universal Cook," by Collingwood and Woollams, chief cooks at the London Tavern (1806); thirdly, "The Cook's Dictionary," by Richard Dolby, cook at the Thatched House Tavern; and, finally, the quite modern "New Cookery Book," by Ann Bowman (Routledge). In not one of these books is a single word said about conger eel as "stock" for "turtle" soup. The stock recommended is one either of beef or veal. August.

"I am afraid I shall not be able to send you any venison, because there is no carrier from Longleat to Bristol. Does a carrier come to Gloucester every day, or what days?" Thus wrote on Aug. 5, 1731, Mrs. Mary Granville Pendarves (afterwards Mrs. Delany) to her sister, Mrs. Ann Granville. How gleefully the delightful Mary Granville, who was always giving away things among her friends—fans, flowers, shells, drawings, potted lampreys, and what not—would have availed herself of the facilities of the Parcels Post, had such a boon been provided in her day. The General Post Office, indeed, dispatched all manner of out-of-the-way things beyond sea; but for inland parcels transport the public were wholly dependent on the carrier.

Just now, under Mr. Fawcett's latest dispensation, I am informed, by public advertisement, that I (and millions of my fellow-countrymen) can have sent to us by Parcels Post a "Marvellous half-guinea cabinet of heraldic stationery;" "a pair of lace curtains, four yards wide, of splendid design" for seven shillings and sixpence, "and a choice of pork, veal and ham, chicken and game pies!"

Query, how will the provincial descendant, lineal or otherwise, of Hobson, the University carrier, like the Parcels Post? You remember Milton's epitaph—

August.

Ease was his chief disease; and, to judge right,
He died for heaviness that his cart went light:
His leisure told him that his time was come;
And lack of load made his life burdensome,
That e'en to his last breath, there be that say't,
As he were press'd to death, he cried, "More Weight!"

The provincial Hobson, it may be, will fail to discern the beneficence of the Parcels Post.

That admirable philanthropist, the Earl of Shaftesbury, to whom we owe so many measures for the protection of little children, wishes that the law prohibiting dangerous performances by young persons under fourteen should be strengthened by an enactment forbidding the apprenticeship of children of tender years to be brought up "as acrobats, circus-riders, and such-like."

The outcry against the torture of juvenile gymnasts is no new thing; but this latest spasm of righteous indignation seems to have been provoked by a letter to the newspapers from a clergyman who had been horrified by a performance at Eastbourne, in which he saw a little girl, called in the programme "the Human Serpent," throw her head backward and bend her spine so that her head not only touched the ground, but was bent completely under her, so that her face looked out from between her legs.

Turning to Anthony Rich's "Dictionary of Roman and Greek Antiquities," we find, under article "cernus" (2), the engraving of a young female performing the "Human Serpent" trick; only she brings her head forward, and so bends her spine (her hands resting on the ground) that her legs come over her head, and her heels project several inches beyond her forehead. She is an ancient Greek female, and one of her favourite exercises was to turn a back summersault between a row of swords and knives stuck in the ground, points upwards. The trick was called εἰς μαχαίρας

κυβιτᾶν. It is mentioned in Plato. There is nothing new under the sun; and the tricks of contortionists are among the oldest things under it. August.

The plain, common-sense view of the matter seems to be this. No male or female performer will ever do any good as an acrobat whose joints have not been rendered completely supple ("broken" is, I believe, the technical term) by the time he or she is eight, or, at the most, ten years old. Many acrobats begin their training at six. I do not place much faith in the stories of young gymnasts being habitually flogged, or otherwise illtreated; but the mere nature of their training necessarily subjects them to a great deal of physical pain and discomfort. It is shocking to think of children being tied into knots, so to speak, and have their spines bent the wrong way; and the apprenticeship of children to acrobats and funambulators should be legally suppressed. That is to say, such suppression should be enforced if the public can be induced entirely to dispense with acrobatic performances at music-halls and elsewhere. Children cannot be taught to tumble without their limbs being made to ache and their blood to swim in their heads, and we have no right to make them sore and giddy for our ultimate diversion.

So it is with circus riding. Children begin their initiation in the mysteries of the Ring at a period so early that very often the poor wee things have to be strapped on to the backs of the horses that carry them. Truly, it is generally to their own parents that they are apprenticed; and they are, as a rule, enthusiastically fond of their vocation; still, in the course of their apprenticeship, they usually receive an unpleasantly liberal allowance of whipcord at the hands of the riding master at rehearsal. At the same time, when the law on this subject comes to be altered, I hope that, in addition to juvenile acrobats and circus-riders, all juvenile pianists, harpists, and violinists will be rigorously

August. put down. Only think upon the tortures, mental and physical, which a poor little "Infant Prodigy" of eight must have undergone before she becomes capable of performing a concerto on the grand pianoforte at a fashionable concert. Tickets half-a guinea, Sofa-stalls one guinea. First performance of Signorina Lotti Dotti the infant. Thalberg, and La Bimba Maravigliosa, aged seven and a half, commonly called the juvenile Ole Bull.

It is customary to sneer at, or to abuse as "sensational," the newspaper writers who publish detailed and graphic accounts of great disasters and calamities; and I have little doubt that the harrowing narratives given in some of the newspapers touching the dreadful fire and loss of life at the late Dr. Boyd's private lunatic asylum at Southall will afford another opportunity to stupid or spiteful people to have another fling at the "sensation-mongers." Sensible persons, however, may hold that it is of vital consequence to the public that every circumstance, however minute, bearing on the appalling calamity at Southall Park should be made known.

There are, scattered about the country, hundreds of old seventeenth and eighteenth century manor houses and mansions, long since deserted by the county families, their whilom owners, which are now utilised as asylums, reformatories, industrial schools, refuges, and what not. The thorough overhauling of all these antique structures from the water supply and general sanitary points of view might bring some very instructive information to light.

In that eminently decorous and substantial journal, the *Standard*, I read a letter from a gentleman whose mind seems to be terribly exercised at the action of the Lord

Mayor of London, who, at the recent banquet at the Mansion House to her Majesty's Ministers, proposed the toast of "The Navy, Army, and Reserve Forces;" "thus reversing," to use the words of the *Standard's* correspondent, "the formula which has hitherto obtained, and thereby significantly pointing to the Navy as senior to the Army." August.

It appears to me that, from a social and convivial point of view, to toast the Navy before the Army is a piece of pedantic affectation. What are called the "loyal and patriotic toasts" are a comparatively modern institution, certainly not older than the accession to the throne of these realms of the House of Brunswick. Speech-making to toasts is a practice even more modern. In the Seventeenth Century loyal gentlemen drank the King's health on their knees; but they were generally by that time too tipsy to make or to listen to speeches afterwards. I fancy that, if a minute inquiry were made into the history of English public dinners, it would be found that toasts, combined with long-winded speeches, are not much earlier than the Crown and Anchor and Thatched House Tavern days of the French Revolution. And I can well remember reading reports of public dinners held within the last fifty years at which the first toast was not the Sovereign singly, but "Church and King."

Still, ever since the epoch when "hoarse Fitzgerald" was wont to bawl "his creaking couplets in a tavern hall," the Army has come before the Navy—

> It 's a way we have in the Army,
> It 's a way we have in the Navy,
> It 's a way we have in the "Varsitie,"
> To chase dull Care away.

That I hold to be a sufficient precedent, when it is remembered that "the loyal and patriotic toasts" have no antique origin. Still, historically, curiously enough, the Lord Mayor was quite right in toasting the Navy first. As a Service

August. the Navy is very much the senior of the Army. I am just now at the side of the Sea, and have not brought my "Black Book of the Admiralty" with me; but turn up that bulky tome, and read what it has to say about the Custom of Oleron, and the still older "Custom of the Sea," long generations before the British Army existed. Creçy and Poitiers, Harfleur and Agincourt, were won by English soldiers under an English King, but not by the British Army. There was none at the time. The "Great Harry" and the "Hepri Grâce de Dieu" were King's ships, but Henry VIII. had no regular army beyond his bodyguard of beefeaters. Mr. Pepys was Clerk of the Acts to the Admiralty, and he continually refers to the "Navy Office" in his "Diary;" but there was no War Office in his time.

"Can you define the difference between a flirt and a coquette?" I am ill qualified to answer such a question. I am old, and a fogey; and the ways of modern flirtation and coquetry may not be the ways of the past. But, a very long time ago (not when Plancus was Consul, but when Alderman Gibbs was Lord Mayor), we used to define the distinction between a flirt and a coquette thus:—A flirt is a flirt; and no young lady needs to be told what a flirt is. But a coquette is a flirt—and something else. A jilt to boot. A flirtation may be over in five minutes; nay, as I shall presently show, an act of flirtation may be accomplished in a single moment. A single transaction in coquetry may last half a life-time. The flirt amuses herself and you, and need not do any harm. The coquette breaks your heart, and then falls a laughing over the pieces. Dolly Varden was a flirt. Lady Clara Vere de Vere was a coquette.

But how about an act of flirtation with two distinct persons at the same time, to be completed in an instant? Well, the recipe is an American one. Time, twilight. A lady sits between two gentlemen. She softly squeezes the

near hand of one gentleman, and she as softly treads on the near foot of the second swain. Try it; or, rather, don't try it. August.

The gentle Shakspeare taught us how to find sermons in stones. The newest thing in sermons is that we should hear them "hot and hot" by means of the telephone. According to the *Bradford Observer*, the National Telephone Company have within the last few days put up a telephone wire between their Bradford offices and a Unitarian chapel in that town, and on the next Sunday evening a gentlemen at his house in Halifax and a number of subscribers in Bradford and the neighbourhood had "the pleasure" of listening through their telephones to a sermon preached in the Unitarian chapel. The Telephone Company have also connected St. Paul's Church, Manningham, with their offices; and the Sunday services at St. Paul's have been distinctly heard by persons living in Manningham, Baildon, Leeds, and other places. This fresh development of communication will, it is expected, be a real boon to invalids and persons kept away from church by inclement weather or temporary indisposition.

Is there not something strangely indecorous (if not revolting indecent) in the Common Hangman having been permited to visit the Houses of Parliament while the Legislature was in Session, and the public executioner having been actually lionised as a "distinguished visitor" to Westminister? Is the newspaper statement a hoax, or the plain truth, that the man was permitted to distribute his autograph, written on House of Peers' note-paper, to the *gobemouches* of the lobbies and the Central Hall, and, that "with special privilege," the executioner went up to the Speaker's Gallery, where he "evidently enjoyed the debate"?

August. There is, it is alleged, at present a great deal of distress among the London cab drivers; and it has been proposed, somewhat paradoxically, to alleviate this distress by reverting to the old system of sixpenny fares for distances not exceeding a mile. The contention is that there are large numbers of persons who would like to hire cabs for short distances, but who are deterred from so doing by costliness of the present minimum fare—one shilling; and that the cab-drivers, although the first step in the mitigation of their distress would be the cutting down of their short-distance fares by fifty per cent., would ultimately derive a profit from the largely increased number of sixpenny fares. The argument reminds one of the old story of the speculative genius who, opening a restaurant, provided a dinner of soup, fish, entrées, joint, and pastry for a shilling. A friend drew from him the admission that he lost a penny three-farthings by every meal which he supplied; "but," he added, "*it's the number that pays.*"

Lord Archibald Campbell, that staunch friend to the Garb of old Gaul, has written a very sensible letter protesting against the "army contractors" (or army accoutrement makers, Lord Archibald?) being allowed to have it all their own way in crowning our Highland regiments "with a Prussian, or a policeman's, or some Roman-shaped, or, say, a fireman's helmet." A detachment of the Seaforth Highlanders, wearing the new bonnet designed for the Highland regiments, has been paraded before the Queen at Osborne; and her Majesty has signified her disapproval of the proposed head-gear. It will be consequently necessary to devise a fresh bonnet. What is it to be like?

Lord Archibald Campbell suggests a return to the "fencible" bonnet worn before, during, and after the rebellion of 1745:—

> Such a bonnet is not far removed from the undress Prussian flat-cap; but it gives more shade. It can be made stiff by putting into it good blue-black Scotch cloth. Men could sleep in such a cap. By

shaking it it is dusted; and for parade, by placing in it the red or white plume or hackle, it could be made very smart. . . . . We might do worse than retain what we have. If a change has to be made, let it be a sensible one. Who can lie down in the modern helmet; or, what shade does it give to the temples? September.

For my part, I fully agree with the noble scion of the clan Campbell that we might do worse than retain the present head-dress of the Highland regiments. The bonnet with the sable plumes only dates from the early years of the present century; but it is a famous and historical head-dress. It won the admiration of Napoleon the Great. It has been painted, over and over again, by the foremost artists among our quondam foes—by Horace Vernet, by Charlet, by Raffet, by Bellangé, and by Philippoteaux. I have before me a rude woodcut of a Highland man in his habit as he lived in the year 1720. The figure forms the heading to the "trade card" of Mr. David Wishart "at ye Highlander, Thistle, and Crown, at ye upper end of St. James's, Haymarket, in Coventry Street, London." Mr. David Wishart announces that he "makes and sells all sorts of snuff, viz., prime London, high and low dried Scots snuff, plain Spanish, old Havana, Rappee, Oronoko, and herb snuff, fine and coarse pig-tail and best tobacco, wholesale and retail, at the lowest rates." Mr. Wishart's wood-cut Highlander (the firm late of Coventry Street still flourishes in the Haymarket) wears a bonnet closely answering to Lord Archibald's description of the "fencible," only it is rather high in the crown. But it affords plenty of shade for the eyes.

This imposing Celt (who is just as high as the Thistle and Crown by the side of which he stands) wears, in addition to the "fencible" bonnet, a chequered jerkin and kilt, a sporran, a pistol and dagger in his waist-belt, trews (like the *bracchæ* of a Roman horse-soldier) reaching to the knees, cross-gartered hose, and low shoes. He is armed, moreover, with a broad-sword and a buckler.' A very different Gael this from the pacific-looking Highlander, of more modern tobacconists' shops, effigies of whom seem, oddly enough, to be more

September. plentiful in the cities of the United States than in London. I have omitted to state that the Wishart Highlander wears his hair flowing loose over his shoulders.

In this matter of the Highland military bonnet with the sable plumes, commonly called the "Mourning-Coach-horse bonnet," a correspondent points out that this particular head gear is of older date than the beginning of the present century. "In Sharp's fine engraving," he writes, "after Trumbull, of 'The Sortie from Gibraltar,' 1781, one of the officers wears a kilt and the check-bordered bonnet, with black ostrich plumes, just as they are worn now." Another correspondent disdainfully asserts that the Highlander figured in the Wishart trade card of 1720 is not a Highlander at all, but simply "an Edinburgh shopboy with his apron tucked up." But Edinburgh shopboys, A.D., 1720, did not carry broadswords and bucklers, with pistols in their belts; and the Wishart Highlander is thus equipped.

Buckwheat cakes may not be quite so popular a delicacy at Boston, in the state of Massachusetts, U.S.A., as pork and beans; still the cry of "Hurry up Cakes!" is permanently and pleasantly audible throughout New England. Buckwheat cakes (which always remind me of thin discs of flannel vest lightly fried) are naught without plenty of butter and plenty of maple syrup; but for some time to come, in Boston at least, there should be no demand for butter and syrup among the home manufacturers of the commodity in question. Lord Coleridge has presented the Bostonians with saccharine and oleaginous matter enough to sweeten and anoint their buckwheat cakes withal for an indefinite period.

The Lord Chief Justice has won the heart of the Bostonians by the eloquently dulcet oration which he

delivered at the banquet offered to his Lordship on the 8th September by the City Government. Could the ghost of Banquo—stay, I mean Bunker—have been present on the festive occasion the phantom might have returned exulting to his Historic Hill, and told the ghosts of the Pilgrim Fathers and their immediate descendants—the Cottons, the Mathers, the Devonports, the Nortons, the Hookers, the Winthrops, the Bradstreets, the Pynchons, the Gookins, and the Hayneses—that the wrongs of the scholars, the yeomen, and the divines who founded the colony of Massachusetts Bay were at length avenged. It was the brethren and compeers of the men whom I have named who were the favourite victims of the Court of Star Chamber, where English Judges and Ministers of State used to sit to decree the whipping and the pillorying, the branding and nose-slitting and ear-cropping of Puritan publicists. The Star Chamber and the High Commission Court were unwittingly the founders of New England literature. But for Laud and Strafford, and the diabolical persecutions to which Prynne and Bastwick were subjected, the Puritans might never have colonised New England at all. 8th September.

So it is simply delicious to read of how Lord Coleridge buttered the Bostonians. He told them that they had a history of which any commonwealth might be proud; that they had "raised" Franklin, Daniel Webster, Storey, and Theodore Parker—the last, perhaps, "one of their highest and brightest souls." Hawthorne, Lord Coleridge considers to be, "taken altogether," almost the foremost of Bostonian men of letters. Nor did his Lordship forget to say sweet things of Longfellow, "the delight and darling of two hemispheres"; Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, the Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table, the autocrat, if he choose, of every dinner-table too; Emerson, "as broad, as strong as one of their own rivers, and as pure"; James Russell Lowell, who, "like Garrick in Reynold's picture, excels either in tragedy or comedy"; and Howells, "the last of American invaders who has taken England by storm." After reading

September. the comparison between the author of the "Biglow Papers" and David Garrick, and learning the strange tidings that Mr. Howells had "taken England by storm," I hied me to the apothecary's and bought threepennyworth of civet.

A noble correspondent, talking of English costume, incidentally observes, "We have not one national characteristic of dress left in this country, except the Anglo-Saxon smock-frock—a beautiful dress. I have often heard, and believe it to be the case, that a modification of such a dress would be useful in a campaign." Of the antiquity of the smock-frock there can be no doubt. I have met with the garment beautifully embroidered at the neck and cuffs. When I was a boy, in Kent, about 1841, the peasantry about Hythe and Ashford used to speak of a smock-frock as a "gaberdine."

But have we no other characreristic item of English dress? I am afraid not. The chimney-pot hat is Flemish; the "pork-pie" hat, Spanish; the "billicock" or "Jim Crow" hat, Irish; the Ulster, Irish; the plaid, Scotch; the mantilla, Spanish; the shawl, Indian; all manner of women's head gear, French, except, *perhaps*, the mob-cap which English farmers' wives used to wear. The "upper Benjamin," or many-caped "wrap rascal," is all but extinct as a garment for men—only very rarely do you see the Jehu of a "growler," or four-wheeled cab, so apparelled: but the "wrap rascal" capes have been recently and tastefully adapted as tippets to ladies' ulsters.

Why the candidates for the privilege of strangling their fellow-creatures should have fallen into the error of supposing the hangman to be a Government employé is due to two causes. First, the morbid vanity of Marwood led him to inscribe over a portion of his cobbler's shop at Horncastle the words, "Crown Office." The man was not, in any sense,

a servant of the Crown. He was simply hired, from time to time, by the Sheriffs of various counties to execute various criminals. In the second place, the minds of the candidates may have been somewhat confused by Sir Richard Cross's New Prison Act. Under the provisions of that measure all the jails became "Her Majesty's Prisons." The Corporation of London had to hand Newgate and Holloway over to the Crown. Thus the candidates might have laboured under the impression that the hangman, who really was an officer in the permanent employment of the Sheriffs (his retaining fee was, I believe, a pound a week), had, when the Prisons Act came into operation, become a Government official. September.

It is time that the barbarism of a Sheriff, who is also theoretically a hangman, was abolished. If the Government can find prison warders who are willing to flog garotters, they should be able to find at least one warder willing to hang murderers. The best plan of all, perhaps, to adopt would be partially to remit the sentence of some ruffian condemned to a life-long term of penal servitude and make him permanent hangman, sending him, under proper escort, to jails when executions are "on hand," and keeping him in hold—but with certain indulgences in the way of extra diet and leisure in the intervals between his grim labours. A skilled orthopraxist—I mean a practitioner experienced in all matters connected with the spine and the extremities—would be able to teach the convict *carnifex* how to perform his duties properly. I commend this modest proposal to the attention of the *Lancet*. The notoriety attaching to the personality of Marwood was at all times sufficiently sickening; but when it came to the creature's leering down on the Commons from the reserved gallery, and signing his horrible autograph on Parliamentary note-paper, the scandal became intolerable.

The recent statistics of insanity in the City of New York are scarcely of a reassuring nature. There would

September. appear to have been a remarkable and rapid increase of mental disease in the Empire City. On the last day of December, 1871, there were only fifteen hundred and thirty-five persons confined in asylums in Manhattan. In the current year, the number of insane patients has increased to three thousand six hundred. It is stated that there is one lunatic to every three hundred and sixty inhabitants in New York City; while, in the whole nation, the average is one in seven hundred and seventy-nine of population.

One reason for the superabundance of crazy folk in Manhattan is given in the alleged circumstance that "many lunatics in neighbouring towns, and even States, are taken to New York and abandoned in the streets; and, as their former places of abode cannot be traced, it falls to the lot of the municipality to provide for them." But there may be other causes conducive to an excessive average of lunacy among the New Yorkers. What do you say to the "L" railroads? In 1879-80, a distinguished New York physician told me that those roaring Rialtos, the Elevated Railways, with their trains for ever tearing in front of people's windows, were breeding a host of obscure diseases of the brain and mind. Physically, too, I should say that the New Yorkers are the most nervous of all Americans. Then there are Wall Street and William Street. There is the *National Police Gazette.* There are the Sunday excursions to Coney Island. There are the red-hot Sunday sermons, so appreciatively reported by the *New York Herald.* Madness is, after a manner, contagious; and the New Yorkers may go mad because their neighbours do. When I was at Constantinople I took a great fancy to the Howling Dervishes; and I declare that, over and over again, returning from their services, I experienced the very greatest difficulty in suppressing a desire to Howl.

I never saw a Mad Mormon. Did Mr. Phil Robinson, I wonder, ever foregather with one?

The Trades' Union Congress at Nottingham and the Conference of the Library Association at Liverpool are examples of wisdom mingled with merriment. The first-named sages have been holding a very humorous discussion as to whether girls under fourteen years of age should not be prohibited by Act of Parliament from making nails, bolts, rivets, and analogous articles in iron and steel. The male members of the Congress were of opinion that female children ought not to labour in forges, and that Mr. Broadhurst's bill, prohibiting the practice, should be reintroduced in the next Session of Parliament. Such an opinion, possibly, may be held by the majority of men-folk outside the Trades' Union Congress; especially when we learn that many children in the nail-making districts begin to learn the blacksmith's trade at six years of age, and that in the same districts scarcely one married woman in ten is acquainted with the rudiments of domestic economy. September.

But, strangely enough, two lady delegates at Nottingham took quite another view of the question, and denounced the proposal as a covert attempt to suppress female labour altogether. And there are three millions of women working at handicrafts in England, said one of the lady delegates. There must be some valid reason for experienced and clear-headed women denouncing a measure ostensibly designed for the protection of young girls. I had an office once in a street where there was a great copper foundry; and I declare that I went daily in bodily fear of the coppersmiths' apprentices. Such desperately riotous young Pickles I had never met with in all my life. Young blacksmiths, it may be, are milder mannered, and read their Longfellow.

9

Some of the "dress reformers" have been arguing lately in favour of the substitution of braces (which, when I was young, used, in the North of England, to be known by the expressive name of "gallowses") for the suspension of the

September. garments of the fair sex. But Dr. Horace Dobell says that medical men and instrument-makers who have any experience in afflictions of the spine and chest are well aware that the hips, and not the shoulders, are the best part of the human frame for the support of weight, and that this applies *par excellence* to the hips of the female subject.

Therefore, concludes Dr. Horace Dobell, "unless we wish to multiply curved spines and defective chests, and to exchange the graceful freedom characteristic of a woman's carriage of her head, chest, and shoulders, for the poke-neck and hang-dog look so common among men, we shall not try to persuade our girls to strap themselves down with braces instead of supporting their clothes upon their hips, and leaving free the important upper half of the body." Bravo! Dr. Horace Dobell; and the Cestus of Venus for ever!

Dr. Dobell adds—"Even men are better without their braces; and they always get rid of them, if they can, when they desire to have free action for their arms and the upper parts of their bodies."

I hate braces. I never wore any till I was fifteen. When I was approaching adolescence, the fashionable wear for a young Parisian was no braces, a handsomely-embroidered belt round the hips, *and in summer, no waistcoat.* Under these circumstances, you could show something noticeable in the way of a shirt-front; and those were the days of *chemises de cinquante francs*—and more. I hope that our boating, cricketing, yachting, and lawn-tennis-playing boys never wear braces. Our grandfathers never wore any. I don't think that more than sixty years have passed since "gallowses" came into general use; and the obstinate determination of Sir Charles Wetherell never to brace up his nether garments was, if I mistake not, once alluded to in a Parliamentary debate.

What would be thought of Mr. Henry Irving in "The Corsican Brothers" fighting a duel in braces?

In this matter of "hips *versus* braces," a correspondent September.
kindly tells me that he has seen a mezzotint engraving, by Dighton, published by Bowles and Carver, and bearing the title, "Quarrelsome Taylors; or, Two of a Trade Never Agree." In the background, over a shop, appears the inscription, "Simon Snip Makes and Mendes Men's and Buoys' Ready-made Clothes. N.B. Neat Gallows for Breaches." The print, my correspondent conjectures, was published between 1791 and 1800. Braces, in the sense of suspenders for clothing, seems to be a comparatively modern word, evidently borrowed from either nautical or coachmaking technology. But "gallowses" is a fine old English term. In that curious mine of information touching garments and the fabrics of which they are made, the "Draper's Dictionary," by S. W. Beck, I find *s. v.* "Braces," as follows:—

Bretelles, Fr.; *Hosenträger*, G. Too well known to need description. Formerly called Gallowses, under which Bailey gives: "Contrivances made of cloth and hooks and eyes, worn over their shoulders by men to keep their breeches up." Showing perfectly the manner of things they were before the introduction of india-rubber and its manufacture into fibre gave us the improved article now commonly worn.

But if the well-informed S. W. Beck would only tell us when the old term "*gallowses*" was superseded by "braces," and when braces themselves came into fashionable use! The archives of some old-established Manchester warehouseman might furnish the desired information. It is certain that Lord Chesterfield never wore braces. The lords and beaux that Hogarth drew wore no braces. Were they made fashionable by the Regent, or by Beau Brummell? Sydney Smith, writing to a newspaper in the year 1843—the Canon being then seventy-three years of age—enumerates braces among the eighteen changes in social manners which had taken place since he was a young man. "I could not keep my small-clothes in their place, for braces were unknown," says S. S.

In Seventeenth-century Anglo-French dictionaries the word "bretelles" is not translated as braces. The old

September. French bretelle is rendered in English as a handle or arm to a "dossel" (a kind of pannier, I apprehend), or a "porter's crooked staff." What was a porter's crooked staff?

There would really seem to be a touch of the Silly Season in the proposal favoured by a superintendent of the metropolitan police to provide police constables with a truncheon fitted at one end with a whistle. The opinion of a suburban constable has been taken on the subject; and he is reported to have said:—"I think it is a very stupid idea. Fancy my having to put the end of my staff into my mouth. Why, the first thing a burglar would do would be to shove it down my throat and choke me." The constable expressed no wish to be armed with a revolver. The weapon for which he expressed a preference "was a good heavy stick. It would always be in your hand, and it would help you in walking; but they will not give us that, because it is not correct. Give us that, or let us walk in pairs."

During the Chartist troubles in 1848 the metropolitan police were, during a few weeks, armed with cutlasses. I think that I have seen at Milan and Genoa police constables armed with a thick stick with a heavy knob at one end. The New York police are generally armed with heavy clubs; and when I first went to the States (what may be the case now I do not know) the New York policemen on duty in Broadway carried short stout cowhides, somewhat resembling our dog-whips. These might be made upon occasion very formidable weapons both of offence and defence. Did not the members of the British Legation in Japan, hard pressed in a nocturnal attack by unfriendly natives, defend themselves very successfully with hunting-whips? And for what purpose, do you think, do cavalry soldiers off duty in the streets of a garrison town carry horsewhips so jauntily? For dandyism's sake? Scarcely. The *cravache* makes excellent play when, as sometimes happens, the dragoons are mobbed by the roughs.

It must be nearer twenty than ten years since that, in September. describing the huts in the streets of St. Petersburg provided for the shelter at night of the *boutotsniks*, or policemen, I ventured to point out that the establishment of such sentry-boxes in the British metropolis at certain fixed points, and especially in the squares at the West-End, might be productive of considerable public benefit, not only in protecting the police from the inclemency of the weather, but in letting wayfarers know where a police constable was to be found, and serving as a terror to evildoers. The old Russian *boutotsnik*, with his poleaxe, has long since disappeared: but I suppose that his modern successor is still provided with his box at night. Meanwhile, I notice that the idea of police boxes for London has once more been discussed by a correspondent of the *Times*, who also recommends that the boxes should be supplied with the *matériel* of the St. John's Ambulance Association, and placed in telephonic communication with the nearest police stations. They should also, to my thinking, be signalised by powerful red lamps, visible on their four sides.

What was a "whistling arrow?" Such a weapon, noted as "one which the Indians use when they would treat of peace," was, with "a negro boy's cap, made from a ratskin," and "Mary Queen of Scots' pincushion," among the lots sold at the auction of rarities at "Don Saltero's Coffee-house" at Chelsea, in 1799.

The terrible explosion at Woolwich Arsenal suggests a contrast with the earthquake at Ischia. It has just been officially stated that through the shocks of *terremoto* at Casamicciola, Forio, Lacco Ameno, and Barano, one thousand nine hundred and ninety persons were killed and three hundred and seventy-four injured.

Woolwich on the 24th September underwent a terrific bombardment from immense war rockets. Many of these

September. engines of destruction passed over the Thames; others alighted in the river; one passed clean over Plumstead Common and fell in the garden of a clergyman at Heathfield, about three miles from the scene of the accident. Several rockets made their way to the neighbourhood of Woolwich Common; and one struck a twelve-inch wall in Ritter Street, pierced the bricks, alighted in the kitchen, and buried itself in the floor. At North Woolwich one of the projectiles struck the trunk of a tree opposite the Carn Oil Mills; one fell in the pleasure gardens; another in Albert Road, damaging a private dwelling-house; and another struck three trees and a telegraph-post in its course, burying itself at last in the earth. Yet nobody seems to have been killed or even wounded by the bombardment. The loss of life was confined to the two poor mechanics in the rocket-house.

With considerable amusement, but without astonishment, I read the following "note" in *St. James's Gazette* of the 25th:—

> The entertainment of special correspondents seems an expensive business. According to the *St. Petersburg Gazette*, a bill has been sent in to the Imperial Treasury (and paid) for 115,000 roubles; this being the cost of conveying by railway, housing and feeding (nothing is said on the subject of clothing) the foreign correspondents who, in compliance with the Emperor's invitation, attended the coronation festivities at Moscow. Gratuities, too, have been allowed to two hospitable gentlemen who invited the correspondents to their houses. A Mr. Vaganoff, who owed the Government 5000 roubles, has, in consideration of his liberality towards the correspondents, had that sum remitted to him; while M. Korvin-Kroukoffsky, who had rendered similar services, has had 3000 roubles given to him as a present.

Hereon I have something to say. I went to Moscow, for the Coronation, as Special Correspondent for the *Daily Telegraph*. In the first place, the Russian Government was not put to the cost of conveying by railway, housing, feeding, or otherwise "entertaining" either myself or my esteemed colleague, Mr. J. M. Le Sage. We

had neither bed nor board, sleeping-car nor droschky, bite nor sup, at the Muscovite's expense; and the hotel landlords, the restaurateurs, the livery-stable keepers (on Coronation Day we paid seven pounds sterling for the hire of a carriage and pair), and the *valets de place* of St. Petersburg and Moscow were the better by a large sum of money for our sojourn. Of course the special correspondents of the *Times* and other English daily papers did as we did in the matter of paying our own expenses and duly charging our proprietors for them. September.

I remember M. Vaganoff, or Waganoff, who was a subordinate of Count Woronzoff-Daschkoff, and officiated as a kind of dry-nurse to the foreign correspondent, saying to Mr. Le Sage and myself: "Messieurs, il vous revient de l'argent," and tendering us, then and there, certain moneys in rouble notes, of the value I afterwards learned, of twenty pounds sterling. This, I was informed, was for our railway and other expenses to and from the frontier. I immediately told M. Vaganoff, or Waganoff, that English newspapers of repute were quite wealthy enough to pay the travelling expenses of their special correspondents, and to remunerate them very handsomely into the bargain for their services; and I added that, personally, we should feel that we were disgracing our vocation if we accepted so much as one kopeck from a foreign Government. So that is all I know, financially, about M. Vaganoff, or Waganoff, who otherwise was a cheery soul and did his best to be civil.

On the other hand, there were certain correspondents of the Continental press who spunged on the Russian Government in the most shameless manner. They lived at free quarters at an hotel hired by the authorities; they had carriages and horses at the Government's cost; and they took as much money as ever they could get, and, like Oliver Twist, "asked for more." The "entertainment" of some of these gentry may have had something to do with swelling the Bill for Special Correspondents to the pretty sum of one hundred and fifteen thousand roubles.

September. It is not ordinarily in the pages of a Parliamentary Blue-book that one looks for specimens of drollery; still, if I have any perception of dry humour, that admirable quality is conspiciously displayed in the following extract from the Report of the Inspector of the Reformatory and Industrial Schools of Great Britain. The Inspector is dealing with an Industrial School for boys and girls at Paisley.

> Conduct and discipline: *School in good order, and going on steadily.* A somewhat formidable list of offences and punishments, however. A good many cases of absconding, and several cases of going off premises without leave. Several cases of petty theft, and some ordinary cases of idleness, disobedience, and untruthfulness. *Children orderly and well behaved.*

The italics are mine. But, surely, the Inspector might have added in his report that the "children who were orderly and well behaved" were *not* those who absconded, who played truant, who stole, who told lies, who were idle or disobedient. A school which exhibits "a somewhat formidable list of offences and punishments" does not, at the first blush, suggest the idea of a school at which the scholars are "orderly and well behaved."

I read in that diverting "omnium gatherum" of wise saws, modern instances, hotel-arrivals, and cuttings from English "Society" papers, the "Personal Intelligence" of the *New York Herald*, the following pithy remark:—"Wanted, an English writer of travels who will not speak of the Atlantic Ocean as 'the old herring pond.'"

I have not yet come across any English book of travels in which the Atlantic Ocean is called "the old herring pond." On the other hand, I have met with scores of Americans who have playfully spoken of the Atlantic as "the big pond." For all that, "herring-pond"—not "old herring-pond," dear *N. Y. H.*—is English Old Bailey slang for the sea; but it used to refer less to the Atlantic than to the Pacific. In the

days of transportation "to be sent across the herring pond" was a convertible term with "being lagged." See the "Slang Dictionary" (Chatto and Windus, 1874). September.

In a recent issue of the contemporary just cited it is stated that in New York City alone there are at present five thousand unemployed book-keepers. They are men of all ages, but the greater number are between twenty-five and thirty-five. "Young men with a lifetime ahead of them and a whole range of ordinary vocations to choose from, will hang around town for months, and run into debt, while waiting for a chance to keep books." The average salary of a good book-keeper is from fifteen to eighteen dollars a week, and the manager of an "Intelligence Office" told the *Herald* reporter that he would undertake to furnish hundreds of good book-keepers at two dollars a day. Now, competent policemen for duty on Brooklyn Bridge cannot be obtained for two dollars a day.

"We have a great many applicants," the manager continued, "and a great many places to fill in the bar-tending line. The applicants are mostly Germans; and the employers generally prefer Germans. A few years ago, nearly all the bar-tenders were Irish." And then the *Herald* proceeds to quote Superintendent Martin, of the Brooklyn Bridge, who recently advertised for a clerk at ten dollars a week, and received seven hundred applications in reply.

A great many nonsensical letters, but also a fair proportion of sensible ones, have been lately published respecting "Our Boys." The impression which I have been led to form on the topic is scarcely likely to be a popular one. Indeed, it is possible that, with the exception of Mr. Wilkie Collins, nobody will agree with me when I say that "Our Boys" of

September. the upper and middle classes, between the ages of fourteen and eighteen years of age, pass a great deal too much of their time at play. By play I mean rowing, cricket, football, lawn-tennis, and athletic exercises generally. I shall be told that indulgence in these vigorous pastimes "makes young Englishmen what they are." Precisely so, Mr. Podsnap. Athletic training turns out every year thousands of brave, brawny, healthy, young Englishmen, who are utterly unable to earn their own living at home, and who, if they emigrated, could, as a means of support, only look to manual labour, in which they would have to compete with Cornish miners, Lancashire navvies, and Irish peasants.

October. The indefatigable Dr. Benjamin W. Richardson has been delivering before the Sanitary Congress at Glasgow a lecture on "Felicity as a Sanitary Research." I have read the lecture, and find it full of wise and epigrammatic utterances. I quite agree with Dr. Richardson in his postulate that the Earth is the Freehold of Man; and all honour to the sanitary reformers who, like the good doctor, do their utmost to teach man not to mortgage his freehold, not to cut down the timber thereon, and not to exhaust the soil thereof by stupid tillage and unvarying crops. With respect to Health being Happiness, *cela dépend*. Your ordinary convict is the healthiest of human beings; and your workhouse inmate often lives till ninety. I remember, years ago, visiting the great cigar factory at Seville, and, as we passed through one of the work-rooms, being saluted by a crowd of laughing girls with the cry, "Salud y Dinero!" Health and money. There it is. Wealth will not bring health; but health without money is rather a tedious state of life.

The *Times* has given publicity to the pleasant circumstance that on Sunday evening, the 7th inst., Mr. Henry Irving entertained at the Garrick Club a large number of

his personal friends, in order to bid them farewell prior to his departure for America. On the following Tuesday Mr. Irving went to Lord Derby's, at Knowsley, there to meet and bid good-by to Mr. Gladstone. I am afraid that at the Garrick dinner there were some guests who pursue the vocation of dramatic critics; and it is also with pain and remorse that I have to admit that the *menu* comprised not only clear turtle and roast pheasant, but also that "chicken and champagne" which so vexed the virtuous soul of Mr. Mowbray Morris. October.

Pain, however, is assuaged and remorse diminished by the reflection that Mr. John Lawrence Toole is not a dramatic critic; and that the thankless office in question is not discharged by the Queen's Remembrancer, by the Chairman of the Surrey Sessions, by the Town Clerk of the Corporation of London, and by some fifty more guests, including an eminent physician, the Chairman of a Dock Company, a great railway contractor, the perennial Chevalier Wikoff, and dear old Walter Lacy, the long-retired but yet blooming comedian.

The Dean of Bangor, speaking at a meeting held in furtherance of the establishment of courses of instruction in practical cookery in elementary schools, has taken up his parable against excessive tea-drinking. The very reverend gentlemen holds that oatmeal and milk produce "strong, hearty, good-tempered men and women," whereas inordinate tea-drinking "creates a generation of nervous, discontented people, who are for ever complaining of the existing order of the universe, scolding their neighbours, and sighing after the impossible." More than this, the Dean asserted that tea-drinking "renewed three or four times a day made men and women feel weak; and the result was that the tea-kettle went before the gin-bottle, and the physical and nervous weakness that had its origin in the bad cookery of an ignorant wife ended in ruin, intemperance, and disease."

October. Somewhat hard measure, I think, has been and is being dealt out to the Dean by the people who are so very fond of writing letters to the newspapers. It was immoderate, and not moderate, tea drinking that the Dean deprecated. But I have lighted on a much earlier caveat against too much tea, in a work called "Wholesome Advice against the Abuse of Hot Liquors, particularly of Coffee, Chocolate, Tea, Brandy, and Strong Waters, by Dr. Duncan, of the Faculty of Montpelier, Done out of French. London, 1706." The book is dedicated to his Serene Highness Philip of Hesse, Prince of Hirschfeld, and Count of Catezenellebogen.

Says Dr. Duncan of Montpelier:—

A moderate use makes coffee, chocolate, and tea as healthful as Excess makes them hurtful. A judicious Physician may make great Advantage of 'em for the Cure of his Patients. To use them always, and never to use them, are both unreasonable extremes. They don't deserve the name of Poison no more (*sic*) than that of Panacea. Those who give them the former deprive those who believe it of the Benefit they might receive by the Moderate use of them; and those who give them the Latter deserve no more Credit than Harlequin the Mountebank, who undertakes to cure all sorts of Pains with his Plaister. There are certain constitutions to which Coffee, Chocolate, and Tea never do Good. There are others to which they never almost do any Hurt. The touchstone is Experience, which is much surer than the Advice of the Ablest Physician.

A sensible *medico* Dr. Duncan, of the Faculty of Montpelier. Inside the cover of his book I find the beautifully engraved book-plate of Robert Frewen, M.D.

Tea, in moderation, is Nectar. It is the stay of the hard student, the comfort and solace of solitary and afflicted and neglected women. A cup of tea lightens the labour of the charwoman and the female toiler at the washtub, who work harder for half-a-crown a day than the majority of male convicts work. "Five o'clock tea" in Society is the most delightful period of the day. It encourages polite conversation and the eating of plum-cake; and so long as

an elderly gentlemen can eat plum-cake with impunity (I always have a cup of tea and a slice of cake at five p.m., when they "turn" the column of a leading article capitally) he may make himself tolerably sure on two points: first, that his digestive powers are not wholly impaired, and, next, that his moral consciousness has not wholly vanished. My mind is not equal to the conception of an irreclaimably wicked person who could enjoy a cup of tea and a slice of cake at five p.m. October.

Has the Dean been reading Cobbett against tea-drinking? Nearly sixty years have passed since the Contentious Man inveighed, in his "Cottage Economy," against tea-drinking. "I view," he wrote, "tea-drinking as a destroyer of health, an enfeebler of the frame, an engenderer of effeminacy and laziness, a debaucher of youth, and a maker of misery for old age." The furious publicist proposed to put tea to the test with a lean hog. "Give him fifteen bushels of malt, and he will repay you in ten score of bacon or thereabout. But give him seven hundred and thirty tea messes, or rather begin to give them to him, and give him nothing else, and he is dead with hunger, and bequeaths you his skeleton at the end of about seven days."

Another early medical opinion on tea is that in Dr. Salmon's "Family Dictionary," published in 1712. He spells it "Thee," and warmly recommends it as a remedy for gout and dropsies. But the latter part of his eulogium is somewhat alarming, from the Adulteration of Food point of view.

> Our English Thee, which is only sloe-leaves gathered in May whilst they are young, answer all the ends of the Indian Thee, having the same colour, taste, and smell; nor can the Wisest Man distinguish between the form of the leaves when both are scalded, so as to know the East Indian from the English; the shape, magnitude, edging, and colour of each leaf being exactly the same; and therefore I commend our English Sloe leaves in the place of the Indian Thee.

October. There is something very pretty and tender in the idea of a National Apple Congress; and I read with much sympathy that an informal conference on the culture of apples, together with a most interesting exhibition of specimens of the fruit, was opened a few days since in the vinery of the Royal Horticultural Society at Chiswick. Altogether, about eight thousand plates of apples, with from four to six specimens in each plate, were shown; and of this number over one thousand came from Scotland. The county of Kent was of course the largest English contributor; but there were no apples at all from Northumberland, Cumberland, Rutland, Suffolk, and Cornwall. One hundred and sixty sorts of apples were forwarded from the gardens of her Majesty the Queen at Frogmore.

Next to honey-bee lore, there are few branches of desultory study so fascinating as apple-lore. It is always quaint, and picturesque, and fanciful. My chief favourite in old Quarles's "Emblems" has always been the dialogue between Eve and the Serpent, beginning—

> Not eat? not taste? not touch? not cast an eye
> Upon the fruit of this fair tree? and why?

But the catastrophe—

> *Eve.* 'Tis but an apple, and it is as good
> To do as to desire. Fruit's made for food.
> I'll pull and taste, and tempt my Adam too
> To know the secrets of this dainty.
> *Serpent.* *Do!*

The "Do" is inimitable.

The excellence of North American apples has long been universally admitted; but the English colonists beyond the Atlantic seem to have been considerably indebted to their French rivals as exemplars in pomology. In the "Historical Records of the Forty-third Regiment or Monmouthshire Light Infantry," compiled by Sir Richard Levinge, I read that, in 1757, when the Forty-third were holding the fortified position of Annapolis Royal, in Acadia, or Nova Scotia—

Men off duty were despatched to the carefully-planted French orchards to lay in apples. Two captains, two ensigns, also volunteered under an armed party of fifty. An advanced guard felt the way. The armed men were ranged so as to prevent surprise, while the others filled hampers, sacks, and baskets. The fine fruit proved no small luxury to poor fellows so long rationed on salt provisions, minus vegetables. Subsequent raids proved equally successful. October.

But, apart from the question of victualling, how the gallant Forty-third must have enjoyed the stealing of the apples! The Child is father of the Man; and it must have been almost as good fun to raid orchards in Acadia at the risk of being shot as it used to be in the old schoolboy days in England to loot the pippins at the risk of the appearance of Farmer Clodpole with his long whip, or of a disagreeable interview with Dr. Swishem on returning to the Groves of Academe.

The *Lancet* has made a strong and earnest protest against a proposal, which seems to be finding some favour with rigid economists of a teetotal way of thinking, to deprive the aged poor of the workhouse of the modicum of beer and tobacco hitherto doled out to them. "If anything," says the *Lancet*, "could exceed the cruelty of such a policy, it would be that of robbing the insane of the last comforts left them. These poor creatures are doomed to lives of unutterable loneliness; and now, forsooth, the goody-goody sentimentalists of the day must strive to cut off their very limited supplies of tobacco and beer." Bravo, *Lancet!* And I thoroughly agree with my esteemed contemporary, that the supply of stimulants and tobacco to inmates of asylums is entirely a question for the medical officers in charge of these poor folk.

"Commercial matters," said Mr. Poland in the great Warden and Watters case, "could not go on if men did not place confidence in one another; and when a man has large

October. transactions, as Watters had, it is supposed that he has real substance behind him. It is supposed that no man will give a cheque unless he can meet it—*at all events before it has gone through the Clearing House.*" The words which I have italicised are, as the French say, *impayables.* What a wondrous picture at once rises to the mind of a bold speculator giving a crossed cheque for, say, twenty-seven thousand pounds, when to meet it he has only a snug little balance of seventy-five pounds at his banker's, and then running feverishly up and down the City to try to borrow money to meet the cheque before it reaches the Clearing House. I recommend Mr. Poland's "at all events" to the attention of Mr. W. S. Gilbert. He might make excellent use of the qualifying "at all events" in his next satirical ditty. It might become as familiar as the memorable "hardly ever" in "H.M.S. Pinafore."

November. For more than a quarter of a century the daily and weekly press—notably the cheap and what used contemptuously to be called "the penny press"—has been "hammering away" —to use an inelegant but vigorous expression—at the slums of London. The fever dens, in which the metropolitan poor, aye, and vast numbers of the artizan classes—are huddled together; the whole streets and courts and alleys full of filthy, tumble-down, undrained hovels, harbouring ragged, dirty, drunken, unhealthy, half-starved, men, women, and children, have been denounced over and over again, by such writers as Mr. James Greenwood, Mr. G. R. Sims, Mr. G. Manville Fenn, and the late Mr. Nicholas Woods. Literally *ad nauseam* have journalists, in hundreds upon hundreds of descriptive papers and leading articles, taken up their parable against the wretchedness of St. Giles's, and Seven Dials, and of Dudley Street; of Whitechapel and Blue Anchor Yard and Tiger Bay: of the vile rookeries which fringe the precincts of Westminster Abbey. Hitherto their reward has chiefly been to be ridiculed as "gushers" and "sensationalists," and to be

told that they represented the "gutter" school of journalism. November.
But now that a live Marquis has taken up the matter, and aristocratic reviews, magazines, and newspapers are holding up their kid-gloved hands in pious horror at the enormities of overcrowded, unventilated, undrained, unwashed London, the vague "Something" will, I suppose, be done; or, at all events, somebody in authority will begin to talk about doing something, which can never be done effectually until there have been established a central government, and a government that is sensible, liberal, and strong, for the whole metropolis.

Touching the title of the "Marquess" Tseng, a correspondent at Shanghai has kindly enlightened me on this point. He writes:—

There are five degrees of nobility in China, for the Chinese terms of which it became necessary to find approximate English equivalents. Hence the use of Duke, Marquess, Earl, Viscount, and Baron, as applied to Chinese high officers of State. These titles are conferred on deserving subjects, and are hereditary in the following limited sense: —The eldest son of an official who has been made a "Duke" becomes at his father's death a "Marquess"; the "Marquess's" eldest son becomes at his father's death an "Earl"; the "Earl's" son becomes a "Viscount"; and so on; there being a fall in rank in each generation until the Peerage is extinct.

There is an exquisite sense of the fitness of things in this system of "diminuendo" dignities. There are at least ten chances to one that the eldest son of a newly-created peer will not be so clever a man as his sire; so the Chinese fountain of honour ingeniously splashes him just one degree less than it splashed his papa. But the Celestial Baron's son? Does he become a Baronet, or a Knight, or does he sink to the level of a mere John Chinaman, "cangueable and bambooable," *à merci?*

Without any processional flourishing of trumpets, rolling of drums, sounding of gongs, or banging of cymbals, the

November. International Fisheries Exhibition has come to the end of its appointed course, and closed a career of well-deserved prosperity. Mr. Birkbeck, M.P., Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen, K.C.M.G., their colleagues of the Executive Committee, and all the officials connected with the Great Fishery Show, have done their work with rare intelligence and indefatigable perseverance; the public have come forward by the million, so to speak, to patronise the Exhibition; the Railway Companies have done their best to enable the poorer of our country cousins to visit the metropolis; and the general result has been a grand success and a considerable money surplus. To how much that surplus amounts, and what is to be done with it, time will tell us; but the Prince of Wales, in his Royal Highness's address at the closure of the Exhibition, expressed very plainly his opinion that the surplus in question should be devoted in some manner or another to the benefit of fisher-folk and the fisheries.

Among the many benefits which the International Fisheries Exhibition has conferred on the public at large, I would mention two very noteworthy facts. In the first place, the remarkable series of papers on the Conferences held in connection with the Exhibition, and issued by authority of the Executive Committee, have endowed us with what is practically an Encyclopædia of Fish and Fisheries and most matters germane thereunto.

The second benefit which has accrued from the Fisheries Exhibition, with its delightful garden surroundings, is shown by the circumstance that during the entire summer and autumn the people in their thousands have been able, by night as well as by day, to enjoy themselves in the open, and to eat and drink what they please without being interfered with by grandmotherly legislation, *and without misbehaving themselves.* Not once have the police been called upon to quell any disturbance in the buildings or in the grounds of the Fisheries Exhibition. The eagerness with which the

public availed themselves of the abundant facilities afforded for *al fresco* "restauration" gave to the beautiful gardens the cheerful aspect of what is popularly, but erroneously, known as the "Sausage" Prater at Vienna. I wish with all my heart that we could have a "Sausage" Prater in Hyde Park, with plenty of open-air refreshments and open-air music. The "good will" of a gin-palace would not be worth much in the market could such a consummation be achieved. But I must not undertake a journey to Utopia. November.

It is gratifying to learn, also, that the sixpenny fish restaurant, in which Baroness Burdett-Coutts has taken so warm and so generous an interest, has proved, under the management of Mrs. Edith Clarke, the Lady Superintendent of the National Training School for Cookery, a brilliant success. Seventy-four and a half tons of cleaned fish were supplied, at an average rate of threepence a pound. From fifteen to eighteen thousand sixpenny fish dinners were served every week during a season of twenty-four weeks and three days; and, altogether, four hundred thousand sixpenny "portions" were sold. The fish restaurant has also rendered a surplus, running, I fancy, into four figures.

I note in the *Times* a very interesting and exhaustive article on that American "express" luggage and parcels delivery system, of the convenience of which all travellers in the United States have had experience. The system is carried out, on the whole, with wonderful energy and precision. It certainly saves you a world of trouble to hand the brass luggage checks which have been given you by the baggage-master at the dépôt of departure (that functionary having attached, by means of straps, counterparts of the checks to your trunks) to the "express" agent who boards the car as you are near the end of your journey. Within a very reasonable time your belongings will be delivered at the address which you give the agent. Still I could not help thinking when I was in the States

November. that the charges for delivering a large quantity of luggage "footed up" to a much larger sum than would have been charged by the driver of a London four-wheeled cab. And, again, your boxes, although they are seldom, if ever, lost, are desperately maltreated between the time of your sending them to the dépôt and finding them again at your hotel. Is not an American railway porter popularly known as a "baggage-smasher," from his habit of "dumping" down trunks on the platform—where there is a platform?

That was an exceptionally sensible speech made by Mr. Burnett at the International Trades' Union Conference just brought to a close in Paris. As regards the oratorical and epistolary deliverances of Miss Edith Simcox, that very downright and uncompromising lady seems in every way qualified for the composition of a book, of the possible title of which I have hinted elsewhere. Miss Simcox gives the capitalist "The Straight Tip" with a vengeance. The lady is equally "straight" with regard to the "Grande Citoyenne," Louise Michel—who seems to me to be a thoroughly well-meaning woman gone a little wrong in her head. The most pleasant feature in the Trades' Union Conference was its conclusion. The Conference broke up with a dinner, followed by a ball at Belleville: the company numbering about three hundred and fifty, including women and children. Ah! if music, refreshments, and "the light fantastic" could only be made essential accompaniments, not only of Labour Conferences, but also of Social Science Congresses, Parliamentary debates, and even trials at law! Why not? In olden time the Judges and Serjeants used to dance round the sea-coal fire in the Halls of the Inns of Court. Queen Elizabeth had a dancing Lord Chancellor, Sir Christopher Hatton.

Well stricken in the vale of years, I have never, until this present time of writing, ventured upon the making of a

conundrum. In propounding one now—the dire offence will not, I faithfully promise, be repeated—I timorously withdraw to foreign parts until the affair has blown over. Why was Lord Mayor Fowler at the Guildhall banquet on Nov. 9 like Cicero in the Forum as cited by Shakspeare in "Julius Cæsar"? Do you give it up? Of course you do not. The absurd solution is at your tongue's tip. *It is because he, the Lord Mayor, spoke Greek.* November.

And Latin too. His Lordship quoted Horace as well as Homer, in the original. Who shall say that the Chief Magistrates of the City of London have, as a rule, a closer connection with the Money Market than with the Muses—with the shop counter than with Parnassus? The classic Fowler takes us back to the days of the lettered and artistic Lord Mayors. Was not the Right Hon. John Wilkes an elegant scholar, was not Lord Mayor Barber (who erected the memorial of Butler in St. Paul's, Covent Garden) the friend of Swift; and was not Lord Mayor Boydell a munificent patron of the Fine Arts?

I have read with edification, amusement, and amazement the speech of the Lord Mayor in proposing "The Health of her Majesty's Ministers." Among other wise and good things, his Lordship remarked—"The Corporation of the City have no politics. Probably, there is no popular body in whose deliberations politics have so little influence." Whatever a Lord Mayor says must be right; and it is with deferential deference that I bow my head when the Chief Magistrate asserts that the Corporation of London have no politics. But his Lordship evidently refers to the Corporation in the present. He cannot mean the Corporation in the past, which was nothing if not political. Without going back to the times of the Municipality which sheltered the Five Members from the rage of Charles I.; which, more than a century later, supported Lord Mayor Beckford in bringing up an insolent address to George III.; and which elected the unscrupulous and profligate Jack Wilkes to fill the civic chair simply

November. because he advocated, or pretended to advocate, the cause of liberty against despotism:—without reverting to this very ancient history of the struggle of the City of London against the encroachments of Prerogative, it may be sufficient to remark that there must be several elderly members of the Corporation who can remember the day when the City was furiously Liberal for Queen Caroline and against George IV. Is the name of Alderman Wood blotted out from memory? The Corporation of London unpolitical! The present excellent Lord Mayor is a strong Tory; and ever since he has been in office he has done his utmost to further the interests of Toryism in the City.

Celebrity flies fast, nowadays. It is not precisely in the columns of that exceptionally vivacious journal the Paris *Gil Blas* that one would look for a notice of a philanthropic, or rather philogynic movement; yet in the paper in question for Nov. 13 do I find an encomiastic paragraph touching the opening, under the auspices of Princess Christian, in Greek Street, Soho, of "un Cercle de jeunes Ouvrières." The *Gil Blas* is scrupulous in particularising the *habitat* and attributes of the club:—"Soho, *nom de localité*, for working girls, *pour jeunes ouvrières*." My contemporary adds that the organisation of the Soho Club for Working Girls reflects the highest credit on "une Miss Stanley," and adds that Princess Christian, after hearing, with great pleasure, a performance of vocal and instrumental music by the members, inscribed her august name in the club book. "Le Rector de Bishopsgate," I likewise gather from my Parisian informant, greatly amused his audience by the description of Miss Stanley, "arriving in the city in an omnibus in order to surprise the the rich magnates in their dens (*dans leurs antres*), in order to induce them to subscribe towards the foundation of the club."

There are many thousands of Working Girls in this City of Dreadful Day, as well as Dreadful Night, who would benefit immensely by the establishment among them of Social Clubs analagous to the one of which the initiative has been set, in Soho, by the indefatigable exertions of the Hon. Maude Stanley and her co-labourers. I do not forget what has been done in this direction by the Flower Girls' Mission and Brigade; but the sorest need is for clubs for all sorts and conditions of working girls—clubs which should be at once recreative and (if the members choose to learn anything when the labours of the day are done) educational. Within pistol-shot of my house there is a great factory employing many hundreds of girls and women in the not very feminine craft of making cartridges. These young ladies are generally known in the district as Messrs. ——— "Bull-dogs." They are honest and industrious creatures enough, no doubt; but their manners, their conversation, and their attire and general "make-up"—especially as regards their mode of dressing their hair—are all susceptible of improvement. There is a prodigious amount of talk going on, just now, about improving the homes of the poor; and the question has been pertinently put as to what avail there may be in placing in new and clean dwellings people whose habits are normally untidy and uncleanly. One of the first steps to be taken in carrying out these loudly-trumpeted "improvements" is to ameliorate the poor themselves, in teaching them to mend their manners, and to eschew (among the females) a *toilette* the most conspicuous features of which are scraps of tawdry finery (not forgetting sham silver bangles and lockets) superposed on hideously slatternly and ragged undergarments. I am not speaking of *demoiselles de magasin*, "little milliners," and so forth. I am alluding to very poor working girls; and I say that one of the first things that makes an Englishman, when he comes abroad, ashamed of his country, is the disgraceful untidiness and unwashed "dowdiness" of the poor girls whom he has left at home in comparison with their poor but trim sisters in Continental cities. November.

November. I should have complimented the *Gil Blas* on its display of scrupulous accuracy in letting its readers know that "Soho" was "the name of a locality," and not a cocked hat, or a fish, or something to drink. Colloquial familiarity with our language is becoming indeed a pleasing characteristic of French journalists. At the same time, it might be hinted to that prolific journalist, M. Alexis Bouvier, that when his "Petite Duchesse" reaches its twenty-third edition (it is already in its twenty-second) it would be as well to spell tub with a "u" and not with an "o"—"tob." The "Petite Duchesse" tells her lady's maid (a Hungarian gipsy, with the euphonious name of Fritzy Muckasem) that she requires not a bath, but a "tob"; and the "tob," a magnificent silver one, is duly brought to her. It may be noticed as one of the *nuances* of the amazingly difficult English language, that the vessel in which we "tub" is, on shore at least, usually called, not a "tub," but a "bath," and that "to tub" may be considered as a naval-military and covenanted Civil Servant verb, practically introduced into the English language on board the ships of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company. Systematic "tubbing" came in with the Overland Route to India; and was so called because, in the outset, the bath was really a ship's bucket or tub.

Sticklers for verbal nicety may maintain that a silver "tub," is a solecism, and that the tub proper, like its congeners, the bucket and kit, must be of wood. A metallic receptacle for liquid would be, on the other hand, a cauldron, a kettle, or a bowl. A pail was wooden. But the increased employment of zinc in the manufacture of domestic appliances has been productive of no little confusion in nomenclature; and possibly M. Alexis Bouvier, having heard of zinc pails and zinc baths, may have arrived at the conclusion that there were silver tubs. I wonder what he would be able to make of the "Tubman of the Exchequer," or of that "Tale of a Tub," which has perplexed so many foreign students, not only of Swift, but of other writers who have employed the expression?

Is there really anything the matter with the beer drunk in such immoderately large quantities by the working and labouring classes in this country? I say the "working and labouring classes" advisedly; because as regards the more expensive Bitter Beer, or Pale Ale, I can testify, from personal observation, that it is made of malt, hops, and water, and nothing else, and it is more than twenty years since I described all the processes of the manufacture of pale ale at a great brewery at Burton-on-Trent. But there must be something more in the making of ordinary "heavy wet" than we wot of when we read in the daily papers of "an influential and well attended meeting of Kentish hop-growers and others" being held recently at the Guildhall, Canterbury, for the passing of resolutions against what is alleged to be the systematic adulteration of beer. November.

One of the speakers at the meeting referred to said that "many brewers had informed him that they considered the material which they now used to be far superior to the hop, and different saccharine materials a great deal better than the old-fashioned malt. If so, let them advertise to the whole world that their liquor was not the old-fashioned stuff made of malt and hops, but something greatly superior, brewed from quassia, gentian root, 'cheratta,' glucose, sucrose, rice, sulphate of lime, and sulphuric acid."

But there is nothing to laugh at, my worthy Kentish Men or Men of Kent. The allegation made by the speaker at Canterbury is a very serious one indeed. If it be proven, the Legislature should forthwith have something to say in the matter. If it be unfounded, a very cruel stigma has been inflicted on the brewers. It is for them to speak out, and again it is for the licensed victuallers to defend their good name as beer sellers; for I find it stated at the meeting that "no doubt their (the brewers') trade was greatly impaired by the adulteration which took place after the liquor left the brewery, and and they would brew a great many more barrels in the course of the year, if publicans were prevented from

November. tampering with it and adding a large variety of vile compounds." I greatly doubt—I vehemently doubt—the "large variety of vile compounds"; but there is the accusation. The beer-drinking public (of whom I am not one) require the refutation.

What should be the *maximum* of the income which a solicitor should be allowed to make from the practice of his profession? I may say, to begin with, that I have the honour to be acquainted with a solicitor who is currently reported to be making ten thousand a year. But the drollest of controversies is in progress in this momentous matter. There has been quoted the dictum of a learned Judge, deceased, to the effect that no solicitor should be allowed to earn more than five hundred pounds per annum. But how about the barrister, who is "allowed" to make from ten to fifteen thousand—and in many cases does not make twopence halfpenny—per annum? It is maintained, on the other hand, that the calling of the solicitor is more laborious, and, at the outset, more expensive than that of the barrister. The former must pass a preliminary examination before he can be articled. Upon his articles, which are for five years, he must pay a stamp duty of eighty pounds. To this must be added a premium of three hundred pounds to the solicitor to whom he is articled; maintenance during articles, at least five hundred pounds; stamp on admission, forty-five pounds; final examination fees, fifteen pounds; books, at least, two hundred pounds (w-whew!)—total, one thousand one hundred and thirty-five pounds. A pretty penny.

I read of the celebration of the third anniversary, at Cologne, of a Society called the "Cigarrenabschnittsammelverein." Nine syllables. Good. I hear the compositors grind their teeth. The beneficent purpose of the Cigarrenabschnittsammelverein is the picking up of cigar-

ends which have been thrown away, and the sale thereof to be re-manufactured as tobacco. Within the last three years the society has been enabled to provide with warm clothing and stout shoes nearly a thousand poor children. English smokers would do well to organise such a society. November.

Strange news from Shrewsbury! We seem to be brought back to the days of the Seventeenth Century broad-sheets and chap-books of which Mr. John Ashton has, in modern times, been the industrious compiler and commentator. Halting at Brussels, in Brabant, on my way to Rome (all roads lead to Rome), I lighted upon the London papers, containing alarming statements about a little bit of a maid-of-all-work, "just thirteen years old" (the age of Beatrice Cenci when she settled accounts with the Count, her papa, and of Dinah, the beloved of Vilikins, when she swallowed the "cup of cold pison.") This "Marchioness" down in Shrewsbury Vale has, it would appear, been the object of the most astounding "manifestations," which some imbeciles have been calling "electrical" and other simpletons "spiritual."

Brickbats and tiles flying through the window of the room in which this precious little "medium" sate; "*a thump and a thud outside as though a drum was being beaten;*" "dishes flying up to the ceiling and falling down in a heap;" the family Bible "beginning to jump awful about the room;" "the girl's laced boot flying off six times to the further end of the room;" "great knocks at the partition wall; and the girl herself, the chair in which she was seated and all, floating off the ground to a height of three and a half feet;"—this last in the presence of her school-mistress. In the occurrence of every one of these phenomena, except the "flotation," I unreservedly believe. In the "flotation," with all due deference to the school-mistress, I no more believe than I do in Mr. Home or any other spiritualist quack.

November. The mischievous little minx has confessed that she is an impostor, and that the manifestations were so many "arranged cheats." But she did not mention, nor, up to this time, have I found the fact mentioned elsewhere, that her impudent fraud was at least two hundred years old. Please to note the words which I have italicised above, and then read the seventeenth-century narrative of "The Drummer of Tedworth"—the imposture of an artful servant girl in the time (if I remember aright) of the Commonwealth; and on which Addison founded his play of "The Drummer." The Tedworth drummings, brickbat heavings, crockeryware-smashings, and so forth, were brought about by means of a cunningly arranged web of wires or threads attached to the objects intended to be thrown down or dragged about.

Archdeacon Paley and the watch once more. In a speech made by Sir Stafford Northcote at the Birmingham Town-hall, at a meeting of the Birmingham Suburban Institutes Union, I read as follows:—

> Exactly as these second causes were discovered, and as the forces of nature were found more powerful, they had been forced to consider who it was that made these great laws of nature. If these powers came from the development of certain forces, who was it that gave these forces which were so developed! They knew Paley's illustration of this, which was so applicable. Paley said that if they picked up a stone in the middle of Salisbury Plain, they might suppose it had lain there for ages; but if they picked up a watch with complicated machinery, the more they saw how complicated it was, the more they were convinced there must have been some maker, some first cause, behind that which they could detect for themselves.

How much longer will it be necessary to remind orators and essayists—and even preachers of the theological essays called sermons—that the illustration of the watch, in furtherance of the Argument of Design, was impudently stolen by Archdeacon Paley from the English translation (published in the reign of Queen Anne) of the work of a Dutch divine, named, if my memory serves me correctly, Nieuwentyt?

November. More than this, "Paley's Natural Theology" is, from beginning to end, based on the lines of the Dutchman, whose very language has, in many instances, been coolly "lifted" by the English Church dignitary. The particulars of the fraud are given in detail in Chambers's "Book of Days." Over and over again Paley's literary dishonesty has been exposed by English men of letters; yet here we have an accomplished statesman displaying, while lecturing the youth of the Midlands on the advantages of literary study, amusing ignorance of one of the most notorious of literary *supercheries*.

December. "Will you please to say," writes a correspondent, "why Bordeaux wine is called claret in England, a name by which it is not known in the country in which it is produced?" In any English etymological dictionary of repute it will be found that our word claret is derived from the French "vin clairet," meaning a light red wine, in contradistinction to Burgundy, which is full and dark. With respect to "the name of claret not being known in the country in which it is produced," I would remark that although ninety-nine Frenchmen out of a hundred would ask for "vin de Bordeaux" when they required claret, every educated Frenchman knows the meaning of "vin clairet" as applied to a light red wine. That the term is not obsolete in France is clear from the following lines from a poetical *billet-doux* in that exceptionally modern novel, "La Grande Iza," by M. Alexis Bouvier. It is from the sixty-second edition of the work that I quote—

> Nous avons souvent, dans le même verre,
> *Bu le vin clairet* qui rend le cœur franc.

I detest tramways—selfishly speaking. They have spoiled half Brussels. They are spoiling Rome. They are productive of many perils to life and limb. They are utter ruin and discomfiture to the art of driving. They have made the formerly delightful journey to Greenwich by road miserably

December. uncomfortable; and they compete, very cruelly, both with the omnibus and the cab interest. Having said thus much, I am compelled, in fairness, to record my opinion that the extension—and the very large extension—of the tramway system in London is simply the Inevitable; and that the most that the selfish classes can do is to strive to stave off as long as they can the evil day of tramways everywhere. There are many score thousands of people at Kensington, Hammersmith, Chelsea, and Fulham who would hail tramways as a boon; and they will have tramways sooner or later, for all the Tattersalians can say or do. My only hope—and that, I confess, is but a faint one—is in the Balloon Society of Great Britain. If the "Astracastrians" would only be so kind as to solve the problem of aerial navigation! And what are you about, Mr Frederic Marriott, of San Francisco, that you have not sent us your long-promised "Aëroplane"?

"The Duke of Bedford," I read in the report of a late meeting of the Metropolitan Board of Works, "is confirmed in his belief that the question of Covent Garden Market can only be dealt with by a municipal authority when circumstances permit, and that they indicate no present wish on the part of the public that there should be a change of ownership in Covent Garden Market." His Grace is, unhappily, circumstantially right in his expression of opinion. I verily believe that at least seven-eighths of the public are utterly indifferent as to whether Covent Garden Market belongs to the Duke of Bedford or to the Grand Lama of Tibet; and it is the deplorable lethargy and apathy of the vast mass of the inhabitants of the metropolis in matters immediately bearing on their own interests that so grievously hampers the cause of municipal, sanitary, and social reform. We have been within these latter days "making believe" in the necessity of doing something for clearing out the slums of London and re-housing the poor. Take my word for it; so soon as Parliament opens, the eyes of the Collective Wisdom will be turned to the Far East instead of the near East End;

and the tongue of the Collective Wisdom will begin to wag about Khartoum and the Soudan, Tonquin and Madagascar, the White Nile and the Black Flags, to the shelving and temporary oblivion of the wants of four millions of Londoners. December.

I have been reading a thoroughly sensible, matter-of-fact, and to-the-point pamphlet in the shape of "A Letter to the Marquis of Salisbury on a late article in the *National Review* respecting Labourers' and Artisans' Dwellings." When I say that the writer of this pamphlet is the Rev. Lord Sidney Godolphin Osborne—the famous "S. G. O." of the *Times*—the reader of the letter to Lord Salisbury will be prepared to find facts stated in a very straightforward manner indeed, and arguments deduced therefrom by a pen which has lost nothing of its old vigour, directness, and courageous simplicity. "S. G. O." good-humouredly reminds us that he has survived the days when, in pleading the cause of the then wretchedly ill-housed agricultural labourer, he was compared by a Home Secretary to Jack Cade; when a County Member tried his hardest to bring him to the bar of the House for a breach of privilege, and when he could not attend, much less speak, at an agricultural dinner without incurring the risk of insult. The times have altered; and, in their revenges, the veteran Friend of the Peasant, has been invited by a Farmers' Club to deliver a lecture on "The Relative Duties of Landlord, Tenant, and Labourer."

Lord S. G. Osborne holds that "the Condition of the Agricultural Labourer, as the rule, has socially, in all that directly affects his home life, much improved. He is better housed; and the demand for his service has so far been augmented that, if of ordinary good character, he will always find employment at higher wages than he at one time could have obtained." Unfortunately, the landowners and their tenants are just now in "doleful dumps," and the social amelioration of the labourer is checked by the general depression which affects the circumstances of those above him.

December. But it is when he turns to the condition of the poor in the metropolis that "S. G. O." has to draw the darkest of pictures. "We can all recollect," he writes, "the sensation caused by Hood's 'Song of the Shirt'":—

> True in its appeal then, it is equally true now; but if he now lived, and again sought to arouse public feeling to sympathise with the victims of that trade competition which has raised up the race of merchants, clothiers, drapers, &c., to the princely positions which they seem to command in their trades, he might find in a "Wail of the Waistcoat," a "Moan of the Match-box" an unhappy but powerful theme for his pen.

Aye! Lord Sidney Godolphin Osborne; and to the "Wail of the Waistcoat" and the "Moan of the Match-box" might be added the "Anguish of the Ulster"—made by contract—the "Sigh of the Slop-Worker," and the "Sob of the Collar-Stitcher." Forty years have passed since Thomas Hood wrote the nobly indignant poem, the title of which is inscribed, as his most fitting epitaph, on his tomb. All England was roused, as by the sound of a trumpet, by the "Song of the Shirt"; but I fail to see that, in this present year, 1883, the condition of the London Slop-Worker has materially improved. The introduction of the sewing-machine may, to a certain extent, lighten the burden of her physical toil; but I doubt whether her wages are proportionately higher, looking at the general increase in the cost of all provisions, save bread and grocery, than they were two score years since.

Speaking of "the roughs," the "residuum," the "dregs of population," the "outcast," the "rookery and "slum" population," "S. G. O." remarks that "a correct statistical return of the number of these miserable beings, their exact situation, by what means they sustain life, how they earn those means, and in what kind of food and clothing they expend those means, has not yet been given us." In this observation there is, to my mind, presented a plainly practical suggestion. Such a correct statistical return, such a detailed account of the number, localisation, food, and raiment of the

"miserables" of London was attempted more than thirty years ago by Henry Mayhew in his "London Labour and the London Poor." But what he did—and did with remarkable success—was accomplished without any aid or encouragement from the State. If anything practical is to be effected in the matter of improving the condition of the poor of London, and if the agitation at present existing is not to subside and fade away in mere windbag cackle and Dodonian branglings of oratorical kettles, we should begin by the compilation of a complete and exhaustive Bluebook of Poverty, Misery, and Vice—not mere dry-as-dust tables of statistics, but earnest and elaborate reports, drawn up by competent writers selected by the Government and responsible to it for the accuracy of their statements. Let the metropolis be mapped out in districts, and a competent staff of reporters engaged, and such a Bluebook might be ready in three months. There are plenty of able young journalists in London and the provinces whom the Home Secretary or the President of the Local Government Board would find ready to his hand for the performance of such a task without the slightest danger of the scribes drifting into what is idiotically called "Sensationalism." Sensationalism—*Sac à papier!* But for Mr. Sims and Mr. Greenwood, and the rest of the "Sensational" writers, would my Lord Salisbury ever have written his article in the *National Review?* December.

I am really delighted to find that the proposal that people should drink hot water at dinner is exciting so much attention in England (is there a crazier people in the world than we are?) that a great daily paper has devoted a leading article to the subject. I say that I am delighted, because, if hot water at dinner comes into general use, the memory of the hero of one of the noblest of Shakspeare's plays will be cleared from an imputation of inhospitable discourtesy which has lain on it for more than two hundred and fifty years. "Uncover, dogs, and lap!" cried Timon of Athens to the

December. parasites, his guests, who for the last time he entertained at a select banquet. The dishes, being uncovered, were found to contain nothing but hot water. But, reading between the lines, it is easy to discern that Timon was only an Amphitryon in advance of his age. What he really meant was, "Gentlemen, you will find hot water the very best thing you can possibly partake of." A friend here says that hot water taken internally should be "so healthily cleansing." Yes, ma'am; but at the same time you should swallow some soap ('tis not so repulsive when you get used to it) and a scrubbing-brush. It is a mad world, my masters; and I do not despair of seeing the day come when, like Mithridates of old, we shall all feed on poisons.

"A German Smoker" sends me a letter written half in English and half in the Teutonic tongue—a letter intended to be facetious, and in which he tells me that the "Cigarrenabschnittseveralothersyllables Society," to whose benevolent action I have already alluded, is not one whose object is only the picking up of cigar-ends thrown away in the street, but the gathering and preservation for subsequent sale as pure tobacco of the tips of cigars as they are cut off by the smoker before he begins his deleterious pastime. There would appear to be a similar society at Stockholm, for a correspondent has politely sent me by post from the Swedish capital a delicate little apparatus which can be easily carried in the waistcoat pocket, by means of which the collection of cigar-tips can as easily be practised. It is a little metal box or *étui*, somewhat resembling a small portable inkstand, but flatter, the sides covered with Russia leather. One end of the box is perforated with a circular aperture, which can be opened or closed at will by means of a slide running in grooves beneath. You just draw back the slide, place the tip of your cigar in the aperture, and then push the slide smartly back again, neatly decapitating your "weed." So much tobacco as has been attained by means of this portable

guillotine falls into the reservoir beneath, and when the machine is full it can be emptied by opening the metal flap at the other end. Obviously, all you have to do is to keep on filling and refilling the reservoir, carefully storing the accumulated tips and forwarding them periodically to the society to sell and buy clothes and shoes for the poor withal. The tiny apparatus sent me from Stockholm bears the inscription, in Swedish, "För fattigabarn"—for poor children—but the courteous sender tells me that the machine is of foreign manufacture. December.

It may be that, in describing this small engine, I am only carrying coals to Newcastle, and crying *midi à quatorze heures*. It is not at all unlikely that the machine has been patented and registered in England or the United States, or that it is on sale in one of the wonderful emporia of "fancy" articles in Bond Street or Piccadilly. But if the thing is *not* known at home, I say that it would be a good and righteous enterprise to found a "Cigar-tip Saving Society." A dozen noblemen and gentlemen well known in the world of the clubs could launch the scheme in a fortnight. My miniature guillotine is at work, and I have begun to hoard my cigar-tips already.

The gravest count in the indictment against us who smoke is that we are brutally and meanly selfish. In sheer self-indulgence we puff away in a few minutes sixpenny worth or a shilling's worth of tobacco. To be sure, we are contributing to the Imperial Revenue by so doings, but our act is not the less selfish and wasteful. The habitual smoker might lay some modicum of unction to his conscience could he have the knowledge that the morsels of choice Havana tobacco which he had stored up could be sold at the end of the year to buy raiment for poor children. If an English society already exists for the purpose which I have named, I shall be very glad to be told that I am an ignoramus. If such a society does not exist, it should be called into existence forthwith. The poor are *too* poor. It is the business of those

December. who enjoy plenty of the good things of this life to be continually studying how the poor can be made *less* poor in the way of the material comforts of life; and anybody is at liberty to call me a bore, and a "sentimentalist," and a "gusher," and all the rest of it, when I insist that the organised hoarding of cigar-tips would result in a magnificent charitable outcome. Let it not be forgotten that, next to the Californians and the New Yorkers, we smoke the very finest cigars that Cuba (I wish that her first-rate crops were more frequent) can send us.

A Correspondent helps me to understand why St. Barbara, the patroness of artillerymen and the guardian of places where gunpowder is stored (is not the powder magazine on board a French man-of-war always called "La Sainte Barbe"?) should also be invoked by miners, and by foreign "navvies" who excavate railway tunnels. "St. Barbara," my correspondent observes, was "immured in a fortified tower." Possibly the tower was a circular one. "She is the patron saint of fortifications and of fire-arms, and is invoked against all accidents arising from explosions of gunpowder." My correspondent also refers me to Mrs. Jameson's "Sacred and Legendary Art," Vol. II., pp. 499-500, for a notice of a suit of armour presented to our Henry VIII., and now in the Tower of London, on the plates of which harness is engraved the entire Legend of St. Barbara. I wonder whether she was invoked by Guy Fawkes and the Gunpowder Plot Conspirators while engaged in their remarkable labours underneath the Houses of Parliament?

I may be permitted to ask the Right Honourable Gentleman the Postmaster-General a humbly deferential question. On the day, in the middle of last November, when I left London for the Continent, I went into the Post-office at

Charing Cross to buy some stamps; and I read, conspicuously placarded, as follows:—"Letter writing strictly forbidden. By order." The next day I was in Brussels, and I went to the Grande Poste to buy some stamps. The Brussels Post-office has its *habitat* in a disestablished church. In the centre of what was once the nave of the erst sacred edifice, I found a long table with a row of chairs at either side, giving accommodation to some eighteen persons of both sexes, belonging chiefly to the working classes, who were all busily employed in writing letters. They were the Public; and for their convenience the State gave them the means of carrying on their private correspondence, providing them gratuitously with blotting pads, pens, and ink. *At the head of the table sate an official acting as an Interpreter and a giver of general information.* These arrangements struck me as being in a very high degree sensible and considerate. On the other hand, the London "Letter writing strictly forbidden. By order" struck me as a simply imbecile ukase; its stupidity being enhanced by the circumstance that in the area of the Charing Cross Post-office I saw a vacant space which might well have accommodated, say, eight letter writers. What is the poor man to do when he has to write and post a letter in a hurry? Is he to seek for a desk at the bar of the nearest gin-shop? December.

GASTRONOMICAL ECHOES.

Breakfast and Luncheon in New York—Military Luncheons —National Training School of Cookery—Lady Lindsay's New Choice Recipes—Dr. Wm. Kitchiner—On Cooking Hares—American Dishes and How to Cook Them — Strawberries and Cream — Irish Eels for London—"Menus and Recipes of Baron Birse"— "Gunter's Confectioner's Oracle" — "The Experienced Butcher" — Salmon's "Family Dictionary"—Lamb, Mutton, and Goat—Turtle Soup and Conger Eels —Value of Conger — Turkish Cookery — "Clams, Soft Shell-Crabs, and Terrapin — La Singolare Dottrina—The "Sausage" Prater at Vienna—Bouillabaisse—Conger Eel Soup—Curry Powder and Hot Water—Bath Olivers—Anecdote of Jenner.

With sympathy mingled with alarm I read in the *New York Herald* that there is something amiss with the Transatlantic "Department of the Interior." (Do you remember that amusing booklet, the "Memoirs of a Stomach?") The business men of the Empire City are, it would seem, in a bad way, gastronomically, especially as regards "their breakfasts and their luncheons." They breakfast, hurriedly, on a cup of coffee and a roll, and lunch, more hurriedly, on "a sandwich or a piece of pie." The consequence is the impoverishment of "the tissues," for the factitious restoration of which furtive visits are paid during the afternoon to the bar-room, and deletrious cocktails imbibed. January.

To counteract this baleful state of things, there has been started, according to the *Herald*, a "Mid-day Club," the members of which are pledged to devote a full hour to a sub-

January. stantial mid-day meal; and, adds my esteemed contemporary, "a hearty meal in the middle of the day, if business men can safely spare the time, not only repairs the physical waste of the morning, but compels a little physical and mental rest."

But what should be considered a "hearty mid-day meal?" Mr. John Ashton, in that pleasant book, "Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne," tells us, quoting the French tourist Misson, what an English noontide dinner was like in the golden era of Great Anna:—

Among the middling Sort of People they have two or three Sorts of common Meats, which infallibly take their turns at their Tables, and two Dishes are their Dinners; a Pudding, for instance, and a piece of Roast Beef; another time they will have a piece of Boiled Beef, and then they salt it some Days beforehand, and Besiege it with five or six Heaps of Cabbage, Carrots, Turnips, or some other Herbs or Roots, well peppered and salted, and swimming in Butter: a Leg of Roast or Boiled Mutton, dished up with the same Dainties, Fowls, Pigs, Ox Tripes, and Tongues, Rabbits, Pidgeons, all well moistened with Butter, without larding: Two of these Dishes, always served up one after the other, make the usual Dinner of a Substantial Gentleman, or Wealthy Citizen.

I remember, many years ago, going to the Horse Guards on some business connected with a picture of the Duke of Wellington's funeral. It was luncheon time; and while I was waiting to see Sir Richard Airey, I watched the messengers taking in the luncheons to the heads of the military hierarchy. A boiled egg, some bread and butter, and a little brown Wedgwood pot of tea for Lord Hardinge; half a dozen oysters and some bread and butter for Lord Fitzroy Somerset (Lord Raglan). After all, I thought that is the kind of fare to work upon, when it is with your brains that the work has to be done.

Still am I puzzled by those business men in New York who breakfast on a cup of coffee and a roll, and lunch, in two or three minutes, on "a sandwich or a piece of pie."

At least out of Gotham, our kinsmen are accustomed to consume a more substantial mid-day meal. Here is a description of an hotel dinner, as ordered from a negro waiter by a "Dry Goods Drummer," or commercial traveller, in the States :— January.

Consommè of macaroni; baked red snapper with brown sauce; sugar-cured tongue; green goose, with apple sauce (and don't forget the apple sauce, you son of a gun); roast beef (an outside piece, cut thin); fricassee rabbit, farmer's style; baked macaroni *au parmesan;* braised pigeon, *a la jardinière* (just a very small piece of the pigeon, but bring "dead oodles" of the *jardinière*); tripe fried in batter, with tomato sauce; onions; Lima beans; mashed potatoes; squash; and chow-chow.

I do not know what is meant by the expression "dead oodles." The above passage is quoted from a little volume called "Sketches from Texas Siftings," by Sweet and Knox, just sent me from New York. The preface winds up in an amusingly unaffected manner. "These sketches are put in the form of a book, not so much to enlighten, educate, and ennoble the human race as to put money in the pockets of Alex. E. Sweet and J. Knox." Whether these names are pseudonyms or veritable names I am not aware: I only know that "Texas Siftings" is one of the drollest little tomes that I have lately met with. It is full of dry and not too grimly cynical humour, and some of the "Sketches of Natural History" are as good as anything in Josh Billings or Dod Gryle. The description of the Horned Frog (defined as being not really a frog at all, but a lizard travelling incognito, inhabiting the sandy soil of the prairies and the pockets of the small boy) is extremely laughable :—

Although the horned frog does not live in a restaurant, he eats about as many flies as if he did; in fact, he lives on flies—that is his principal pursuit. When he eats a fly he knows what he is doing; and that is where he has a great advantage over the regular restaurant boarder. We have seen horned frogs work as fly traps in grocers' windows. The fly that succeeds in attracting the attention of a horned frog can never be used afterwards. He is a dry, cleanly little reptile, and seems to have no vices. As he never gets drunk, nor eats hot biscuits, nor runs a newspaper, he is hard to kill.

April. With delight mingled with amazement have I read an account of the examination at the National Training School of Cookery at South Kensington of twelve young girls selected from the parochial schools of the Ward of Farringdon, who, having gone through a course of *sixteen lessons* (the italics are mine) at the National Training School, at the expense of the Worshipful Company of Cooks, were called upon to give a practical demonstration of the amount of culinary knowledge which they had acquired during there certainly not very prolonged curriculum of study. I read:—

> The girls—twelve in number—acquitted themselves very creditably in cooking the following dishes, which were submitted to the judgment of the visitors:—Fried sole, liver and bacon, veal cutlets, grilled steak and fried potatoes, beef olives, fish cakes, milk soup, pea soup, pancakes, rock cakes, baked plum pudding, and apple tart.

But, surely, there must be some slight clerical error in the statement that these interesting little charity girls were capable of cooking the dishes above-mentioned after a course of only sixteen lessons. "Sixteen" must be a misprint for "sixty" or "six hundred." I appeal to all persons possessing any practical knowledge of cookery to say whether they agree with me that the girl able to cook the *plats* which I have cited would not be at once qualified to go into service as a "good plain cook, in a small private family," at wages certainly not less than twenty pounds a year. But, if there be no misprint in the matter, all I can say is that the National Training School of Cookery is the most wonderful efficient educational institution in Europe, and that all parents, gentle and simple, should send there little (and big) girls to South Kensington for a sixteen-lessons course of cookery, without delay.

Lady Sarah Lindsay has conferred a real boon on the cause of good cookery in "A few Choice Recipes," just published by Mr. Bentley. The plan adopted by her Ladyship in collecting her culinary prescriptions takes us back to the time

when every *grande dame de par le monde* kept a receipt-book, from the contents of which she was able to direct the cook, the housekeeper, and the butler, physic her family and the neighbouring poor, and even assist the huntsman and the stud groom with hints for the treatment of the horses and dogs. Lady Sarah has diligently culled culinary formulas from the manuscript books of her family and friends, and has added one or two from "Queen Anne's Royal Cookery Book," and a few from Mrs. Sarah J. Hale's "New Cook Book," published at Philadelphia. March.

In many old French cookery books you find appended to a recipe the notice, "Mode de la Reine Anne." Most culinary students are aware of the tradition that the Good Queen Anne did draw up, with her own Royal hands, a collection of recipes which, long years afterwards, found their way into the possession of Mrs. Hannah Glasse, "Habit-Maker to the Royal Princesses," and served as a basis for the far-famed "The Art of Cookery Made Plain and Easy: by a Lady."

Among the recipes collected by Lady Sarah I may specially recommend that for "Petits Soufflés à la Française" (contributed by the late Lord Montagu, Douglas Castle); "The Louisa Pudding" (given by the late Sir George Warrander to Louisa, Marchioness of Waterford); and "Roman Pie" (the Hon. Miss Jervis, Bath.) Lord Marcus Hill's "Tartar Sauce" (Lord Marcus was a grand epicure, and was a whole Committee of Taste in himself in the days when Alexis Soyer ruled the subterranean roast at the Reform Club) is also very good.

Some of the recipes are not exceptionally choice; and one, that for "Risotto à la Milanese" (Lady Arthur Hill), is altogether wrong. Here it is:—

Fry in a saucepan with butter an onion finely minced, and, when it is of a golden colour, put in sufficient rice; keep adding stock or broth as fast as the grain absorbs it. When the grain begins to burst remove it from the fire; add plenty of Parmesan cheese, a little salt, pepper, and butter.

April. Now, it happens that I was "raised" upon Italian cookery, and have witnessed, as a child, the prowess of Tamburini and Lablache (Michael William Balfe made a splendid third) at a macaroni fight. I felt, almost instinctively, that a "risotto à la Milanese" must be "accommodated" with saffron, and that the admixture of Parmesan cheese should be sparing and not plentiful. To make sure, I went to the Italian Cyclopædia of Cookery "Il Re dei Cuochi" (Milan, 1880), and translate (p. 105) as follows:—

> Fry an onion to a light colour, with a little butter and beef marrow; dilute it with a little broth, and pass it through a sieve, and put it in a stewpan with a quart of rice and a little saffron. Let it cook in good stock, and when it is half done add half a "cervellata"; when nearly done add a little grated Parmesan cheese. Some add half a glass of white wine, or a bit of fresh butter, just before serving.

The "cervellata" is a sausage, made almost exclusively in Lombardy, and composed of lard, beef kidney fat, spices, and cheese made at Lodi, inclosed in bladders tinged with saffron. It is obvious that too much parmesan in the "risotto" would kill the flavour of the "cervellata" so dearly beloved by the Milanese. "Riso all' Italiana" is dressed without saffron, but with tomatoes instead; and to "Risotto ai tartufi" white truffles are added.

As an instance of the interest felt in culinary questions, I may mention that there comes to me all the way from Teheran, Persia, a communication in which the writer tells me that I am mistaken in calling Dr. William Kitchiner a physician. My correspondent states that Dr. Kitchiner was "not a doctor of medicine; but, curiously enough, a doctor of music;" and he adds that an ancestor of his ("F. D. N.") was intimately acquainted with the genial author of "The Cook's Oracle," and was accustomed to say that the Doctor's degree was a musical and not a medical one.

All that I can say in reply to my Persian correspondent is that, apart from the internal evidence of scraps of medical lore and counsel being scattered through the diverting work in question, I have before me a copy of "The Cook's Oracle," of the edition of 1827, and that on the title page, is inscribed the name of William Kitchiner, *M.D.*—and not Mus. Doc.—author of "The Art of Invigorating Life by Food," "The Economy of the Eyes," &c., &c. Moveover, the Doctor must have been fully cognisant of the "M.D." appended to his name on the title page, since he adds a preface beginning: "The whole of this work, has for a seventh time, been carefully revised—but this last time I have found little to add and little to alter." April.

Clever and beneficent Dr. Kitchiner was a man of leisure. His father, a wealthy coal merchant, left him a large fortune, and in doing good with it he spent his useful and too brief life. It is possible that he took his degree of Doctor of Medicine, but seldom or never practised. He was also a distinguished musical amateur, and edited a collection of the "National and Sea Songs of England," which he dedicated to George IV. May he not have been a "Mus. Doc.," as well as an "M.D."?

The gentlemen in the metropolis of Persia, will learn, on the authority of the "Annual Register" (the volume for 1827), that Dr. William Kitchiner took the degree of Doctor of Medicine at Glasgow; but, having inherited a good fortune from his father, he was not obliged to practice. *I* am obliged to the correspondent "N. A.," who has given me this information. May.

I read in the *Times*, in a leading article on the familiar (and important) subject of beef and mutton, as follows:—

The well-known exordium of Mrs. Glasse's treatise upon the proper rendering a hare shows what the actual and undisputed possession of the prize was thought of in those days.

May. I will say nothing of the ungrammatical and inelegant "proper rendering a hare," for the simple reason that I often write very ungrammatically and very inelegantly myself. It is with a plain matter of fact that I have to deal. It is easy, even from the circumlocutory phraseology in which the paragraph which I have quoted is framed, to draw the inference that the writer thinks that Mrs. Glasse had spoken of "the actual and undisputed possession of a hare" as a thing to be prized. Practically, the writer in the *Times* has once more given currency to the old apocryphal and long-since-exploded "First Catch your Hare" story.

There is no "exordium" whatever to Mrs. Glasse's directions for roasting a hare. In the interests of plain cooking I may as well give the receipe from "The Art of Cookery made Plain and Easy; which far Exceeds any Thing of the Kind yet published. By a Lady. London: Printed for the Author and Sold by Mrs. Ashburn; a China Shop Woman, Corner of Fleet Ditch, MDCCXLVII.":—

Take your Hare when it is cas'd, and make a Pudding. Take a Quarter of a Pound of Sewet, as much Crumb of Bread, a little Parslay shred fine, and about as much Thyme as will lie on a Sixpence; when shred an Anchovy shred small; a very little Pepper and Salt, some Nutmeg, two Eggs and a little Lemon Peel. Mix all this together and put it into the Hare. Sew up the Belly, spit it, and put it to the Fire, which must be a very good one. Your Dripping-pan must be very clean and nice. Put Two Quarts of Milk and half a Pound of Butter into the Pan; keep basting all the while it is roasting with the Butter and Milk till the Whole is used, and your Hare will be enough. You may mix the Liver with the Pudding if you like it. You must first parboil it, and then chop it fine.

There is nothing whatever about "first catching your hare" here. To "case" a hare means the flaying and disembowelling of the carcase (see "Bailey's Dictionary"). "We'll make you some sport with the foe ere we case him." —"All's Well that end's Well," III. 6. I have seen it stated that in some modern editions of Mrs. Glasse, "catched" appears as a misprint for "cas'd," but my recipe is quoted

from the First Edition, printed and published under the immediate supervision of the excellent Hannah. May.

Among the books which I find on my table on returning from a recent expedition into a Savage country I find a smart little tome of nearly two hundred pages, entitled "American Dishes, and How to Cook Them. From the recipes of an American lady." Fisheries and fish being at present in the ascendant, I should recommend all culinary students to turn to the section of the lady's book (pp. 16-36) devoted to fish recipes and general instructions how to choose and prepare the denizens of the deep for the table. The recipe for cold boiled fish *à la vinaigrette* is very good. In frying, the lady allows half a pound of salt pork cut in thin slices for every four pounds of fish. She is great also in fish balls. June.

> Who would fish balls with "fixings" eat,
> Must get some friend to stand him treat;
> Who would have bread with one fish ball,
> Must get it first or not at all.

That, you will remember, was the stern monition of the haughty waiter to the impecunious customer at the cheap New York restaurant, where a single fish ball could be obtained for twelve and a-half cents. The indigent guest was rash enough to murmur, "a piece of bread, sir, if you please;" but

> The waiter roared it through the hall
> *We don't give bread with one fish ball.*

Salt fish in potato *purée;* salt fish *soufflé;* roasted oysters on toast; "little pigs in blankets" (large oysters wrapped up in slices of fat English bacon fastened with little wooden skewers—"toothpicks are best," says the lady—and fried); lobster broiled in the shell :—on all these does the lady, with taste and acumen, discourse. Consult her pages, likewise, for baked beans (pork and beans are the palladium of New England), hominy, potato puffs, rye meal, squash

June. biscuits, and minced cabbage. In soups she is strong on a pottage of black beans (was this the Spartan's broth?), Okra or Gumbo and Prairie-hen soup. And she tells us that okra and green corn cut from the cob, preserved and of excellent quality, can be purchased in London.

Burton, in the "Anatomy of Melancholy," in his enumeration of meats which should or should not be eaten, says nothing (unless I misread my commonplace book) about either lamb or mutton. Yet, while condemning goat's flesh, he allows kid, if it be young and tender. Hare he utterly scouts as "a black meat, melancholy, and hard of digestion: it breedeth *incubus*, often eaten, and causeth fearful dreams." But the excellent Burton (who appears to have borrowed most of his dietetic lore from the mediæval physicians rather than from the cooks of his time) was probably unaware that hare may be made quite tender, juicy, jocund, and digestible, by being first embalmed with good veal stuffing, then covered all over with blankets of fat bacon, and carefully basted "all the time," while roasting, with good butter. Some baste with cream; but that, I am inclined to think, has a tendency to harden the meat.

At a garden-party lately, it is said, "a distinguished foreigner," on being presented with a plateful of strawberries and cream, asked the question, "Pourquoi faire?" apparently in doubt as to whether such a "mess" could have been intended for the food of man.

Who could the distinguished foreigner have been? Cetewayo? He may have found some solace in his captivity in a slight course of Ollendorff. As a matter of fact, strawberries are sometimes, but not often, eaten with cream on the Continent. I read in "Le Cuisinier Européen," by Jules Breteuil, art. "fraises," "On les accommode au vin et au

sucre, *et plus rarement à la crème.*" To this M. Breteuil adds a curious item of information to the effect that it is *d' étiquette* to serve a dish of strawberries every day throughout the year at the table of the Sovereigns of England, and at that of the King of the Belgians. June.

"Bavarois aux fraises," and "Moscovite de fraises," cited by Jules Gouffé, are forms of strawberries and cream; but the strawberries are completely crushed, and passed through a "tammy," before they are mingled with the cream. "Mess for mess," I prefer strawberries and cream in the simple English fashion to such a "mess," of which the recipe is given by Urbain Dubois in his "Cosmopolitan Cookery" (art. 1116) as a strawberry "Flan," or flawn with cream:— July.

Spread a flawn circle with tartlet paste, which mask at the bottom and all round with buttered paper, and thus bake it in a slack oven. The crust being taken out of the oven, remove the paper, and mask the paste with a thin layer of apricot marmalade. The paste having cooled, fill the hollow of the crust with choice wood strawberries, which range in close layers; pour over a little very thick syrup; mask them with well sugared and perfumed whipped cream, kept very firm. Smooth the cream well with the blade of a knife, raising it like a dome.

I would rather not.

Albeit anger is to be deprecated, one may be allowed to be horror-stricken even at this choleric season of the year. Appalled, I read in the report of a debate in the Peers' on Irish Fisheries, the speech of a noble Lord, in which he stated that in the course of a conversation with a fisherman on the Irish coast who had caught a large quantity of conger eels and was packing them in perforated boxes, he was told that "the eels were all going to London to be made into turtle soup." At this their Lordships laughed loudly; but lovers of turtle will, I should say, be inclined rather to shudder than to laugh at the idea of "turtle" soup being made from conger.

July. It is quite true that, in addition to the ordinary and confessedly "mock" turtle (which can be made quite as well from pig's head as from calf's head), there is a recipe for a soup called "fish turtle," concocted from ling, haddock, and codling, and in which the green fat is imitated by cod sounds stewed in spinach juice till coloured green, and then cut into neat squares. Likewise, in Cassell's "Dictionary of Cookery" I find a formula for conger-eel soup, in which the price of the conger is set down at from threepence to sixpence a pound. But that conger should be one of the ingredients in professed turtle-soup borders on the incredible. The Irish fisherman must have made a mistake; or, perhaps, he he was hoaxing his Lordship.

At the Hotel de Flandre, Brussels, where there is an excellent table d'hôte, I found in September, 1881, that conger eel, dressed in various fashions, frequently made its appearance at dinner. The guests (principally English) did not shudder or turn pale when the conger was handed round. Indeed, the majority seemed to enjoy their conger heartily. Why is there a prejudice against it at "genteel" tables at home?

August. When I fled from Nineveh, that great city, to abide chiefly in a Cave, which, from a certain mansion on the West Cliff, Brighton, passes under the King's Road, and discloses its arched entrance just above the beach with the bathing-machines and the capstans, and that famous holiday sailing barque, the Skylark, right ahead, I brought with me a few books; and among them I find the "366 Menus and 1200 Recipes of the Baron Brisse, translated by Mrs. Matthew Clark," of which a second edition has recently been published. It is not this clever lady's fault if the Baron, in his "Order in which to serve dinner," lays down a rule which is calculated to excite a feeling little short of distraction and desperation in the minds of young English housekeepers who wish to give

their guests a scientifically ordered banquet. Here are the Baron's laws: — August.

Soups.
Small side dishes—viz., Sardines, Radishes, &c.
Melon.
Small hot side dishes—viz., stuffed olives, marrow-bones, &c.
Fish.
Joint.
Entrées of Meat, Fowl, and Game.
Cold Entrées.
Punch Ice.
Roast Chickens and Game.
Salad.
Dressed Vegetables.
Sweets.

With respect to the cold *hors d'œuvres*, they are usually served at English tables according to the fashion of the Russian *zakuska*—that is before and not after the soup. A Frenchman likes his *hors d'œuvres* after his soup, for the reason that the cold side-dishes often comprise thin bread and butter; and the lively Gaul will not touch a morsel of bread before he has concluded his *potage*. Melon, English people imagine to belong more to the dessert, than to the beginning of the repast; and they are reluctant to season their melon with plenty of pepper, without which condiment the fruit may be very unwholesome. And they would stare with astonishment were marrow-bones to make their appearance at the earlier stages of a feast.

But the joint immediately following the fish! I am fully aware that the Baron Brisse has all the culinary *gros bonnets* of the past in his favour in decreeing that the *grosses pièces* should be served between the fish and the *entrées*; but I unhesitatingly declare the practice to be wholly at variance with English custom; and a hostess who gave her guests roast saddle of mutton, or any other joint, before the hot *entrées*, would be looked upon as either crassly ignorant or parcel-mad.

September. During five week's stay in Brighton, I made thirty-seven additions—some of them very rare and curious ones—to my culinary library. "Gunter's Confectioner's Oracle" a droll little book, full of quotations from the classics and from the Italian poets, and in which William Gunter (his portrait and autograph form the frontispiece) tells us that Goldoni and Boccaccio (*sic*) yield us "a delightful meed of information" with respect to maraschino ice cream and apricot marmalade, and that it was a Count Alberfage Caramel, of Nismes, who discovered precisely the seventh stage of boiling sugar, termed, after him, a "caramel?"

Another "curio" is a little book, bound appropriately in blue, published anonymously in 1816, and called "The Experienced Butcher, showing the Respectability and Usefulness of the Calling and the Religious Considerations arising from it." The book begins with a dissertation on the lawfulness of eating animal food, and ends with "An Epitaph on a Butcher whose name was Lamb."

> Beneath this stone lies Lamb asleep,
> Who died a Lamb and lived a Sheep,
> Many a Lamb and Sheep he slaughter'd,
> But Butcher Death the case has altered.

"The Experienced Butcher" is really delightful reading. The author, to show the antiquity and respectability of the butcher's vocation, quotes Miss Starke's "Letters from Italy," in which she observes, "I have frequently seen the Tuscan cattle, when destined for slaughter, adorned with chaplets of flowers, precisely as the ancients used to adorn their victims for sacrifice. The Roman butchers still wear the dress, and use the knife of heathen-sacrificing priests." When did Miss Starke flourish; and have the picturesque usages which she cites quite died out in modern Italy?

But the oddest of my recent *trouvailles* is a thick octavo of nearly 600 pages "The Family Dictionary; or, Household Companion," of William Salmon, M.D., a work published in the reign of Queen Anne, and dealing, not only with cookery,

but also with "chocolet," "pouders," pomanders, beautifying washes, preparations, "galenic and chemick," tinctures, elixirs, electuaries, pills, cerecloths, and "emplasters." This must be the same William Salmon, M.D., who, in the reign of Charles the Second, published an empirical dictionary of processes connected with the fine arts, entitled "Polygraphicé." September.

Salmon on cookery is very good; but it is disheartening to read his recipes, inasmuch as they show how few and faint are the advances in the Culinary Art which we have made since the days of Queen Anne. Take the article oysters, for example. Cooking oysters "in every style" is supposed to be an American specialty; but Salmon gives us a whole budget for roasting, broiling, stewing, frying, and pickling "oisters," for grilling them in the Dutch Way, for "oister chewits," for making "oister gelly," "oister pye," and "oister scollop."

The precious jewel in Salmon's "Family Dictionary" is the following Advertisement, appended to the preface:—

I request all those gentlemen and others who send Letters to me about their own Concerns to be so Civil as to pay Postage for them; or else they may expect to go without an Answer. It is not reasonable that I should be at Charge for Persons that I have no acquaintance withal, and the Business their own. I should not say this was it but now and then a Letter. But to receivè about Two Thousand Letters a Year upon other People's Affairs, or some Trifling Matter, and to pay Postage for them, makes a considerable Sum. *And besides it is as Burdensome and Troublesome to Answer them as it is Chargeable to Receive them.*

From the bottom of my heart, even at the distance of a hundred and eighty years, do I sympathise with Salmon.

Behold a gentleman who very solemnly takes me to task about conger eel and turtle soup—

A short time ago a statement appeared that the conger eel was used for the stock of turtle soup. I much doubted the above state-

September. ment at the time, and expected it would be contradicted. Not trusting to my own knowledge in the matter, I have made inquiries elsewhere; and in no single instance is the conger eel used in making turtle soup. I could mention the ingredients used; *but do not feel disposed to see such a valuable compound so cheap.*

The words which I have italicised are almost as delicious as real turtle itself. What! does my correspondent decline to become a public benefactor by revealing the secret of how to make "a valuable compound" cheap? For the rest, the statement that the stock of so called turtle soup is made from conger did not originate with me. It rests on the distinguished authority of Sir Henry Thompson.

Now that Boards of Guardians have taken to providing the paupers in the workhouse with a fish dinner once a week they might try the poor folk with conger *en tortue*, and see how they liked it. Conger is very cheap, and decidedly nourishing. It is, however, extremely difficult, even among people who are not paupers, to cultivate a taste for unaccustomed fish, or for unfamiliar modes of fish cookery. Sir Henry Thompson, alluding to the fish restaurant which has been such a highly successful feature of the Fisheries Exhibition, mentions that he was informed by the lady superintendent (Miss Edith Clarke) of the National Training School for Cookery that, notwithstanding her efforts to introduce to the public new modes of cooking fish in curries, stews, &c., these had been entirely neglected, and among the thousand and more daily visitors three-fourths demanded fried fish, and the other fourth took it boiled, or rather steamed.

October. Looking at the (to me, melancholy) fact that when, the other day, his Highness Burghash-ben-Said, Sultan of Zanzibar, gave a state dinner to Sir John Kirk, Admiral Hewett, and a large number of British naval officers, in honour of his, the Sultan's, investment with the Grand Cross of the

Order of St. Michael and St. George, the banquet was altogether in accordance with the canons of *la haute cuisine Française*—there were *bombes glacées* and *entremets*, "à la Victoria," "à la Prince de Galles," and "à la Gladstone"—it is much to be feared that the lady guests of the Padishah of Roum were regaled with Parisian and not with Turkish cookery. October.

Now the purely Ottoman cuisine is—or rather was—as good as the Greek one is bad. Lady Mary Wortley-Montagu, it is true, did not wholly approve of a Turkish dinner, because the soup came last; still this objection might be met by pointing out that Turkish sauces are so thin that you have a running accompaniment, so to speak, of *potages* and *purées* of various kinds throughout your repast. The liquidity of the Moslem sauces was, in the opinion of Alexis Soyer, one reason why knives and forks could be conveniently dispensed with at a Moslem dinner-table; "for," remarked Soyer, writing from Constantinople to the *Times* in September, 1856, "their sauces, being of a thinnish nature, require to be absorbed with a piece of bread in order to partake of them; which could not be performed equally well with a knife or a fork." Soyer was of opinion that the "Dîner à la Russe," the serving of only one hot dish at a time, which in 1856 was becoming general at high-class English dinner tables, was borrowed by the Russians from the Turks.

The genial *chef* of whom I have been speaking wrote in terms of rapturous eulogy concerning Turkish cookery. In his "Culinary Campaign" he enumerates among Ottoman delicacies "aromatised Bahamia soup with cream," kid roasted whole, "kebabs," "doulmas," "haharam bouton," "pilaf with quails," "sakath kabath bastici," "loukounds," "moukahalibi," "Baclava gyneristi," "ekmekataine," &c. Most of these dishes are mysteries to me; but I know that, at Constantinople, utterly wearied and nauseated with the wretched Greek cookery at the Pera tables d'hôte, I have

October. often fled across the Bridge of Boats to Stamboul, and dined excellently well and for a few pence at some cook-shop near the Bezesteen on roasted "kebabs" of mutton, or kid, a pilaf of fowl and rice anointed with "ghee," and some fried leeks. To be sure, you had to take your skewer of "kebabs" in your fingers and gnaw off the morsels of mutton. What of that? You eat artichokes without the aid of a knife and fork; the famous fried potatoes of Saratoga are most "fashionably" eaten with the fingers; and a fresh charm is added to the gracefulness of the American girl when she shows her dexterity in nibbling at a hot cob of green corn.

A writer in the *Morning Post*, who has recently returned from the United States, has been recounting his experience of American cookery. He discourses solemnly of clams, soft-shell crabs, and terrapin. The last, properly cooked, he pronounces to be "a toothsome dish"; but the clam, in its raw condition, he scouts as "detestable." He admits that the mollusc is better when cooked and eaten *al fresco* at a clam-bake; but adds that the true clambake is only to be found on the coast of New England, where the clams are cooked in seaweed in a stone oven. The raw clam the sage of the *Post* stigmatises as "an unworthy dish wherewith to neutralise an appetite; and the "soft-shell crab is equally unworthy, more especially, because it is uninteresting." These be hard words. But it is enough to break the tender top covering of a soft-shell crab to be told that he is "uninteresting." In the way of relevance, the rebuke reminds me of the climax of the famous American apostrophe (was it Josh Billings?) to the "skeeters" or mosquitoes. "Besides, *ye are not morial.*"

I have hinted above, when writing of Turkish cookery and Soyer's comments thereupon, that some of the viands enumerated by Alexis the Good-Hearted were mysteries to

me. Indeed, I was not at all certain that the names of many of the dishes did not in themselves constitute the richest of Turkish hashes. But I have made since then a rare *trouvaille* in the shape of an English translation of a Turkish Cookery Book, compiled from the best Turkish authorities, by Turabi Effendi, and dedicated to those Royal and distinguished personages, the guests of his Highness the late Viceroy of Egypt, on the occasion of the banquet given at Woolwich on board his Highness's yacht, the Faiz-Jehad, on the 16th July, 1862. October.

"Lumps of Delight," indeed, are the pages of this Ottoman cookery book. What do you think of Tripe soup with sauce; Beadle's Kebab, Roast Salmon, Priest's Stew, stewed sword-fish, fried mince-meat with eggs, Sheik's Roast, milk pie, Tartar pie, "Priest fainted," stuffed artificial fish, turnips dressed with curds, stuffed vine-leaves, "palas mond" (this seems to be a kind of dough-nut), "Judge-Strangler" ("Kadi-Boghan," a sweet dish), and Isaac's sweetmeat?

I am greedily reading the fish recipes in a little old Italian cookery book, which I have just procured from a worthy bibliopole at Exeter. "*La Singolare Dottrina di M. Domenico Romoli sopranominato Panunto, dell' ufficio dello Scalco dei condimenti di tutte le vivande. . . . Banchetti di ogni tempo a mangiare da apparecchiarsi di dì, in dì, per tutto l'anno a prencipi.*" The delicious little tome was printed at Venice, A.D. 1560. How devoutly do I trust that nobody else, in England, or, at least, out of the British Museum or the Bodleian Library, is possessed of a copy of "La Singolare Dottrina." It is, fortunately, the fate of cookery books to become rare, simply because ladies give them to their cooks, and then the books go into "the cook's drawer," which is the ante-chamber to annihilation. November.

November. When this book was published, early in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the Italian *cucina* was the finest in Europe. It was destined, soon afterwards, to succumb to the *haute cuisine Française* introduced by Gunther von Andernach, the German Protestant physician of Francis I. Pragmatical clerics who are disparaging the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther, please take note of the fact that the Reformation marched *pari passu* with improved cookery. But it must be owned that there was much good in the old Italian style. There are bills of fare in the "Singolare Dottrina" for Lenten and Friday fast-day dinners that are worthy of the attention of an alderman, and might put the thoughtful manager of the Ship and the Trafalgar at Greenwich on his mettle.

One fiery turtle-maker writes to the *Times* to say that "there is not a word of truth" in Sir Henry Thompson's assertion touching conger eel. This is very painful. Another declares that the stock as well as the garnish is made from pure turtle. This is rash; since I have at home at least twenty eighteenth and nineteenth century cookery-books of repute in which a stock of beef or of veal is prescribed for "real" turtle soup. On the other hand, I must frankly confess that I never heard of conger eel being boiled down to make stock for turtle soup until the publication of Sir Henry Thompson's paper.

The interest taken in this question seems to have travelled pretty far. "T. B.," writing from Bridgetown, Barbadoes, West Indies, states:—

I have a word to say about conger eels. About three months since I met at this place the master of an English schooner, who had come here for sugar; and in the course of conversation he told me that for many years he had been engaged in fishing round the English coasts, and that conger eels readily fetched a guinea and sometimes twenty-five shillings per cwt. in the market. I asked him if conger were good to eat. He replied that he supposed so; for, although he had never seen them cooked, he knew that large quantities were sent to London.

The sequel of the skipper's remarks is somewhat alarming. November.
He added that "wrecks were fine places to hook conger: they were enticed thither by the dead bodies, and then they thrive and breed among the old timbers." As regards the market price of conger eel in London, I note in the *Times* of a day or two since the quotation of conger at fourpence a pound. Who eats it?

"Austriacus" and another Viennese correspondent have laid me under a considerable obligation in telling me that I am in error in having spoken of the "sausage" Prater at Vienna. There is no such place in the Kaiserstadt. The so-called Wurstel Prater is derived from "Hans Wurst," not signifying a sausage, but a doll, a puppet, a marionette, a "Jean-potage," a Jack-potato ("jack-*pudding*" respected F. D.). When the Kaiser Joseph II., at the instigation of Joseph von Sonnenfeld, banished Hans Wurst from the playhouses of the city, this popular personage took up his abode in the Prater, which, at the same period, was opened to the public; and the "Wurstel Prater" has ever since been the chosen locality for puppet-shows.

The mistake into which (being totally ignorant of that lively lingo, the Viennese dialect) I inadvertently fell seems to be a pretty common one, "Austriacus" himself remarks that he has read in Italian newspapers of the "Prater Salsiccie;" and, although he doubts whether any considerable consumption of sausages habitually takes place in the popular resort in question, I can vouch, from ocular experience, for the eating of much sausage there on a certain beautiful night in June last, when I halted at Vienna during my "retreat from Moscow." Sausage, bread (the best in Europe), cheese, and beer, seemed to be the staple of the out-door fare so plentifully provided for the patrons of the Wurstel Prater.

December. I thought so! "The crises which were to have arriven have arrove." It is in vain to battle against the Inevitable. "There is no armour against Fate;" and as a matter of course, the turtle-soup and conger-eel controversy (which is becoming somewhat ridiculous) has brought to the fore in the columns of the *World*, the gentleman who thinks that he knows so much about the concoction of *bouillabaisse*. List to the Sage in "What the *World* says":—

> The discussion of the great turtle and conger question has at least disclosed the ignorance existing in this country concerning fish-cookery. In the midst of a learned and amusing article in the *Observer* I find the astounding statement that conger is "acknowledged to be the base of that *bouillabaisse* which was so unwarrantably praised by Thackeray." The great novelist certainly got as many culinary blunders as possible into his famous ballad, but he was right in praising the Provençal dish so generally misunderstood in England. But it has no "base," either of conger or anything else. It is not a soup made from fish stock, but a fish stew, requiring less than half an hour to prepare. Some eight months ago I gave a perfect recipe for making it, in which the various fishes were described. I may add that tomatoes are sometimes used, but not at Marseilles, and that saffron is rarely omitted.

These statements are absurdly erroneous. *Bouillabaisse is essentially a soup with a fish stock*, and with pieces of fish subsequently added; and when it is brought to table the soup is generally served in one tureen and the fish in another. There are three recognised kinds of *bouillabaisse*, the Parisian (which was that eaten by Mr. Thackeray at the restaurant in "the New Street of the Little Fields"), the Provençal, and the Russian.

To make *bouillabaisse à la Parisienne*, you cut up a whiting of two pounds weight and a half a small turbot. With the heads and some other small fish, and with vegetables, wine, and water, *you prepare about two quarts of broth*, without salt. Then drain it, strain off the fat, and let it settle. Afterwards minced leeks and a large white onion, with two gills of good oil and a clove of garlic, are put into a stewpan and fried a light brown. The pieces of fish are then added, and "moistened to their height," with the stock

or broth, and a little white wine. A small raw cut lobster, a bunch of parsley, a bay leaf, the pulp of a lemon, a pinch of salt, and a little saffron are then added. Then the stew-pan is put on a brisk fire, and kept briskly boiling until, as the old cookery books say, "it is enough." Then take out your parsley, and pour the soup over some broad slices of bread; *et servez, chaud;* the broth and bread in one dish, the slices of fish in another. December.

Bouillabaisse à la Provençale is also not a stew, but a soup. First, about three quarts of fish broth or stock are made with the head and inferior parts of a turbot, and some small bony fish, or *a piece of conger eel.* It is unnecessary to mention the names of the Mediterranean fish pieces of which are added to the soup, as, away from the coast of Provence, they would present little purport or significance to the culinary student. The broth must be reduced by boiling to a quarter of its previous volume. The remaining ingredients are oil, garlic, sweet herbs, white wine, pimento, saffron, and *two peeled tomatoes without the pips.* "Pour into the soup tureen; take out the pieces of fish and lobster with a skimmer; choose the best of them; divide them to remove their bones, and add them to the broth. Take out the sweet herbs and the slices of lemon, and send up separately a plate of thin slices of bread."

Bouillabaisse à la Russe is made with a fish stock or broth strengthened with white wine. To this are added slices of sterlet, crayfish, and "iershis." To the other ingredients (pretty nearly the same as in the two preceding recipes) are added two tablespoonsful of tomato *purée.* The fish and the broth (with bread) are dished up separately. *Viola!* But just as it was pointed out by a sage of antiquity (to whom the late James Hannay was so partial) that there is nothing so fabulous but that there may be a modicum of truth mingled with it, so may I hint that the original Marseillaise *Bouillabaisse*—such a mess as fishermen and smugglers would cook on a rock, over a fire of seaweed, was, in all probability, not a fish soup, but a fish stew.

December. Only two or three years ago, being on board a small and uncomfortable Franco-American steamer—say one of the Bilboquet-Velvetini and Co. line—in the Mediterranean, I saw a Provençal gentleman cook, with the utmost dispatch, a dish of *bouillabaisse*. The cook brought him from the galley an iron skillet full of boiled fish—a miscellaneous assortment, their names mainly ending in "asse" and in "ot" piping hot. Into this mess the Provençal gentleman "chucked" (if I may be allowed to use so inelegant an expression) a liberal quantity of garlic, some *gros poivre*, a little rock salt, at least half a pint of green oil, some saffron, two or three peeled tomatoes, and some ship's biscuit broken up small. The cook went back to the galley with the skillet, and returned therewith to the saloon in about twenty minutes; and then we sate down, skipper and all, to the *bouillabaisse*. As I knew that I was not going into polite society for some weeks to come, I partook freely of the prodigious gallimaufry. I fell desperately sick a few days afterwards; but whether the oil and garlic of the hastily improvised *bouillabaisse* had anything to do with my distemper I do not know.

The Provençal gentlemen was a cattle-dealer, trading between Marseilles and Oran, in Algeria. I can see him now, in his red flannel shirt-sleeves, tucked up to the elbows, and a Turkish fez stuck in the middle of his elf-locks, and looking altogether, as he brandished the knife with which he cut up the garlic and the tomatoes, like a kind of culinary Zamiel. He was a self-made man; and, like most self-made men, he bragged. "J'ai pour quinze mille francs de bestiaux à bord," he was constantly telling us. His beginnings had been but humble. "Conducteur de diligence qui a fait son chemin." As such would he define his position in society: adding, "Oui, je suis venu de là," unconsciously repeating that which Murat, King of Naples, used to say, apostrophising the postilion's whip—*his* beginning—which was kept on a cushion of crimson velvet, under a glass shade, in his wife's boudoir. For the rest, to talk, as the gentleman in the *World* does, of there being anything like a "perfect" recipe for *bouillabaisse*,

is nonsense. At best it is but a coarse mess, suitable only for a sea-fisher's appetite. I have very rarely met with an English lady who could eat *bouillabaisse* at Marseilles. The Russian fish soups are, on the other hand, delicious to the most delicate of palates. December

By-the-way, it would be as well to mention that my authority as regards the proper confection of *bouillabaisse*, with a stock, is the "Cosmopolitan Cookery" of Urbain Dubois, *chef* to the German Emperor. Urbain, with Murray's Hand-books for the countries through which you are wandering, Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," and a pocket Shakspeare, form a compact travelling library, which will stand you in good stead for a six week's tour. The function of the "Cosmopolitan Cookery" is to console you for the execrable dinners you too often meet with at Continental tables d'hôte. Late at night you read your Urbain Dubois, and, retiring to rest, dream joyously of good dinners enjoyed in the best of all good company.

The Voice of the Turtle—I mean the Conger—is still heard in the land; at least, every post continues to bring me a bundle of letters in reply to the question, "Who eats conger-eel?" A gallant Vice-Admiral, writing from Jersey, courteously tells me that conger is caught three miles off that island in very deep water, and at night. "It fetches a ready sale, and is much sought after at from twopence to fourpence a pound, and is mostly sold in 'junks' at from sixpence to a shilling each. *It makes a most delicious white soup*, especially in the spring, with vegetables and *marigolds*, quite equal to turtle. It is delicious baked or stewed; and when dried or salted is far superior to haddock for breakfast. . . . For invalids and consumptive persons nothing can be more nourishing."

December. I have underscored the word *marigolds* in view of the contingency of my purblind eyes having blunderingly read my gallant correspondent's communication. "Marigolds" carry the mind back to Charles Lamb's description of the dietary at Christ's Hospital more than a hundred years ago. The marigolds floating in the Bluecoat School broth made as lively an impression on me, when I first read the "Essays of Elia," as did the items in the immortal bill of fare of Don Quixote de la Mancha. I used as a boy to wonder whatever could be the mysterious dish rendered by an English translator of Cervantes' masterpiece as "Gripes and Grumblings." Much later in life did I come to learn what kind of viands "duelos y quebrantes" really were.

A Duke of Norfolk who flourished about eight-and-thirty years ago, at the time of a potato famine, was very mercilessly and, as I have always thought, very unjustly laughed at for writing a letter to the *Times* in which he advised the famished agricultural labourer to swallow, before retiring to rest, a pinch of curry powder infused in hot water. "At all events," remarked his Grace, "it will send him to bed warm and comfortable." Of course it would. We have grown more tolerant in the matter of dietetics since the year '45. Any beverage that is not alcoholic finds supporters; and I am in hopes yet of finding a decanter of tar-water at my side at a City dinner, or hearing a butler whisper over my shoulder, "Sarsaparilla or molasses and water." Pending this devoutly-to-be-wished-for consummation, a gentleman writes to the leading journal to suggest that we should drink hot water at dinner. The water should not be warm, but produced in a boiling condition, and drunk as hot as possible. The beverage is, adds the gentleman, cheap and easy of digestion. The gentleman will not—or, at least, should not—be laughed at. He may find followers and disciples. He may succeed in forming a sect of "Thermo-hydropots."

The hot water suggestion is susceptible of one little improvement. Just before you toss off the tumbler of boiling water, add to it the contents of the mustard pot. For dyspeptic persons this mixture is simply admirable. I have ventured to impart the idea to a Scotch gentleman long resident in the Eternal City. He agreed with me that the water drunk should be as hot as possible; but he shook his head at the mention of the mustard, suggesting instead an admixture of sugar, lemon, and some ingredient which he called "richt Glenlivat." I have not the London Pharmacopœia by me; so I am unable to discourse with accuracy as to the constituents of the digestive draught suggested by my Scottish friend. December.

Are "Bath Olivers" a subject below notice? asks, on a "Carte Postale" from Boulogne-sur-Mer, my correspondent "Biscuit." No, "Biscuit." "Bath Olivers" are not below notice. *Homo sum*—you know the rest. At the same time, life is scarcely long enough to discourse about "Bath Olivers," because the discussion might stray thence to "Sally Lunns," to "Abernethy" biscuits, to "Sir Watkin" pudding, to "Everton" toffy to "Embden" groats, and to Scotch buns. I do not know when Oliver flourished as a baker at Bath, nor whether his "Olivers" should be made with chicken, or with mutton broth, or with water.

I looked in vain for "Bath Olivers" in a modest little pamphlet (the cost is but eightpence, and the publishers are Simpkin & Marshall) which has just reached me. The opuscule is entitled "Cheap Dinner Dishes," and the author is the lady who wrote the capital little book entitled "Supper Dishes for People with Small Means," which I notice with commendation, because I found the tiny manual altogether unpretending, practical, and clear. I am glad to find that this sixpenny-worth of common-sense (I have often thought of what a boon it should be to poor theatrical folk

December. who come home late at night, and want something nice for supper) is now in its ninth edition. The eightpenny "Cheap Dinner Dishes" just published is as useful and as lucid as its predecessor. Try the lady's recipe for "Beef to imitate Goose," "Cabbage and Pancakes," "Curried Dumplings," "Duck in a Baking-jar," "Salt Fish and Bacon," and "Knuckle of Pork and Batter." The recipe (No. 58) for "Macaroni and Bacon, cold," is certainly a very adventurous dish; but I mean to try it when I reach home; it seems to promise something almost original in the way of a cheap cold *entrée*. In Rome they make a wonderful *timbale* of macaroni in which are intermingled morsels of poultry liver.

I have read an anecdote about the illustrious Jenner, to the effect that he was only elected a member of some social club in the neighbourhood of his residence on the express condition that he would never turn the conversation in the direction of vaccination. It would be scarcely surprising to learn that the committee of some social club in London had framed a rule declaring to be ineligible for election any candidate who was notoriously addicted to talking about conger-eel. I am not, happily, a candidate for admission to any club; but I own to having been a sad sinner as regards conger-eel garrulity. But what is to be done? Am I to consign unnoticed to the waste-paper basket the communication of a reverend and valued correspondent, who sends me a really good story about conger?

My correspondent was Chaplain to the Lord Mayor in 1847-8, and he never heard of the stock of turtle soup being made from conger eel. But only a few days since he learned from a "Sussex man," who is at present the proprietor of a restaurant in the Far West of London, that more than thirty years since the Lord Mayor of London happened to be a Sussex man, and sometime during his mayoralty went down in state, accompanied by the Sheriffs, &c., to his native

town, where he entertained the leading inhabitants at a grand banquet. "There was turtle soup in abundance;" (it is the West-End restaurateur who is speaking) and I now possess and can show you the recipe for the turtle soup which was thus bountifully bestowed, *and which was all made of conger*. The Sussex man has promised to give my reverend correspondent a copy of the recipe which he has kindly undertaken to show to me. Its production should dispose of the rash assertion of the gentleman in the *Times*, who said that "there was not a word of truth" in the original statement of Sir Henry Thompson. December.

ANTIQUARIAN ECHOES.

The Vestments of Richard Baxter—On Hats—On the Introduction of Turtle into England—"Knights of the Grey Cloke"—Old Plate—"Funeral Pomps and Vanities"—The Custom of "Borough English" and "Church Gift"—Beating the Bounds—"Bullock's Museum"—Linen Armourers—Proposed Exhumation of Shakespeare—"Trouble Tombs"—Shakspeare's Tomb—London Cries in 1608.

A side-issue to the Belt Libel Case has been raised by a clergyman, who writes to the *Times* to say that when Mr. Brock received the order for the colossal statue of Richard Baxter at Kidderminster, he (the reverend gentleman) was applied to by the sculptor for some information as to the clerical vestments in which he should array the effigy of the great Nonconformist. The reverend gentleman went to the British Museum to ascertain whether Baxter had ever taken an academical degree; but, not being able to gather any information on that point, he wisely counselled Mr. Brock to dress the author of *The Saint's Everlasting Rest* in a Geneva gown and a buttoned cassock. In fact, he lent the vestments to the artist, "and went to the studio to see that they were rightly put on." January.

Still, it seems odd that a clergyman should not know not only that Baxter never took a degree, but that he never went to the University. "He was unlucky in his education by falling into the hands of ignorant schoolmasters; neither had he the advantages of an academical education, his parents having accepted a proposal of putting him under Mr. Wickstead, Chaplain of the Council of Ludlow, but this did not

January. answer their expectation; Mr. Wickstead, being himself no great scholar, took little or no pains with his pupil; the only benefit Richard reaped was the use of an excellent library."

There are numerous portraits of Richard Baxter cited in Granger's "Biographical History of England," but Granger only gives the dates of the prints and the names of the engravers, and enters into no details of costume. There is a very graphic representation of Richard, as he stood on his trial before the brutal Jeffreys, in a picture painted by my late and lamented friend, E. M. Ward, R.A.

I noticed, the other day, in that astonishingly rich and interesting treasure-house of antique statuary, the Museo Torlonia at Rome, the marble bust of a man whose head-gear was of the precise shape and size of a modern "wide-awake." A hat somewhat of the "wideawake" pattern is figured in Dr. William Smith's "Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities" (p. 920), copied from a fictile vase engraved in Hope's "Costume of the Ancients," and it is worn by a Grecian soldier otherwise attired in a pallium, but it lacks the thoroughly Whitechapel-road-cum-Bethnal-green appearance of the hat worn by the effigy of the "chickaleary cove"—I mean the gentleman in marble in the Torlonia Museum.

Oddly enough, I received soon afterwards a communication from an esteemed correspondent, asking me if I had ever heard of anybody ever having a museum or collection of Hats of All Periods. Has any of my correspondents heard or met with printed mention of such a Potasian Museum? The late rare comedian, John Pritt Harley, had, if I remember, of walking sticks; I have heard of notable collections of pipes, snuff-boxes, fans, teapots, and inkstands; and one of the associates of the eccentric Marquis of Waterford formed a collection of door-knockers, brass plates, bell

pulls, little dustpans, golden canisters, and glovers' "bunches of fives," of which, in the course of a roystering career, he had despoiled private houses and tradesmen's shop-fronts. But a Museum of Hats of all Periods is still, to me, an unknown thing. January.

There are some remarkable "pretty little tiny kickshaws" —and a good many of them, in the way of compliment—in Mr. F. H. O'Donnell's letter to the Lord Mayor on the Irish distress question. Mr. O'Donnell's letter has, from one point of view at least, a distinctly antiquarian interest. He reproaches the municipality of London with "turtle-fed boorishness." Now, I want to know at what period of civic history the Corporation first began to eat Calipash and Calipee. February.

As yet my hunt for information is young, and my researches have not been very successful. I can find no mention of turtle as a viand, either in the "Liber Albus" or in the "Remembrancia" of the City of London. The bill-of-fare of the banquet offered in 1607 to King James I. by the Merchant Taylors' Company is preserved in the "Memorials" of that ancient and Worshipful fraternity; but turtle is not enumerated among the dishes served at the Royal table. In fact, the earliest culinary mention of green turtle that I can find is in Sir Hans Sloane's work on Jamaica, in which he remarks that "the callepee or under part of the breast baked is reckoned the best piece." Sir Hans also mentions that "the livers are accounted delicacies." Mrs. Glasse, in 1747, gives two excellent turtle recipes—one for turtle soup, the other for baked turtle, West India fashion; and by the middle of the eighteenth century turtle seems to have been in full swing east of Temple Bar. I find "turreenes of turtles" in the *menu* of the banquet given at Guildhall to George III. and Queen Charlotte in 1765.

February. I have a dim notion that we owe the introduction of the edible or green turtle (and perhaps the potato and tobacco as well) to Sir Francis Drake. That illustrious mariner must have known and appreciated full well the sanitary virtues of a turtle diet as an alternative food at sea for men usually fed on salt provisions, and with the dreadful scourge of scurvy always hanging over them. Thus the brave Admiral, after one of his long cruises in the Spanish main, may have brought home some specimens of the *Chelonia viridis* as presents to his owners, the Merchant Adventurers of London; and from their well-spread tables calipash, callepee, green fat, and fat fin may have "permeated" to the boards of the City companies.

Mrs. Delany tells us in her "Autobiography" that in October, 1729, she with the Duchess of Manchester, Lady Carteret, Lady Fanny Shirley, and many other dames of high degree, dined at Guildhall, on the occasion of George II. and Queen Caroline honouring the Lord Mayor with their presence. "When we had walked about half-way up the street," she notes, "one of the Lord Mayor's officers, with a blue-and-gold staff, met us, and said, with an audible and formal voice, 'Ladies, open your tickets!' which accordingly they did. 'Very well, ladies; you will have admittance into the hall; *and, ladies, you may tarry till the morning: indeed, from this time until six o' the clock you may tarry.*'" They certainly understood hospitality at Guildhall in the year 1729; and they understand it quite as fully now; only your genial hosts, when you dine "in the city," do not bid you tarry till six the next morning. By ten p.m., at the latest, you may be in the smoking-room of your club sipping lemon "squash."

But the always delightful Mary Granville, although she enters into pleasant particulars touching the dresses worn by the aldermen's wives and the tea and coffee served after dinner, does not tell us whether she partook of turtle at

Guildhall. I will not relinquish my quest; and perchance I shall get some aid from correspondents. The only reference to turtle-eating that I can find in my common-place books is in an extract from Warton's "Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope":— February.

> Lyttelton, in his "Dialogues of the Dead," has introduced Darteneuf (Swift's Darteneuf), in a pleasant discourse between him and Apicius, bitterly lamenting his ill-fortune in having lived before *turtle feasts* were known in England.

To this I have added a mem. from the "Noble Boke off Cookry," recently edited by Mrs. Alexander Napier, to the effect that in the Middle Ages a "frumente of porpas," or pottage of porpoise, seems to have fulfilled the attributes of turtle at Royal and municipal banquets.

That honourable and irate member, Mr. F. H. O'Donnell, told the Lord Mayor that with "native courtesey" he contradicted Mr. O'Donnell's impeachment of the part played by the City of London in the impoverishment and confiscation of Ulster. "If your Lordship," he continues, "ventures to repeat your eulogies on the City Companies in the Derry Townhall, I shall take more notice of such complacent assertions."

Now, in my quest after the origin of turtle-eating in England, I remembered that in the "Harleian Miscellany" there is a very graphic account of an entertainment given at Guildhall on the 25th November, 1641, to Charles I., on his return from Scotland. The account rendered no result in the way of information about turtle. One only gathers that there were four services of hot fish and flesh, boiled, roasted, and baked—in all, one hundred and twenty dishes—and that the banquet was "very curious and well ordered."

But before the feast the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, attended by the "Knights of the Grey Cloke" (who were the "Knights of the Grey Cloke"?), and a large and splendid

February. following, had ridden out as far as Stamford Hill to meet the King, the Queen, and the Prince of Wales. In the course of his reply to the customary loyal address his Majesty said:—

> One thing I have thought of as a particular testimony of my affection to you, *which is to give back to you freely that part of Londonderry which heretofore was evicted from you.* This, I confess, *as that kingdom is now, is no great gift; but I intend first to recover it, and then to give it to you, wholly and entirely.*

The Royal promise is an instructive illustration of the proverb against selling the skin before we have slain the bear.

A correspondent tells me a story that the "inventor" of turtle soup was a Mayor of Bristol, who was also a ship-owner. The captain of one of the ships brought him home a live turtle, thinking that his worship would like to have it in his fish-pond. The Mayor was about to entertain his fellow-citizens at a banquet; and deeming that it might be a hospitable thing to set a new dish before his guests, caused the turtle to be decapitated and cooked for dinner. My correspondent adds that the Corporation were so delighted with the "new dish" that they re-elected their host to the municipal chair nine times running. Turn again, Alderman of Bristol, to me unknown, nine times Mayor of Bristol.

Can this story be verified, or must it be ranked with such gastronomic myths as Queen Elizabeth dining on roast goose on Michaelmas Day, when the news of the defeat of the Spanish Armada was brought to her; as Charles II. knighting the sirloin of beef; of Queen Anne writing a cookery-book, which subsequently furnished Mrs. Glasse (habit-maker to the Royal Princesses) with materials for her "Art of Cookery"; and of Catherine de Medicis being (by a somewhat roundabout way) the "inventor" of the "Maids of Honour" cheese cakes, for which Richmond has so long been renowned?

Dr. Kitchiner, kindest of physicians, most genial of hosts, and—well, a gastronome practically learned in *English* cookery, is copious concerning turtle (of which he was not an enthusiastic admirer); but he says nothing about the date of its introduction into civic tables. He quotes "Epicure Quin" (the actor), who was wont to say that "it was not safe to sit down to a turtle feast at one of the City Halls without a basket-hilted knife and fork." The Doctor adds that at the "Spanish Dinner" at the City of London Tavern in August, 1808, four hundred guests attended, and two thousand five hundred pounds weight of turtle were consumed! February.

Kitchiner spells calipash with two ll's. Should it be "callipash" or "calipash"? *Quien sabe?* The doctor says that which we call "mulligatawny" should be "mulla-ga-tawny," and that it signifies pepper-water. Curry, ketchup, macaroni, cherfil, claret, are all more or less mis-spelt words. Does it matter much, when we have the things?

Old plate, is becoming more and more difficult to pick up, not only in England, but on the Continent. Our American cousins, I suspect, are the chief *accapareurs* of this fascinating ware. When I first went to Russia seven and twenty years ago, you might buy old Caroline and Queen Anne and early Georgian plate in the Gostinnoi Dvor at St. Petersburg; and in the markets at Moscow a piece even of Elizabethan plate would turn up from time to time. But on returning to Moscovy in 1876 and 1881, I found that nearly all the old Western plate had disappeared, and was obliged to content myself with a few pieces of questionably old Russian, clumsy, but quaint. You may hunt through the Bezeteen at Constantinople, day after day, in quest of old silver, but in vain. As for Paris, she is out of the question, from the modest collector's point of view, generally. Nothing rare or precious can be procured in the gay city under, com-

February. paratively speaking, the price of a king's ransom. I fancy that this rage for rare old things—plate, furniture, books, pictures, prints, and so forth—is due to the fact that Frenchmen of culture and social position are having such a miserably bad time in the Present that they endeavour to derive some slight consolation from the possession of relics of the Past.

May. Should any of my readers be making a collection, for purposes of publication or otherwise, of "Funeral Pomps and Vanities," some curious items of information on this head may be gathered from the accounts of the obsequies, in the chapel of the Hofburg, Vienna, of the lamented Archduchess Marie Antoinette. On what the newspaper scribe terms the catafalque, but which most probably was the bier, there were displayed on velvet cushions the Imperial princely crown, an Archducal coronet, a crosier, various decorations, a pair of white gloves, and *a fan*. The italics are mine. What did the fan symbolise? Two years since, it is added, the illustrious deceased was nominated Abbess of the Noble Chapter House of Ladies at Prague, an honorary post formerly occupied by Queen Isabella of Spain. Hence the Abbatial cap. All kinds of curious objects have, we know, been discovered in Etruscan and Egyptian sepulchres; and in the Kertch Museum, in the palace of the Hermitage at St. Petersburg, the visitor is shown an extraordinary collection of objects, comprising some of the most splendid specimens of antique *repoussé* goldsmith's ware in the world, found in the tombs of the Scythian Kings. But a fan under a catafalque strikes one as odd.

August. A remarkable trial took place recently at Gloucester, before Mr. Justice Butt, the other day, in which the issue turned on the custom of "Borough English" in the ancient city of Gloucester. By that custom, a Saxon one, the

common law of the land is overridden, and the youngest and not the eldest son is the heir-at-law to real estate. The legal bearings of Borough English are well known. August.

But what Mr. Powell, Q.C., in his exhaustive speech at Gloucester, glanced at as the "ribald" version of the origin of the custom, has long been held by competent authorities to be untenable. Borough-English has no connection with the mythical "Droit du Seigneur." But as respects the curiosities of land tenure in England, I am told that in the island of Portland, three or four miles from Weymouth, land descends in gavelkind, according to the custom of Kent; while in the manor of Wyke Regis, in or near Weymouth, the land descends to the eldest son; but, in some portions of the adjoining county of Somerset, the custom of Borough English prevails and the land goes to the youngest son. Thus we have three distinct systems of land tenure concurrent in one comparatively small district.

It is also said that, when land is sold, the seller and the buyer go into the parish church, and in the presence of two witnesses, sign a document called "a Church gift." No such custom prevails in any other part of Dorset. The "Church Gift" dimly recalls the "pot de vin" of a French land-conveyance. But I hope that the parson of Portland gets something substantial when the "Church gift" is signed.

I have not the slightest idea of what the French "pot de vin" means, at present. I have a Code Napoléon at home; but it is a copy of the first edition, and I had it so splendidly bound (green morocco extra, gold tooling, eagles, wreaths of laurel, "N's," Imperial bees, and all that kind of thing) that I am almost afraid to open it, lest, thumbing, I should spoil it. Do you know the story of the nobleman who complained to his bookbinder—a very eminent bookbinder—that one of the volumes which he had just received from him did not

August. close properly. "*My* books not close properly!" cried the astonished and indignant bookbinder. "P'raps your Lordship will just let me have a look at it." The volume was handed to him, and an expression of horror pervaded his countenance. "Why, I'm blessed," he exclaimed, "*if your Lordship aint been a readin' of it!*"

I have been much edified by a passage relative to "beating the bounds" in Mr. Powell's eloquent speech:—

> The boundaries of this city (Gloucester) were as well known, as carefully marked, and as often perambulated as those of any other locality in the kingdom. Not only were stones alive at this day to testify it, but from time immemorial, until a very recent period, these stones had been beaten and the boundaries perambulated periodically for the express purpose of keeping up the memory of the city boundary. There were those present who remembered, and would testify, when the doors of the Tolsey were thrown open once a year and the Mayor, with his Mace and Sword Bearers, and the Cap of Maintenance, which only the Cities of London, York, Gloucester, and Lincoln were permitted to bear; when its potent, grave, and reverend Aldermen, and Common Councilmen, and *the Happy Bluecoat Boys*, each of them with wand in hand, marched forth and threaded the streets, lanes, and alleys, climbed the walls, swam the river, passed through the houses which had encroached on the boundary line, and beat their sticks to pieces upon the boundary-stones, each of which bore the letters "C. G.," which remained to this day, and were supposed to mean "City of Gloucester."

The Happy Bluecoat Boys of Gloucester! Not for one moment would I question their felicity, either in the present or in the past; but I would respectfully remind Mr. Powell, Q.C., that even so late as the middle of the last century the lot of school-boys employed in the annual function of "beating the bounds" was far from being a happy one. The procession consisted of the rector or the curate, in his cassock, the churchwardens, the parish beadle, and the boys of the local parochial school; and at each boundary-stone a wretched charity boy was laid down and soundly flogged "in order to impress the precise locality of the landmark on his memory."

Of course, it was generally the naughtiest boys in the school who were "kept over" to be "memorialised" in Rogation week. August.

The learned and kind-hearted divine, Richard Hooker, popularly known as "the judicious," was a strict observer of the custom of annually perambulating the boundaries of his parish; but it would seem that he dispensed with the barbarous practices of whipping school-boys at the boundary-stones. At least, his biographer, Izaak Walton, tells us that Master Richard, in his perambulations, "would usually address more pleasant discourse than at other times, and would then always drop some loving and facetious observations to be remembered against the next year, *especially by the boys and young people;* still inclining them to meekness and mutual kindness and love." There can be little doubt that the "boys and young people" much preferred "loving and facetious observations" to the birch.

I picked up, a day or two since, in the Market at Brighton (not at all a bad place for lighting on queer old books), a thin little tome, which, to my delight, turned out to be a *catalogue raisonné*, published in 1812, of the "London Museum and Pantherion open for Public Inspection, in the Egyptian Temple, Piccadilly, London." This must have been the well-known "Bullock's Museum," which is figured, if I remember aright, in the "Microcosm of London," and which is now known as the Egyptian Hall. At page 29 in the section of the catalogue devoted to arms and armour, I find enumerated "The Brigandine Jacket," which was used principally by the archers.

It took its name from the light horse troops who first wore it being called Brigands. It is composed of a number of small plates of iron sewed upon quilted linen through a small hole in the centre of each plate, the edges laid over each other like tiles or the scales of fish;

August. these scales are covered with cloth, so as to have the appearance of quilting; it is proof against the push of a pike or the stroke of a sword, and yet is extremely pliable to every motion of the body.

Now turn to Jeremiah li. 3:—

Against him that bendeth let the archer bend his bow, and against him *that lifteth himself up in his brigandine;* and spare ye not her young men; destroy ye utterly all her host.

I remember an esteemed member of the Worshipful Company of Merchant Taylors telling me once 'twixt callipash and callipee, so to speak, that his Guild were not originally tailors, but "Linen Armourers." It puzzled me mightily to tell, at the time, what a "Linen Armourer" could be, unless he were the maker of those preposterous padded suits which timorous Protestants used to wear at the time of Sir Edmondbury Godfrey's murder and the (apocryphal) Popish Plot. But perhaps the Merchant Taylors had a "specialty" as brigandine manufacturers.

September. The respected Vicar of Stratford-on-Avon, writing in reference to the reports that Shakspeare's bones are about to be exhumed, says that his consent to such exhumation had never been asked, and, consequently, never been given; and that the only ground for these rumours was, that in acknowledging a pamphlet from Dr. Ingleby (one of the trustees of the poet's birthplace), the Rector of Stratford-on-Avon said that if public opinion were clearly expressed in favour of an exploration of the poet's tomb, he, the Vicar, should offer no opposition. The conclusion of the reverend gentleman's communication is characteristic:—

I am much more concerned at present in repairing and beautifying the church in which he (Shakspeare) lies, for which I should be glad to receive any subscriptions your readers may like to give me.

The "trouble tombs" (there are too many of them in our midst) may plead, as precedents for the exhumation of the illustrious dead, that the sepulchre of Rafaelle in the Pantheon at Rome was opened in 1833 by the order of Pope Gregory XVI., and that early in the present century the coffin of Charles I. in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, was opened by order of the Prince Regent. In both these cases there was a good and sufficient reason for the act of exhumation. In the first instance, the Roman archæologists had gravely doubted the accuracy of Vasari's account of the burial-place of the illustrious painter of the "Transfiguration," and the Academy of St. Luke had long been in possession of a skull which was declared to be that of Rafaelle, over which the disciples of Gall and Spurzheim had gone into ecstacies of admiration. So at length the *Sommo Pontifice* suffered the grave in the Pantheon to be explored. The skeleton of Rafaelle Sanzio of Urbino was found intact; the accuracy of Vasari was vindicated; and the disciples of Gall and Spurzheim took a back seat. September.

In the case of Charles I., nobody, for generations, had been able to tell with certainty where the remains of the hapless King were interred. There was, moreover, a ghastly tradition to the effect that Charles's headless corpse had been stolen by the Republicans, and that it was his remains, and not those of Cromwell, which, at the Restoration, were flung into the pit beneath the gallows at Tyburn. The discovery of the place of interment, and the opening of the leaden coffin inscribed "King Charles, 1648," set all doubts at rest. The decollated corpse was found in a wonderful state of preservation. The hair, beard, and general expression of the "grey, discrowned head," being plainly discernible. No such result could be hoped for in digging the dust of Shakspeare. Very possibly nothing but dust remains there.

"Guglielmo Shakspeare Implora Pace." We may at least mentally make such addition to the epitaph on the

October. tomb at Stratford-on-Avon. It may be noted that the Town Council of Straftord-on-Avon have passed a formal resolution to the effect that "they record their most entire and emphatic disapproval of any proposal or project for interfering in any way with the grave, tombstone, or monument of Shakspeare." So, thanks to public opinion, his Worship the Mayor and his aldermen and town councillors, and last, but not least, Mr. J. O. Halliwell Phillipps, the ghoules (I quite believe them to be honest and enthusiastic ghoules) will not be permitted to rifle that which should be the most revered of English sepulchres.

A learned correspondent seeks some information touching an expression in Thomas Heywood's "Appendix of London Cries (1608)"—"Buy a fine Mousetrap, *or a Tormentor for your fleas.*" The same cry occurs in a broadside of 1662 preserved in the Roxburghe Ballads—"Buy a mousetrap and torment for your fleas." Can anyone tell me aught about these flea-traps, if traps they were? The old herbals make mention of "flea wort," and "flea bane"; and there is a plant called "tormentil" or septfoil, the active principle of which is tannic acid. Are fleas averse to tannic acid?

POLITICAL ECHOES.

Maître Laurier — M. Floquet — Mr. John Morley — A Blockade — A Reign of Terror — The Affirmation Bill — Banquet of the Palmerston Club — Dynastic Sympathies — The City Corporation — A Scene in Trafalgar Square.

More than a dozen years ago, when the late Prince Pierre Bonaparte was on his trial before the High Court of Justice at Tours for the homicide of Victor Noir, I remember being very much struck by the angry eloquence of Maître Floquet. His colleague, Maître Laurier, was vehement enough in all conscience, in denouncing the Imperial prisoner, and the Empire itself by implication; but Floquet was a sight to see, and an orator to listen to with admiration and amazement. One of the favourite "trucs" in forensic harangues among our neighbours is for the speaker to accentuate a full stop in his discourse by pulling up one sleeve of his gown, disclose the wristband of his shirt, and tug violently thereat. M. Floquet's wristbands were very deep and very white, and were fastened with very large studs of malachite; and he tugged at them so frequently, first with one hand and then with the other, giving each sleeve its turn, that I began to be apprehensive lest his cuffs should come off altogether. And at the conclusion of each tug he would cast around a triumphant glance at the Court, the jury, and the audience, as though he would say, "Do you hear me, Tiberius?" "Is that good enough for you, Caligula?" "Do you want any more, Nero?" January.

Maître Laurier is dead; but his quondam colleague of the Tours trial is alive and flourishing. At least, I suppose him to be identical with the M. Floquet who, in the

January. French Chamber of Deputies, demanded and obtained urgency for an agreeable little bill enacting that "the French Territory, Algeria, and the Colonies are prohibited to all families which have reigned in France." The persons prescribed by this terse statute are to enjoy no political rights in France. Amiable M. Floquet!

Of course the demand for this very "thorough" law arose out of the incident of the arrest of Prince Napoleon. The Bonapartes must have grown, by this time, somewhat case-hardened to being arrested. They have, to be sure, in their time arrested a good many people, from Popes to Irreconcilable pamphleteers, downwards. Those of the rising generation who would wish to know how great a proficient in the art of locking people up was the first Bonaparte should read the "Correspondance de Napoléon Premier," in which the Emperor and King is continually writing from the most distant parts of Europe to his Ministers of Police instructing them to set the gendarmes to work and "pop" Parisians into the Conciergerie.

March. John Morley, M.P. Bravo, John Morley, junior member for the borough of Newcastle-on-Tyne! A stronger, abler, honester man never entered the Commons House of Parliament in our time. He has assuredly been doing mighty serious work in politics, literature, and journalism, ever since he came up from Oxford after taking his B.A. degree.

I read that an honourable member has "blocked" the Ballot Bill, the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill, the Parliamentary Elections (Closing of Public Houses), the County Courts Bill, the Copyhold Enfranchisement Bill, the Municipal Boroughs Bill, the Cruelty to Animals Bill, and the Corrupt Practices Bill. What a blockade! Napoleon's "Continental System" was insignificant in comparison with

this wholesale "taboo." Friends at a distance, in the colonies, and the "intelligent foreigner" in particular, may profit from the knowledge of what "blocking" really means. Turning to the last edition of Mr. G. H. Jenning's "Anecdotal History of the British Parliament" I find:— March.

A standing order of the House of Commons (1679) forbids the bringing on of opposed bills and motions after half-past twelve at night; and notice of opposition to such measures is therefore sufficient to limit the opportunity for their discussion to the earlier part of the proceedings, which is frequently consumed by other business. Members antagonistic to a particular bill customarily place such notice of opposition on the paper; and this has been termed "blocking." In the Session of 1882 the practice became very frequent, and members adopted it in retaliation for similar opposition given either to their own motions or to those of their friends.

More than once I may have related how in early youth I knew a very old French gentleman who had lived in Paris throughout the stormiest period of the First Revolution; how I importuned him to tell me all about the Flight to Varennes, the March on Versailles, the Tenth of August, the Massacres of September, the Murder of the Princesse de Lambelle, the Reign of Terror, Robespierre, Danton, and Marat, the Sans Culottes, and the Furies of the Guillotine; and how, patting my head, he replied, placidly, "*Mon enfant*, I did not see much of the things of which you speak. At the period named *je m'occupais de la conchologie*." That there is a Reign of Terror now in our midst is my only excuse for re-telling a stale story. That Justice is hunting down the Terrorists—the dynamite demons—and steadily bringing them within measurable distance of handcuffs and penal servitude is slightly consoling to think of; but how many thousands of us are there sitting at our ease, serenely confident—why, we know not—that *we* shall not be blown up—dining out and asking to dinner, going to the play, to balls, and concerts, and picture exhibitions, and in a April.

April. hundred ways "occupying ourselves with conchology," metaphorically speaking?

It is possible to live securely and pleasantly enough, and even to enjoy oneself, in the wretchedest political times. The theatres of Paris were crowded during the Terror. I was in Paris during the *Coup d' Etat* in December, 1851, and two days after the insurrection had, with dreadful shedding of blood, been put down, I went to the Salle Valentino, where the lively Gauls were hopping and skipping about as though nothing horrible and heartrending had happened, only forty-eight hours before. I was in St. Petersburg in 1881, immediately after the assassination of Alexander II., and before the remains of the unfortunate Tsar were buried; and save that the theatres and some of the shops in the leading thoroughfares were closed, everything was going on —especially in the way of eating and drinking—as usual. The fashionable restaurants were crowded, every day from noon till three o'clock the next morning.

The world must roll; and we ourselves must eat and drink and sleep and amuse ourselves: bearing the misfortunes of our neighbours, on the whole, with much equanimity. At the first blush there seems something almost brutally cynical in Johnson's reply to Mrs. Thrale, when she told him that in some battle in America her poor cousin's head had been taken off by a cannon-ball. "Madam," retorted the fine old crusted moralist, "it would give *you* very little concern if all your relatives were spitted like those larks, and roasted for Presto's supper." Presto was a dog. But the Doctor evidently was only half serious. Mrs. Thrale had laid down her knife and fork at supper to tell him of her cousin's sad fate. The cannon-ball which had removed her kinsman's head had not interfered with her enjoyment of the roast larks. A hundred years ago the Phœnix Park murders and the dynamite conspiracy horrors would have led to the appointing of a Day of Public Fasting and Humiliation. We have the Gunpowder Treason service in our Liturgy

yet; and how many times more dreadful in its effects than gunpowder is dynamite? But public sentiment is not demonstrative nowadays; and we are content to sup on roast larks (quails are coming in) although our first cousins' heads may have been knocked off. April.

The Affirmation Bill debate. Beshrew the Affirmation Bill debate! Yet, without taking sides, one way or the other, in that bitter *polemos* those whose vocation it is to study continually may return with advantage to a certain famous Essay (it is the Sixteenth) full of philosophy, charity, and tolerance, written by the Greatest, Wisest, Meanest (?) of Mankind. Again, bearing with curious directness on the Affirmation Debate, is the following passage from the "Meditationes Sacræ," wherein Francis of Verulam writes:— May.

> Among statesmen and politics, those which have been of greatest depths and compass, and of largest and most universal understanding, have not only in cunning made their profit in seeming religious to the people, but, in truth, have been touched with an inward sense of the knowledge of Deity as they which you shall evermore note to have attributed much to fortune and providence. Contrariwise, those that ascribed all things to their own cunning and practices, and to the immediate and apparent causes and, as the Prophet says, "have sacrificed to their own nets," have been always but petty counterfeit statesmen, and not capable of the greatest actions.

The banquet at the Oxford Town Hall, on Saturday, May 5, of the Palmerston Club—the Liberal Club of that ancient University; the Canning Club is the Conservative one—was a sumptuous one, and it was followed by an oratorical display of exceptional brilliance and of great political interest.

Mr. M. E. Sadler, of Trinity, gracefully and efficiently discharged the duties of President—onerous duties enough, since the very youthful chairman was surrounded by Ministers and ex-Ministers and "*gros bonnets*" of all kinds. Mr. H.

May. Hobhouse, of New College, proposed "The Church," which toast drew forth in response an excellent oration, on "broad" clerical lines, from the Hon. and Rev. W. H. Fremantle; then came "Her Majesty's Ministers," ably proposed by Professor Bryce, M.P., and acknowledged in a long, vivacious, and eloquent speech by the Right Hon. Sir Charles Dilke, M.P. The task of proposing "The House of Lords" fell to the share of young Mr. Henry L. W. Lawson, of Balliol, and with rare tact and admirable fluency did Mr. Lawson acquit himself. The toast was acknowledged in a thrilling, telling, and keenly dialectical speech by the Marquis of Lansdowne. "The House of Commons," proposed by Mr. A. H. D. Acland, of Christ Church, should have been spoken to by the Right Hon. G. J. Goschen, M.P., but he was prevented from being present; and for the Commons an excellent respondent was found in the Hon. Evelyn Ashley, M.P. "Literature and the Press" was highly honoured in an effective address by Mr Brodrick, the Warden of Merton, and Professor Dicey was very humorous in responding to the toast of the Palmerston Club itself.

The talking lasted from half-past eight until nearly midnight, and nobody was bored. Every "point" made by the speakers was eagerly taken up and cheered to the echo. The audience was, in the main, very youthful, and half the battle of oratory is won when a speaker who has something to say and is able to say it with tolerable coherency is addressing an audience of young men. I do not mean "mashers." The masher is invertebrate; and his veins are filled with lemon squash impregnated with cigarette smoke. The audience at the Palmerston Club were not mashers. They were studious and clever young men, getting ready to carry their college book learning into the great bustling, struggling, fighting arena of active life. The race, we know full well, is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong; but if Knowledge be not Power, it should, to the student whose temperament is cheerful and whose ambition is small, be a happiness.

July. In a recent number of the *Figaro*, in an article on the Comte de Chambord, I learn that, some thirty years since, it was the custom in the schools of Brittany for the boys (all born clericals and legitimists, of course) to write on the covers of their exercise-books the letters "V. H. V.," which stood equally, of course, for "Vive Henri Cinq." But the Breton school boys were surpassed in this ingenuity of expressing their dynastic sympathies by the audiences at the theatres of Lombardy, while under the Austrian yoke, who, at the conclusion of the performances, used to shout "Viva Verdi!" The cry was not a compliment to the gifted composer of "Il Trovatore." It stood for "Viva V. E. R. D. I."—"Vittorio Emmanuele Ré d'Italia."

October. The Corporation of London and the French Republic seem to be both occupied, and showing equal perseverance, in the task of knocking nails into their own coffins. The interior of Guildhall presented on September 29 a spectacle in degree as undignified as that which was occurring in the Place Lafayette. It is quite true that, many years ago, an Alderman was excluded from the Civic Chair, which by right of seniority he was entitled to fill. But the reason for his exclusion was publicly given. It was on account of his connection with a certain Coal Company which, in Californian mining parlance had failed "to pan out well." In the case of Mr. Alderman Hadley no kind of reason has been given for depriving him of the honour of being perhaps London's last Lord Mayor—I mean in the Portsoken, Candlewick, and Bassishaw sense. The scene among the Livery at Guildhall has perhaps done more than Mr. Firth and his colleagues have hitherto effected towards awakening Londoners to the fact that they are four millions strong, and that they have a right to municipal government for the entire metropolis.

At the same time, it would be cruelly unjust to ignore the many great and good things which have been achieved,

October. in its time, by the City Fathers. Hear Mr. W. J. Loftie, London's latest and best historian:—

> The Corporation has done much for its own City; but it has not stayed its hands at the City boundaries. It has not only rendered London a model for cleanliness, light, water, locomotion, and health among the cities of the world, but also has made to the poorer suburbs such magnificent gifts as Burnham Beeches and Epping Forest, as Coulsdon Common and Wanstead Park. True, these advantages may be bought too dear. . . . There are certain things that need to be reformed. The parochial charities, for instance, might be utilised more frequently and widely than at present. The upper class of citizens might be inclined more frequently to serve as Aldermen and Sheriffs. The terms of admission to the franchise might be revised. The other City Companies might be called upon to do work similar to that carried on by the Goldsmiths and Fishmongers.

Mr. Loftie is not an optimist; and holds that the change, when it does come, will "probably mean a great increase in the rates all over the territory of the new municipality, as, before the new constitution has got into working order, there will be an immense waste of money and time." I shall go and live at Brentford or at Brighton.

November. At the last General Election at which the candidates were nominated *coram publico*, it chanced that I was passing through Trafalgar Square, where one of the hustings for the borough of Westminster had been erected. I was borne into the middle of the crowd, within what may be called cabbage-stump-shot of the candidate. A hulking brute close to me, in "coster" garb, asked me "who the cove was who was a speakin'." I told him that the speaker was Mr. Mill. "Ho!" replied the coster; "Lord Mills his it? 'Ere goes." And, so saying, he flung, right at the head of the candidate, not a cabbage-stump, but the carcase of a cat. Whether the offal struck the illustrious John Stuart Mill, I do not know. Do you think that brutal coster had any political belief, one way or another? Anybody with a decent coat on his back was a "Lord" to him, and was to be made a "cockshy" of accordingly.

LEGAL ECHOES.

Belt v. Lawes—New York Criminal Code—Eccentric Use of Initial Prefixes—Influence of Beauty—The "Author" of a Photograph—Solicitors and Attorneys.

There are always so many things for which you ought to be unfeignedly grateful on New-Year's Day! January.

I have many things to be grateful for at this festive season; but, perhaps, brightest among my boons do I account the fact that I was many hundreds of miles from England when the great libel case of Belt v. Lawes was decided. In Rome we talked about the trial for weeks together, and those who were of a sporting turn betted freely on the potential verdict.

When the damages and costs have been paid, and the monstrous ghost of this lawsuit has been finally laid in the Red Sea, it may be perhaps permissible to ask (without incurring the risk of falling into Contempt of Court) how much artistic assistance a sculptor is justified in availing himself of in the preparation of his work. There is the case of Sir Francis Chantrey and Thomas Stothard, R.A., curiously in point. Stothard, we read in Mrs. Bray's "Life," was frequently employed to make designs for sculptors. Among these may be mentioned the Garrick monument in Westminster Abbey, the monument to Miss Johnes at Hafod, Wales, and especially that for the exquisite group of the Sleeping Children in Lichfield Cathedral.

January. Sir Francis Chantrey, when questioned on the subject, was wont to say that the original idea for the group was given to him by the mother of the children, Mrs. Robinson, "dwelling on her feelings, when, before she retired to bed, she had usually contemplated them, as she hung over them, locked in each other's arms asleep." It occurred to Chantrey that the reproduction of this scene would be the most appropriate monument, and he made the suggestion to Stothard. So Stothard produced an elaborate drawing, which Chantrey, with some slight variations (not in the attitude but in the drapery), copied in clay and subsequently in marble. Mrs. Bray gives engravings both of Stothard's drawing and Chantrey's sculptured group; and she adds that the painter used to say that "no sculptor had ever before so completely embodied his ideas in marble;" and she always spoke of Chantrey as "a man of a high order of genius, cultivated and imbued with the grace of classic antiquity." But did the sculptors of classic antiquity employ painters to make designs for them?

A New Criminal Code came into operation in the State of New York on the First of December last; and, next to the "Blue Laws" of Connecticut, there have rarely been enacted, I should say, a more stringent set of enactments. It is made a misdemeanour, punishable by long terms of imprisonment, to compel a woman to marry against her will, to "endanger the life, health, or morals of a child"; to employ a female child under fourteen years of age, or a male child under sixteen years of age, as "a rope or wire walker, dancer, gymnast, contortionist, rider, or acrobat" (adieu infant phenomena and juvenile prodigies!); "as a beggar, or in peddling, singing or playing on a musical instrument, or in a theatrical exhibition." It is a misdemeanour to steal a human body, or to dissect one without leave or licence had; to start lotteries, or sell lottery tickets; to exact payment for money won at play; to induce strangers to visit a gambling-house; and to supply medicines without a licence. These are only a few items in

the new code. I wonder how many of them will "hold," as the saying is, in a State and city where there is probably more gambling and more quackery than are to be found, perhaps, elsewhere in the civilised world. January.

"Come and H.B.H." Everybody (or nearly everybody) knows that the invite means "Come and eat a bit of pie" (Eta, Beta, Pi), and that the quaint conceit has been engraved on an invitation to supper by Hogarth. Unless I am mistaken, there is, or was, an "Eta, Beta, Pi" Society at Boston, U.S.A. But what are you to do with a gentleman who signs financial documents with an arrangement of initial prefixes so fantastic as to encourage the inference that his name is "Cayenne Pepper." A judge and jury have just had to deal with a case of this kind. The widow of an eccentric gentleman deceased sued the Birkbeck Bank to recover the sum of one hundred pounds deposited in the bank by her late husband, who shortly before his death had authorised her to draw out the money. But the bank, very reasonably, declined to part with the cash unless they were satisfied as to the identity of the person who had deposited it. The eccentric deceased, had, it seems, a fancy for carrying on business transactions under assumed names; and he had deposited his hundred pounds in the Birkbeck under the name of "King Napoleon Pepper," while the note authorising his wife to obtain the money was signed "K. N. Pepper" the title in its contracted form being a phonetic rendering of "cayenne pepper." March

The Counsel for the defence pointed out that, as the Birkbeck Bank had some forty thousand depositors, among whom there were several Peppers, it was necessary to observe some caution. The real name of the deceased gentleman was not anything like Pepper. Eventually the jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff, as it had been clearly proved that "King Napoleon Pepper," and "K. N. Pepper" were one

March. and the same myth; but judgment was entered for the widow without costs on either side. People should not play tricks on their bankers. In the notable case when Lord Brougham, in drawing a check in favour of a firm of wine merchants who had offended him by pressing him for a settlement of his account, wrote in the body of the document "Pay Messrs. Stomach Ache" a certain sum, no harm was done, since the cheque was payable to bearer; but there would have been considerable difficulty in passing the cheque through a bank had it been payable to order.

June. Prisoners have been told ere now by Justice Overdo that they have a "hanging face;" but it is somewhat of a novel thing for counsel learned in the law to urge, among their arguments in moving for a rule for a new trial in an action to recover damages from a railway company, the fact that the plaintiff and her principal witnesses were far too good-looking. A young lady travelling by a train on the South-Eastern line was so unfortunate as to sustain personal injury in alighting from the carriage at a place where there was no platform. When she recovered from her hurts, she brought an action for compensation; and a sympathetic jury awarded her a thousand guineas damages.

The railway company thought the damages excessive, and applied for a new trial, not only on the ground that the evidence was conflicting, but on the contention that the jury had been virtually bewitched by the beauty of the plaintiff, and "several of her sisters," who successively entered the witness-box. "And the worst of it was," said the learned counsel for the defenders, "the best-looking of the lot came last. After this, things came to a climax; and the fascinated jury hastened to award the fair plaintiff a thousand guineas. The rule for a new trial has been granted, subject to the consent of the plaintiff to the reduction of the damages to five hundred pounds.

June. Well: *la femme prime par la beauté.* Is not that in the eternal fitness of things? "A goddess beauty is," writes old Burton, going into ecstasies in the "Anatomy of Melancholy," "whom the very gods adore; she is love's harbinger, love's loadstone, a witch, a charm. Beauty is a dower in itself, a sufficient patrimony, an ample commendation, an accurate epistle." Plato calls beauty a "dumb comment," but the less gallant Theophrastus calls it a "silent fraud," and Socrates "a tyranny which tyranniseth over tyrants themselves." And the Old Men at the Sceian gate, when they saw Helen, forgave her all the woes of Troy.

August. Who is the "author" of a photograph and the person in whom the copyright thereof is originally vested? This apparently vexed point was recently decided in the Court of Appeal. A very well known firm of photographers in London sent one of their employés to Kennington Oval to focus the Australian team of cricketers, and duly registered the negative as their property, under the Copyright Act. The photograph being published, was reproduced by a photographer at Leeds. Against him the London firm of photograpers brought an action, in which they failed, Mr. Justice Field holding that plaintiffs were not the "authors" of the photograph within the meaning of the Act, and that they had been wrongly registered as such.

Against this finding the plaintiffs appealed. But the Master of the Rolls upheld the decision of the Court below, on the ground that the "author" of a painting was the painter, of a drawing the person who used the pencil; "and the only conclusion he could come to was that the 'author' of a photograph was the person who actually grouped and arranged the subjects and took the negative." His Lordship prefaced his judgment by expressing his opinion that the person who drew the Act of Parliament in question was not very clear as to who was entitled to register as the "author" of a photograph. So the appeal was dismissed with costs.

August. But, the unlearned in the law may ask, is there not often a good deal of "joint authorship" in a photograph? The focusser is not always the person who groups and arranges the sitters. Sometimes those processes are performed by another employé, or by the chief photographer himself, or his partner, if he have one. Again, the "focusser" can scarcely be the sole "author," seeing that when the subject is focussed some other person removes the morocco leather cap covering the lens, and allows the process of "exposure" to begin. Finally, the sitter might pose, and the "focusser" and his assistant labour in vain if the Blessed Sun did not likewise contribute his share—and a very considerable share, too—to the authorship. Of course, assistant photographers will now be required to assign the copyrights to their employers of all the negatives which they take; but how will it be with the photographs already published. Who is the legal "author" of the multitude of Henry Irvings, Ellen Terrys, Lillie Langtrys, and Archbishops of Canterbury which embellish our shop windows?

November. I wish that some person learned in the law would enlighten me as to the exact distinction and difference between a solicitor and an attorney. It is not vainly or maliciously that I ask the question; and I think that thousands of lay-readers would be grateful for the information which I seriously seek. A long time ago I was under the vague impression that the attorney was the person who was continually serving you with "greetings" from her Majesty Queen Victoria, commanding you to appear within eight days (the time was desperately short) before Lord John Campbell, or some other judicial luminary at Westminster. The "greetings" usually ended in a writ *fieri facias*, or one of *capias ad satisfaciendum*, and in the attorney selling you up, and playing the dickens with you generally.

The solicitor, *per contrâ*, you understood to be a vastly more refined and more influential personage, whose principal

ministrations were concerned with conveyancing marriage settlements, raising money on mortgage, and litigation on the largest and most imposing scale. Supposing that he was indeed "obligated to dance a bear"—that is, to serve you with a writ—he did so "to the very genteelest of tunes;" not "Water Parted" or "The Minuet in Ariadne," but with the copy handsomely printed on foolscap, not on a miserable little slip of blue paper, like the memorandum of a third-class butcher. November.

Now, unless my memory is going wholly to the dogs, when the Judicature Act was passed the term "attorney" was formally abolished, and merged in that of "solicitor." If this be the case, why did the *Times* the other day give the heading "In the matter of an Attorney," to a long article about unscrupulous lawyers who make ducks and drakes of their clients' money? I am again unable to understand why a "solicitor" should be considered a more dignified term than that of "attorney." I am many hundreds of miles away from old Dr. Cowd's "Legal Interpreter," or Law Dictionary; but I think I am not in error in stating that the learned authority in question defines the functions of attorneys as very ancient and honourable ones; whereas he speaks of solicitors in terms of comparative contumely, observing that, in the origin, they were the menial servants of the aristocracy.

Of course, I have received a shoal of letters from legal correspondents enlightening me on this point; but, wonderful to relate, not one of these epistles has borne the slightest reference to such sums as thirteen and fourpence and six and eightpence; nor even to the festive "five shillings for this application." "Law Student" writes:—

Prior to the Judicature Act, 1873, attorneys, or, in full, "attorneys-at-law," were officers of the Common Law Courts, while solicitors were officers of the Court of Chancery; the majority of the profession, or, at any rate, a large proportion of it, were both; but, even when they were not so, since solicitors had a higher reputation, attorneys

November. were only too pleased to receive the former title, although they had no right thereto. . . . The Judicature Act, 1873, abolished the separate jurisdictions of the Common Law Chancery Courts, and transferred the jurisdiction of both to one "Supreme Court," and in furtherance of this principle of amalgamation, enacted that all attorneys and solicitors entitled to practise in any of the courts whose jurisdiction was so transferred, should become solicitors of the Supreme Court.

I am obliged to "Law Student" and my other legal correspondents; but my feelings have been painfully shocked by the cynical levity displayed by a lady who (in a beautifully symmetrical Italian hand) tells me that "the only difference between an attorney and a solicitor is that existing between an alligator and a crocodile." Cruelest of Madams!

December. I am very much the debtor of a legal correspondent who confirms the impression under which I laboured that, by the Judicature Act, the name of "attorney" had been merged into that of solicitor, and sends me an extract from the Act itself, 36 and 37 Vict. Sect. 89, cap. 66.

From and after the commencement of this Act, all persons admitted as Solicitors, Attorneys, or Proctors of, or empowered by law to practice in any Court, the jurisdiction of which is hereby transferred to the High Court of Justice or Court of Appeal, shall be called Solicitors of the Supreme Court.

Exit the attorney; and we shall have it is to be hoped, no more newspaper articles headed "in the matter of an Attorney." At the same time, my obliging correspondent does not point out how or why it happened that the title of Attorney, which, according to old Dr. Cowel, was an ancient and honourable one, came to be regarded as a less dignified designation than that of a Solicitor. The sapient personages who drew the Judicature Bill of 1873 evidently thought that "Solicitor" sounded more genteel than "Attorney," else they would not have suppressed the last appellation.

PHILOLOGICAL ECHOES.

Mr. G. M. Tucker on "England's Bad English"—The St. James's Gazette on the Continental Observance of Shrove Tuesday—Derivation of Carnival—On the letter U following Q—"Cere" and "Sere"—Vocabulary of Falconry — Doll — Pluck — Stoke-Poges—Stokeintinhead — Caledonia — Thames or Temse — Liberty in Spelling—Calais—Tynes and Prongs—Les Jardies —Traffic—"Evangely"— Toast— Fad—Curious Misprint—"Sic Semper Tyrannis"—Mis-Translations —"Dude" — Prone — Fiasco — Pony — The United Kingdom — Forte — Guy Looter— Words ending in "dons"—Spondulic.

We are so continually girding at the Americans, and criticising in a more or less disparaging manner their speech, their manners, their dress, and even their personal appearance, that little surprise should be felt at their occasionally returning the compliment, and paying us back in our own coin by criticising us. I scarcely think, however, that the blot has been hit by Mr. Gilbert M. Tucker, who, in the *North American Review* discourses of "England's bad English." As examples of our inability to speak and write our own language with propriety, Mr. Tucker quotes our use of "famous," for excellent; "bargain," for haggle; "tiresome," for disagreeable; "rot," for nonsense; "jug," for pitcher; "good form," for in good taste; "trap," for light waggon: "tub," for bathe; "stop," for remain; "assist," for be present; "plant," for fixtures; "intimate," for announce; and "tidy" for almost anything complimentary. January.

"Famous" for excellent is an obvious Gallicism:—"J'ai fait un fameux dîner." I do not remember to have met with

January. "tiresome" used in the sense of disagreeable, although many disagreeable persons are tiresome as well. Addison once wrote, "Nothing is so *tiresome* as the works of dogmatic critics." But nobody speaks of a tiresome smell or of a man with a tiresome nose. As for "bargain" and "haggle" they are two distinct operations. A bargain is a contract, covenant, agreement, or compact; and, in connection with it, we sometimes use the adjective "famous." Thus, the gross of green spectacles which Moses Primrose bought at the fair may be termed a "famous" bargain. "The boy hath sold him a bargain a goose, that's flat," says Costard in "Love's Labour Lost."

"Haggle," on the other hand, means to be difficult in in bargaining, to stick at small matters. "I never," says Edmund Burke, "could drive a hard bargain in my life concerning any matter whatever; and least of all do I know how to haggle and huckster with merit."

Haggling is often coupled with "higgling"; although the words are often used separately. "It argues an ignoble mind," says Sir Matthew Hale, "where we have wronged to *higgle* and dodge in the amends."

By-the-way, "dodge," which has found its way into the "Slang Dictionary," mainly owing, I should say, to the repute of Mr. John Dawkins, the "Artful Dodger," is a thoroughly legitimate English word. I find it in one of South's sermons. "This consideration should make them grow weary of *dodging* and shewing tricks with Heaven." It is also in Addison: "You know my passion for Martha, and what a dance she has led me; she dodged with me above thirty years." Milton speaks of "dodging betwixt Cambridge and the Bull," and Swift of "chaffering with Dissenters and dodging about this or that ceremony." And, according to Cotgrave, a "scurvy haggler" is also a "dodger." Surely Mr. Tucker would not have us think that all "bargains" are dodges.

"Rot," for nonsense or rubbish, is, Mr. Tucker should be told, a vile slang term, which no well-bred Englishman would use. "Good Form" for "in good taste" is Society slang; but it is much more frequently said that a thing is in "bad" than in "good form." "Trap" is not used to express a "light wagon." We have no such thing as a "light wagon." We have wagons, wains, vans, and carts. A "trap" is a chaise, gig, dog-cart, or phaeton, either private property or hired. It is slangy, like most things "horsey;" but is not slang of the viler kind. To "Tub" for to bathe is again Society slang (generally military and university); but its use is defensible, since it defines the kind of bath taken. A person does not speak of taking a "shower tub," or a "Turkish tub;" and we do not "tub" in the sea. January.

"Stop" for "remain" ("stay" would be better) is inelegant in writing but justifiable as a colloquialism. I find in the latest Edition of Ogilvie and Annandale's "Imperial Dictionary" (London: Blackie & Son, 1883) under the head of "stop" (3) "To remain; to stay, to reside temporarily; to have lodgings, to tarry; as 'when you come to town, *stop* with me, instead of going to a hotel.'" "Assist," for to be present, is a pure Gallicism, which would not be employed by any competent writer, and is never used colloquially. Young ladies do "assist" at marriages when they are bridesmaids, yet they would scarcely speak of "assisting" at the interesting ceremony.

As for "plant" (which means a great many things besides fixtures), it is a mere technicality, and business technology is a thing quite apart from correctness in speaking or writing. If I let my house, I may require the incoming tenant to buy the "fixtures" at a valuation. But if I am a brewer or a printer, and wish to dispose of my business, I sell the goodwill and the "plant"—*i.e.*, the apparatus for carrying on the business. "Intimate" for "announce" is scarcely worth notice. Both words are equally objectionable, when you can "tell" a servant to bring more muffins,

January. or "let concealment like a worm i' the bud" feed on your damask cheek because you never "told" your love. Who ever "announced" his love?

But the most astonishing of the crows plucked with English people as to the way in which they speak English, is in connection with the word "jug." We say "jug" when we should say "pitcher," forsooth. Well, Mr. Mortlock, the china dealer, carries on his business "at the Sign of the Pitcher," and a very good pitcher it is. Tom Ingoldsby, in his ballad of "The Coronation," sings—

> Ye dear bewitcher,
> Just hand us the pitcher;

and we hear of little pitchers that have long ears, and pitchers that go often to the well but get broken at last. But, on the other hand, there is an allusion in the "Taming of the Shrew" to stone jugs, in contradistinction to "sealed quarts;" and Swift sings—

> He fetch'd 'em drink,
> Fill'd a large *jug* up to the brink.

The jug, the pitcher, the beaker, the black jack, the tankard, the pot, the noggin, the mug, the porringer, the cup, the ewer, and can, have long since had their proper places and meanings assigned to them in English speech and letters, and the fact that the Americans choose to call a milk-jug a "pitcher," a flight of stairs a "stoop," and a servant a "help," need not fill us with any fears that we are beginning to forget how to speak and write English.

February. In that merry journal, the *St. James's Gazette*, I note the following, in an article concerning the Continental observance of Shrove Tuesday:—

> In conclusion, let it be added that all light-hearted etymologists and orthographers, who dispose of derivations off-hand, and hold that "carne-vale" is the right spelling, and is evidently "carne-vale" ("farewell, flesh"), would do well to remember that "carne" is not

the Latin, in the vocative, for "flesh," and that "vale" is not the Italian for "farewell"; and would do well, again, to consult Muratore and other authorities. It is not improbable, however, that the light-hearted etymologist has, after all, got hold of the right derivation; that the original expression was the Latin "caro, vale," and that the spelling "carnovale," which seems to be almost as common as "carnevale," arose from the attempts of the ignorant to correct, as it were, the original Latin, preserving at the same time the *o*, to which their ears were accustomed. February.

I would counsel the "light-hearted" writer of the above lines, ere he criticises the assumed blunders of his contemporaries, to devote some of his leisure moments to the study of the Italian language. Meanwhile I may mention that everybody but a dunce knows that "carne" is not the Latin in the vocative for "flesh," and that everybody who is *not* a dunce is equally well aware that "vale," is, as well as "addio," the Italian for "farewell." If the "light-hearted" writer in the *St. James's* will consult a not very recondite work, called "Millhouse's New English and Italian Dictionary," Milan, 1880, he will find that the Italian equivalents for "farewell" are "statti bene," "stia bene," "vale," and "addio"; and if he be desirous to verify still further a fact with which most Italian scholars are familiar, he will find, by turning to Ferrari's "Nouveau Dictionnaire Français-Italien," that the Italian equivalent for "adieu" is "*vale*" as well as "addio." Hence it follows that "carne vale"—farewell, flesh—is not by any means a hybrid of Latin-Italian composition, but consists of two legitimate Italian words, "carne" and "vale."

But the real derivation of the word "carnival" is quite another thing. In the last edition of the "Imperial Dictionary" (Ogilvie and Annandale's), the authentic etymon of carnival is stated to be the Mediæval Latin "carnelevamen," for "carnislevamen," solace of the body, permitted in anticipation of any fast. And the "Imperial" may be right.

February. It would serve no purpose to enter into a controversy respecting the derivation of the word Carnival. It is past and gone; but Littré's great Dictionary remains. So does the "Grand Dictionnaire" of Benjamin Larousse. It may be amusing, however, to cite in this connection Emile Souvestre, who, in the "Philosophe sous les toits," says, "Carn-à-val signifie, mot à mot, chair à ban. C'est un adieu de quarante jours aux benoîtes poulardes et gras jambons." I can only refer several correspondents who have written to me courteously denying that "vale" is legitimate Italian for farewell, to Millhouse's very recently published dictionary, and to Ferrari as well, quoted above. In one part of his dictionary, Millhouse places in brackets the mention of "vale" being a Latinism; but in the other part he gives it simply as one of the equivalents for "addio." But Ferrari, in his Italian-French dictionary, merely says, "Vale, s.m., adieu."

A fair lady once challenged me to find an instance of a word in which the letter q was not followed by the vowel u. From Port Elizabeth, Cape Colony, comes to me the information that, on the borders of Kaffirland, there is a small river called the Qoqodale (pronounced "kock-kŏ-dālé"), and that the name will be found in Stanford's map of the Cape of Good Hope, published in 1876, and in E. de Smidt's survey.

"Cere" and "Sere." A correspondent at Warrington sends me a clipping from the *Ecclesiastical Gazette*, in which, in a letter to the editor, it is stated that "sere" is not a synonym for yellow, since "sere" only means dry, and a sere leaf may be yellow, or brown, or red, or any other colour. The writer also denies that "sere" with an s is a term of falconry, "for the part at the base of the bill of birds is almost invariably spelled 'cere,' from the Latin word *cera*, wax, and never 'sere,' which, even if it meant yellow,

would by no means be always applicable to it; for it is very commonly of a bluish colour, and may be of any other." The writer of the letter from which I have quoted is a distinguished ornithologist. February.

As regards the *modern* spelling of the two words the ornithological gentleman is obviously quite right. Ogilvie and Annandale's "Imperial Dictionary" gives "cere" from *cera*, wax, "in ornithology the term applied to the space destitute of feathers generally observed at the base of the bill of birds." And the "Imperial" quotes Gilbert White—"The hen bird had a black *cere*." Latham ("Dictionary of the English Language,") agrees with the "Imperial" as to the spelling; and says that "cere" is "a naked skin, like a small cere-cloth covering the base of the bill in the hawk kind," and quotes Gilbert White, as aforesaid.

But—there may be as much virtue in a "but" as in an "if"—the "Encyclopædia Perthensis," under the head of "Hawking," says that "the yellow part between the beak and eyes is called the 'sere' or 'sear.'" Bailey agrees with the "Encyclopædia Perthensis;" and finally Phillips, in the "New World of Words" defines "Sere or *reseur* in falconry as the yellow between the eyes and beak of a hawk." It follows that it is somewhat rash to assert that "cere," in ornithology and falconry, is never spelled "sere," since I have given three instances to the contrary; but it also follows that we are much more accurate than our ancestors, who spelled "anyhow," and, as a rule, did not trouble themselves about the derivation of words at all.

In Chapman's well-known lines—

> Two eagles
> Shook their thick wings, and threatening death's cold fears,
> Their necks and cheeks tore with their eager *seres*.

Here "seres" evidently mean claws or talons.

March. I read in an old hawking book the blinding of a hawk, just taken, by running a thread through her eyelids, and thus drawing them over the eyes to prepare her for being hooded, is called *seeling*. The insertion of a feather in her wing in lieu of a broken one is called *imping*. When, after seizing her prey, she pulls off the feathers, she is said to *plume*. A strange vocabulary is that of falconry. Are our noble sportsmen well "posted up," I wonder, in the mysteries of "tiring," "bating," "jouking," "intermewing," "raking," and "flying on head"? And is the dead body of a fowl killed by a hawk, still called a "pelt"? The fowl flown at when alive, is, of course, the "quarry."

But "quarry" suggests a curious mem. "Quarry" in the hunting of four-footed animals means "the hounds' fees, or their part of the game which they have taken." The term is derived from the French "curée," anciently "cuirée," and "corée." Now, among the edifying romances of M. Emile Zola which have been translated into Italian is one called "La Curée." The translator explains to his readers that, according to the Dictionary of the French Academy, "la curée" is "la pasta che si dà ai cani da caccia, facendo loro mangiare alcuni parti della bestia che s' è presa." He proceeds to state that in Italy it is not the custom to set apart a portion of the prey for the hounds, and that in the Italian language there is no word corresponding to the French "curée." By the drollest of expedients does the translator extricate himself from his difficulty. Avowing that he shares with M. Zola the hatred always expressed by the novelist for the Second Empire, and pointing out that the Imperial régime was one of universal intrigue, corruption, and dishonest speculation, he coolly renders "La Curée" as "La Cuccagna." "Cuccagna" in Italian means the land of delight and plenty. Our land of Cockaigne, in fine.

It is strange that there should not be in the whole of the Universal Shakspeare a single mention of a doll (of course I

do not mean Doll Tearsheet), unless, indeed, Macbeth's "Protest me the baby of a girl" is a figure of speech referring to a thing so trivial as the "baby" or puppet plaything of a little girl. Bacon speaks of what we now term "dolls" as "babies." So, if I remember aright, does good Mistress Lucy Hutchinson in her "Memoirs." I find "baby" for poupée in an Anglo-French dictionary of 1698. When did the "baby" become a "doll"? Mr. Cremer, jun., in his "Toy Kingdom," while discoursing on the successive transformation of Dolly from her original clay into wood, rags, porcelain, wax, and india-rubber, does not enlighten us as to the date of Dolly's change of name in England. March.

In this matter of the age of the word doll (mentioned by Shakspeare only as a "baby" and a "babe"), my attention has been drawn to an extract from a sermon, preached before Shakspeare was born, by a cleric named Edgeworth, one of the most strenuous of Bishop Latimer's opponents at a time when the illustrious Reformer was preaching some very stirring sermons in Bristol. Says "Maister Roger Edgeworth, Doctoure of Divinitie, Canon of the Cathedral Churches of Salisburie, Welles, and Bristowe," &c.:—

> Now at the dissolution of monasteries and friars' houses, many images have been carried abroad and given to children to play withal, and when the children have them in their hands, dancing them after their childish manner, cometh the father or the mother, and saith, "What, nasse, what hast thou there?" The child answereth as she is taught, "*I have mine Doll.*" The father laugheth, and maketh a gay game at it. So saith the mother, "Jugge, or Tommy, where hadst thou that pretty *idol?*" "John, our parish clerk, gave it me," saith the child.

This citation, my correspondent adds, occurs at fol. 11 of a work called "Sermons, very Fruitful, Godly, and Learned, preached and sette forth by Maister Roger Edgeworth, as aforesaid, and published in London in September, 1557. The quotation which I have given is from the "Bristol, Past and Present," of Mr. John Taylor.

March. But if English children in the time of Philip and Mary were taught to call their puppets "dolls" from idols, why did the word escape Shakspeare's notice? Referring to Ogilvie and Annandale's "Imperial Dictionary," I find among the suggested etymologies of "doll" the English "idol;" the Welsh "delw," an image; and the Anglo-Saxon and Dutch "dol," stupid. But the latest editor of the "Imperial" inclines to the opinion that the most reasonable etymology of "doll" is Johnson's suggestion that it is a contraction of Dorothy. The suggestion (Doll Tearsheet to the contrary) is hardly satisfactory. Dorothy is not a more common name than Mary. If Johnson's suggestion is tenable, by a parity of reasoning, a child's puppet might as well be called a "Moll" or "Poll."

I have stated above that Mistress Lucy Hutchinson was wont to call her doll a "baby." I should have said that she applied the term to the dolls of other little girls, and that she did not personally approve of puppets. Turning to her biography, I find that she was so very serious a small young lady, that, when more frivolously-minded little misses came to see her, she was in the habit of "plucking their babies to pieces." They could scarcely be worse treated by the clown in a pantomime. The Dutch call a doll "een pop," the derivation of which, as well as that of the German "puppe," should be from the Latin "pupa."

There has been a controversy in the *Pall Mall Gazette* about "pluck" and "plucky," in the sense of bravery. Pluck ceased to be a slang term about the time of the Crimean War; but I am inclined to think that it was a good old English word long before it degenerated (as old English "dodge" has also done) into slang. And I doubt whether it has anything to do with the "internal arrangements" of an animal. I would rather think it akin to the verb "to pluck up," since I read in Knolles' "Historie of

the Turkes"—"He willed them to *pluck up* their hearts and make all things ready for a new assault, wherein he expected they would with courageous resolution recompense their late cowardice." March.

The correspondent of a contemporary puts the following query:—

In your interesting note of last night, you spell the name of the village where Gray was born Stoke Pogis. Those who live there always prefer to spell Stoke Poges, without, as far as I have ever heard, having any reason to give for their partiality. Could any of your readers enlighten me on the true spelling and meaning of the latter half of the name? Stoke is common enough—the Stockade; but what does Poges or Pogis signify?

In Lewis's great "Topographical History of England," which some have called the modern "Domesday Book," the name of the parish in the hundred of Stoke, County Bucks., two miles from Slough, is spelt "Stoke Poges"; but nothing is said about the derivation of "Poges." There are several curiosities of nomenclature in Lewis in connection with Stoke. I find Stoke Edith, Stoke Bliss, Stoke Abbas, Stoke Charity, Stoke Trister, and Stoke Pero. But the oddest Stoke on which I light is "Stoke-intinhead," in the hundred of Wonford, County Devon.

Some correspondents have written to point out that "Stoke-intinhead" should be properly spelled "Stoke-in-Teign-head," and that it is a village in a picturesque dell one mile south of the estuary of the Teign. One jauntily remarks on my having noted Stoke-intinhead as an "odd" name. "Now, I apprehend the oddest part of it is in the wrong spelling of the word." I beg to say that I am not responsible for the oddity. Stoke-in-Teign-head is printed as "Stokeintinhead" (one word) in Lewis's "Topographical Dictionary of England," a work fifty years old. Moreover, Lewis says that Stokeintinhead is in the same parish with "Combintinhead."

March. Another quotes Camden's "Britannia," to the effect that Stoke *Pogeis* is so called from the Pogeis, formerly Lords of that particular Stoke, from whom it devolved, by right of inheritance, to the Hastings (having first descended by marriage to the Molins, and from them to the Hungerfords). The daughter and sole heir of Thomas, Lord Hungerford, married Edward, Lord Hastings and Hungerford. Here is "Pogeis" with an e and i to boot. A third correspondent writes that Amicia de Stoke brought the Buckinghamshire manor to Robert *Poges*, who was chosen one of the knights of the shire, A.D. 1300. By the way, I note a Stoke-Bardolph in the county of Nottingham. Who was Bardolph?

Talking of Camden, I would wish to ask my esteemed friend, Dr. Charles Mackay, if there be a Celtic word "kaled," signifying "hard," from which Camden derives the name of Caledonia? I know that some philologers trace Caledonia from "Cael-doch," a compound made up of "Gael" or "Cael," the first colony of the ancient Gauls who emigrated into Britain, and "doch," a division or district of a country; and that it is supposed that the Romans, by transposing the letter l in Cael, and softening into a Latin termination the "ch" "doch," formed the well-known name Caledonia. But Ménage, in his "Origines de la Langue Française," citing Camden's derivation of Caledonia from "kaled," quotes Bochart's "History of the Phœnicians," in which it is stated that the Celtic "kaled" comes from the Hebrew word "galad," and that its equivalent in French is "galet," a round, flat stone found on the seashore and used as ballast for ships. So plentiful, he adds, are "galets" at the mouth of Calais harbour that some had thought "galets" to be a corruption of the name of Calais itself. Hence arises another curious question. There is a flat, greasy piece of pastry, highly popular in France, called a "galette." How many times, as a schoolboy, have I revelled in the unctuous dainty which used to be dispensed "all hot" (and by a very

pretty girl), at a shop known as "La Renommée de la Galette," on the Paris boulevards! Is "galette" (it is flat) akin to "kaled" and "galad?" March.

Of course I have had a number of remonstrant letters commenting on my having somewhere alluded to "setting the Thames on fire," and pointing out that "Thames" is a corruption of "temse," a seive or bolter, and that the right reading of the proverbial saying is "to set the temse on fire," meaning to make a figure in the world, "since a hard-working, active man vigorously sifting flour in a sieve would not unfrequently ply the temse so quickly as to set fire to the wooden hoop." I knew very well that this explanation had been given before I wrote about "setting the Thames on fire;" and I knew as well that, in Ogilvie and Annandale's "Imperial Dictionary" the "temse" explanation is only quoted as "plausible." For my part, I choose to be as obstinate as a mule on the subject, and not to believe a word of the "temse" hypothesis, for the simple reason (I have said so perhaps twenty times in print) that I have a distinct remembrance of having read, in some Review published in the year, 1814, an article in which unmerciful "chaff" was bestowed on a grandiloquent poem on the Peace, written by (I think) Lord Thurlow, in which his Lordship, describing the illumination of the river at night as part of the public rejoicings for peace, congratulated the Prince Regent on "having set the Thames on fire." The noble Lord's poem or the review thereof will turn up some day; and then I shall be able to vindicate the position which I have taken with respect to this saying.

"N. A." remarks on the absurdity of substituting "Temse" for "Thames":—"No amount of sifting would set a sieve on fire; and, besides, if it could, where would be the wonder?" In Dublin, my correspondent adds, he has often heard it said of a somewhat dull individual, "Oh! he'll never set the Liffey on fire!"

April. "A. A. A." (Beaconsfield Club) propounds to me the following—which is the orthography of the two following variations in spelling:—"I read on the walls of a London street 'St. James's Street.' I read in Messrs. Kelly's Post Office London Directory 'St. James' Street.'" I may answer the question by relating the brief apologue of the Shoddy Millionaire, who, on first setting up his carriage, instructed the coachmaker to paint a crest on the panels. "But what's the crest to be, Sir?" asked the coachmaker. "I'm sure I don't know," replied the man of many dollars. "*What's most worn?*" "Wal," quoth the coach builder, "Stags' heads is very fashionable; but fishes' heads is reckoned mighty peculiar." He was for liberty in heraldry. I am for liberty in spelling, chiefly, perhaps, because I was never taught to spell.

In re the word "kaled," Dr. Charles Mackay kindly tells me that in the Cymric or Kymric branch of the Celtic or Keltic "caled" signifies hard or severe; in the Gaelic the word becomes "cailete," which means hardness or severity. Dr. Mackay is of opinion that Camden was right in deriving the first syllable in Caledonia from "cael," which should be "gael" (the c and g being almost identical in pronunciation); but that the author of "Britannia" was wrong in his derivation of "don" from "doch," which should be "duthaic; —pronounced "duaich"—a country or extent of country. The Doctor thinks that the true derivation is from "gael" and "dun," a hill—"dune," hills (see the "dunes" in Northern France?), thus making the word Caledonia to signify the Hills of the Gael.

As for the town of Calais, my respected informant holds that the name is clearly traceable to the Gaelic and Keltic "caol," narrow strait, "caolas," a narrow sea. Thus, *liberavi animam.* By the way, one of my numerous correspondents

expresses his surprise that I am not acquainted with the Welsh language. My good Sir, I have not learned English thoroughly yet. I own that in the matter of Cymric, I was sorely put to shame some few years ago when, happening to be at a luncheon given by Sir Edward Watkin at the Lord Warden, Dover, to the then Persian Ambassador, his Excellency—Something Khan, of course—enumerated no less than seventy Welsh words, which were also Persian words expressing the same signification as their Cymric congeners. April.

It is no news to philologers to point out that many of our oldest and (in the sense in which they are now used in England) obsolete words are often used in colloquial parlance in America. Thus I have read in an essay by an American writer of the "tynes" of a fork. In our modern speech the antlers of a deer have "tynes," but a fork has "prongs." And now as to "baby" as an equivalent for "doll." Among the love-letters read during a recent breach of promise case in New York was one in which the fair defendant (it was the gentleman who brought the action) remarked:—

Be sure to come down Wednesday if possible, love. Oh! I have bought a lovely doll for Dutchy. Cost almost five dollars. A regular French baby. It is a perfect beauty.

A correspondent asks me if I can give him any explanation of the meaning of "Les Jardies," the name of the house at Ville d'Avray where Léon Gambetta died. He has himself discovered that "Les Jardies" was anciently the site of a hospital for lepers. All that I can find out is that "Jarde" or "Jardon," in French, means a callous tumour, which afflicts the legs of horses. "Jarde" is also a term in old English farriery for a hard tumour. Is not elephantiasis a form of inward leprosy? The tumours formed in the legs of sufferers from that distressing ailment are called, I believe,

April. "tubera," but may they not have been anciently known as "jardes?"

May. Of the amount of benefit to be conferred on wheeled locomotion by the marvellously rapid improvements carried out at Hyde Park Corner by the First Commissioner of Works, from designs prepared long since by Mr. A. B. Mitford, C.B., time and the just beginning fashionable season will show the extent. By the way, now that I have mentioned "wheeled locomotion" (a most uncouth expression), will somebody be good enough to supply me with a better word than "traffic," which American critics of John Bull's English deride as wholly erroneous when applied to the passing to and fro of goods, persons, and carriages along a road, railway, canal, or steam-boat route. The American critics maintain that "traffic" only properly applies to the exchange or barter of commodities or property. Of course, I am only "echoing" this contention; and Celtic scholars may duly point out that in Welsh *trafu* is to stir or agitate, and that *trafod* is a stirring about or bustle. Then there is the Latin derivation from *trans* and *facio*. Ménage says that the French word *trafic* is derived from the Italian *traficco*, which, like *fondaco* and tariff, is borrowed from the Arabic.

The French only use their word *trafic* with reference to trade. That which we call road or street traffic they call *circulation*. Shakspeare, Bacon, Heylin, Addison, Gay, Rowe, all use the word exclusively, literally, or metaphorically, with reference to bartering or exchanging. I begin to think (but for the Welsh derivation) that the Transatlantic censors are right in rebuking us for calling circulation traffic.

One more last word about words. A correspondent, "L. G. R.," Professor of English in a French Lycée, brings

under my notice the following extract from an affidavit recently sworn before a Notary Public at Baltimore, in the State of Maryland, U.S.A. :— May.

> On the Twenty-First of March, A.D. 1883, before the subscriber, a Public Notary of the State of Maryland in the City of Baltimore, duly commissioned and qualified, came personally * * * and made oath on the Holy Evangely, &c.

This is the first time, adds my correspondent, that he has come across the word "Evangely," and he wishes to know whether the word exists or has existed in English. In reply, I would inform him that "Evangely"—the Gospel, occurs in Spenser.

> The sacred pledge of Christ's *Evangely*.

In the most modern edition of English lexicons, Ogilvie and Annandale's "Imperial Dictionary" I find "Evangely"; and it is not marked as an obsolete word. I find also "Evangile" quoted from Landor. "The Evangile of freedom." But "Evangel," used by Longfellow, is cited as "obsolete or poetic." I believe that "Evangel" has long since passed into prose of the "gushing" order. I cannot remember that I ever gushed; although I have been charged with "gushing" in hundreds of newspaper articles of which I never wrote a line. Behold one of the blessings of the anonymous. A score of years ago, a now very eminent English journalist wrote in the *Saturday Review* a "slashing" article of the most unsparing order, called "Jupiter Junior." It was particularly pointed against a leader on "Bottles," which had appeared in a daily newspaper with which I have been closely associated for more than a quarter of a century; but, in general, it was a tremendously satirical onslaught on the matter and manner of "Jupiter Junior's" leaders. In the course of the ensuing ten years I met, time and again, the author of the *Saturday* article (I have always admired and liked him very much); but as I have always been "wall-eyed," and the remaining orb of vision is of no great account, it is very possible that I failed occasionally to recognise him.

May. I have gotten myself into rare trouble through a too hasty derivation assigned to the word "toast" in its sense of the drinking of a health. But it was by no mean authority that I was misled. I read in the *The Tatler*—Addison's, Swift's, Steele's *Tatler*:—

> It happened that, on a publick day, a celebrated beauty of those times (Charles the Second's) was at the Cross Bath (at Bath), and one of the crowd of her admirers took a glass of the water in which the fair one stood, and drank her health to the company. There was in the place a gay fellow, half fuddled, who offered to jump in, and swore that, tho' he liked not the liquor, he would have the *toast* (making an allusion to the usuage of the times of drinking with a *toast* at the bottom of the glass). Tho' he was opposed in his resolution, this whim gave foundation to the present honour which is done to the lady we mention in our liquors, who has ever since been called a *toast*.

This seemed to me plausible enough; but, alas! I reckoned without my host: that is to say, without the large edition of Todd's Johnson's "Dictionary of the English Language," by Dr. R. G. Latham. This authority discredits the *Tatler* derivation, and adds that Wedgwood's is far preferable—i.e., the German *stoss*, or *stoss an*—clink (glasses).

Stoss, in German, means a good many things. It signifies, among other things, a thrust, a knock, a push, a hit, a brunt, a shove, a butt, a kick, a bang with the fist, a jog, a nudge, a stab, a lunge, a pass, and a jolt. But is not *Klingen*, German for the verb "to clink"? and is not to toast a lady in German *auf die Gesundheit einer Damen trinken?* In an Anglo-Dutch dictionary, published in 1756, a reigning Toast, or beauty, is rendered in Batavian as Een vermaarde Schoonbeid; and an illustrative quotation is given, "Above a year before the fair Temple came to be a toast." At first *de schoone Juffrow Tempel* puzzled me; till I remembered the beautiful Miss Temple, celebrated in the "Memoirs of De Grammont" as being so very virtuous and so very fond of sugar-plums.

Is there any mention anterior to the reign of Charles the Second of a reigning beauty being styled "a toast"? As

for the toasted bread, that was wont to swim in the flowing bowls of our ancestors, we have it in Shakspeare :— May.

> Where's then the saucy boat
> Co-rivaled greatness? or to harbour fled,
> Or made a toast for Neptune?

I am poor in Seventeenth-Century dictionaries. My Phillip's "New World of Words" (ed. 1696) makes no mention at all of "toast" or "tost," but in an Anglo-French dictionary, published in 1699, "tost" is translated as *rôtie*; and the careful editor explains that the practice of swimming a toast in liquor is peculiar to the English. So soon as the toast is done, he adds, it is rubbed with nutmeg, and then placed "dans un pot d'ale." (The Frenchman's spelling is better than poor Stella's, whom Swift reproached for writing ale, "aile.") When the pot was finished, the toast was taken out and eaten with cheese. An "old tost" was a jolly old fellow; whence the proverb, "as drunk as a tost," "yvre comme une soupe." Both pretty well obsolete, I should say; although the commonalty continue to speak of an inebriate person being "as tight as a drum."

American readers should take note of a strange term which has very recently made its appearance in high-class English journalism. For a long time—certainly since Sterne's time—the people who very strongly hold whimsical, fantastic, and paradoxical views on given subjects have been called riders of hobbies. Within later years the ladies and gentlemen who feel so strongly on the subjects of Vivisection, Compulsory Vaccination, Teetotalism, Sunday closing, and other cognate topics, have been called "crotcheteers"—an inelegant and almost imbecile expression. The editor of the *St. James's Gazette* has lately taken to calling a hobby, metaphorically speaking, a "fad," and the rider thereof a "faddist."

May. "Fad," is to be found in Hotten's "Slang Dictionary," and is defined as a hobby or favourite pursuit. In the early edition of Dr. Ogilvie's "Imperial Dictionary" "fad" has no place; but in the latest edition (1883) "fad" makes its appearance, with a rather far-fetched derivation from the Saxon "fadicen," to arrange, and a definition as a favourite theory, crotchet, or hobby. But a "fad," in the sense in which the word is used by the editor of the *St. James's Gazette*, is rather a disarrangement than otherwise; and the only authority which the "Imperial Dictionary" can give for the employment of "fad" as a legitimate English word is a slightly slipslop passage from the *Contemporary Review*:—

> The world is a mêlée of special constables, each bent on getting his own fad enforced at the point of the truncheon.

But a truncheon has no point. It is a cylinder, and cylinders do not terminate in points; I am inclined myself to hold that "fad" is a corruption of "faddle" to dandle—in French, "dorloter." A "faddist" is continually dandling and caressing his "fad." The word (a most objectionable one to my thinking) would not seem to have reached the United States. At least, I am unable to find it in Professor Schele de Vere's Dictionary of Americanisms.

June. Reading at Vienna, the other day, a long account in an English morning paper of the Coronation ceremonial at Moscow, I came across a curious misprint. It was stated that after the Tsar had taken the Sacrament, the Archbishop tendered to his Imperial Majesty "the customary antidote," and the Empress was also described as receiving the "antidote." It chanced that I had brought with me a copy of the French *Journal de St. Petersbourg*, in which it was recorded that the Tsar had been presented with "l'antidore." "Antidore" is obviously a Gallicisation of the ecclesiological Greek *ἀντιὸωοον*, or holy loaf (ancient

ἀντὸωοεα, retribution, remuneration). Looking at the fact that the article in question was seven thousand words, or more than six columns, long, and that it was full of outlandish words, it is, on the whole, wonderful that the telegraph clerks at Moscow, St. Petersburg, and London, and the compositors, printers' readers, sub-editors, and editors who had to deal with the message did not make more mistakes. June.

The writer, however, of a paragraph in the ingenuous *Truth*, called the misprint a "diverting blunder;" adding that "antidoron" meant the "pain béni" of the French churches. But the paragraphist in *Truth*, like the traditional tinker, in mending one hole in the orthographical kettle, made another on his own account. In the Coronation telegram a "t" appeared where an "r" should have stood. The *Truth* correspondent left out a "t" where that letter should have been. In the "French Churches," the holy loaf is not called "pain béni," it is "pain bénit;" just as holy water is "eau bénite," and not "eau bénie." How easy it is to find fault, and how fond I am of finding fault myself! But I suppose the world could not get on without a continuous merry-go-round of recrimination. The Tories must spend half their leisure moments in hunting up fresh crimes on the part of the Liberals; and when the Liberals go out of office they will devote themselves by day and by night to the fascinating task of picking holes in the Conservative coat.

All the way from South Travancore, a correspondent writing concerning "toast" translated into French as "rôtie," mentions that in the Tamil and Telugu countries of Southern India "Rôtie" means a loaf of bread. But this can only be a coincidence. "Rôti" in French means roasted or toasted, and may be applied either to bread or to beef. But I can tell my correspondent something of which he may not hitherto have been aware. Long since Private Tommy-Atkins, returning from Indian service, has acclimatised July.

July. "Rôtie" (pronounced "Rooty") in the vocabulary of the British barrack. At least eight years ago I heard of a private soldier complaining in his barrack-room that he had not had his "proper section of rooty," *i.e.*, his proper ration of bread.

I have been asked for the origin of the motto, "Sic Semper Tyrannis." That was, most people know, the exclamation of Wilkes Booth when, having dealt President Lincoln a fatal wound, the assassin leapt from the box on to the stage of the theatre at Washington. It is the heraldic motto, I believe, of the State of Virginia; but as to that I am not certain.

On the subject of the meaning of "Les Jardies," the name of the historic Balzac-Gambetta villa at Ville d'Avray, I have received a long and interesting communication in French from a lady at Carlsruhe. The writer is of opinion that the name "Les Jardies" cannot have anything to do with lepers or leprosy, the old French designation for which were "mesiaus" and mézélèrie (Ménage, I find, says that the old French for a leper or "ladre" was "mezeau," and that for leprosy or "ladrerie," "mezzelerie;" and he cites to this effect the Sire de Joinville). My Carlsruhe correspondent observes that "jard" is old French for sand, and that the term "Les Jardies" simply meant a sandy place, even as "La Sablière," "Les Sablonnières" mean sandy places, now. (I seem to remember a spot in Brussels called "Les Petits Sablons.") And my correspondent concludes by mentioning that she has a vivid remembrance of a visit paid in her childhood to Ville d'Avray, and of "une pente douce" of fine, soft, brilliant yellow sand, "où elle enfonçait ses pieds avec délices." The sandy locality "Les Jardies" would thus seem to have given its name to the Hospital for Lepers, and subsequently to the villa.

"Like an eagle in a dovecote," even as Coriolanus fluttered the Volscians in Corioli, her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs has "fluttered" the Queen's diplomatic and Consular agents abroad. Certain despatches presenting some remarkable specimens of bad English, "mostly due to mistranslations of French words," have been recently received at the Foreign Office; and, scandalised by the blunders of the translators, Lord Granville, who is not only a distinguished Statesman, but also an accomplished linguist, has issued an official circular, calling the attention of all members of her Majesty's Diplomatic and Consular services to the necessity for greater care as regards the use of pure English in official correspondence. Here is a list of the alleged "mistranslations:"— July

"Copy of King's speech, with appreciation thereon!" "Demission" for dismissal, "transaction" for compromise, "franchise of duties" for freedom from duties, "veridical" for true, "arrestation" for arrest, "incessantly" for immediately, "signalize" for point out, "prorogation" for prolongation, "increasement" for increase, "category" for class, "expose" for state or explain, "destitution" for dismissal, "minimal" for very small, "rally themselves to" for come round to, "antecedent solidarity" for previous understanding, "took act" for took note, "suscitated" for raised, "debarred of" for debarred from, "disrecommended," "unmotived," "spiritiste," &c.

Some of the "mistranslations" are amusingly obvious. "Minimal" is an wholly unauthorised adjective, although Milton speaks of "minims of nature," and we have the verb to "minimize." Many of the words however, used by the diplomatic and consular scribes as equivalents for French terms scarcely deserve to be branded as "bad English." For example, in the Civil Law a compromise between litigants is a "transaction." "Prorogation" may be legitimately used in the sense "prolongation" (an extension of the term of a lease is a "prorogation"); and "suscitate" for raised is a thoroughly orthodox English word used by many old essayists and divines.

On the principle adopted by the gentleman who, wishing to sell his house, was in the habit of carrying about with him

July. a brick as a specimen of the architectural style of the mansion, I may be permitted to point out how the employment of one word scouted by Lord Granville as bad English might be justified. Let us take the word "veridical" for true. In a leading article in the *Standard* I read:—

> To use "veridical" in the sense of true is worthy only of some of those Baboos whom Lord Ripon is so anxious to transform, not only into masters of the English language, but into rulers of the English race.

Why, man alive! "Veridical" is as good English as "veracious." I disdain to vindicate it merely for the reason that it has been used by Thomas Carlyle, who speaks of a "veridical Boswell"; because in that case I might be told that I had only quoted "Carlylese"; but I turn to the dictionaries, and I find "veridical" for true, veracious, truthful, telling of truth, in Phillips's "New World of Words," ed. 1695; in Bailey, edited by Nicol Scott; in Webster, edited by Goodrich and Porter, ed. 1880; and in Ogilvie's "Imperial Dictionary," edited by Annandale, ed. 1883. Undoubtedly the word is rarely used; but so long as it remains in our dictionaries, and is not marked rare, we are at liberty to use it. And it is not marked rare in one of the very latest, and, to my mind, the very best of modern dictionaries, the Imperial.

From an American paper I learn that "the just now popular word, dude—meaning an empty-headed, languid-mannered young swell, who bangs his hair"—is no foreign importation, but is of good New England parentage. "The word, pronounced in two syllables, is a word that has been used in the little town of Salem, New Hampshire, for twenty years past, and is claimed as coined there. It is common to talk of a dapper young man as 'a dude of a fellow,' of a small animal as 'a little dude,' and of a sweetheart as 'my dude.'"

July. On the other hand, I find Dr. Schule de Vere, in his "English of the New World," mentioning the word, not "dude," but "dud," meaning clothes, and claiming it, in the singular, as an Americanism: "the plural form being at least known in England, although not much used." But is not "dud" in the singular common in Scottish-English? Professor de Vere quotes from *Putnam's Magazine* for February, 1870: "'Think of her?' I think she is dressed like a *dud*; can't say how she would look in the costume of the present century." In this case "dud" evidently means "dowdy."

August. Ever since the publication of Lord Granville's circular referred to above, I have made constant quest for English that is pure. In the course of my travail I have lighted on a quarto tract, published in 1644, called "Vindex Anglicus: or, Perfections of the English Language Vindicated and Asserted." Says the Vindicator:—

> The Italian is compounded of Latin, barbarous Greek and Gothish. The French of Latin, Dutch, and the old Gallick; the Spanish of Latin, Gothish, and Morisco: Germany hath a taste of the Roman Empire and her bordering neighbours; if I be not deceived, you may discover all these with advantage; yet their purest expression fitly seated and separated from their barbarisms which by others are swallowed together with the rest. All of them are so mutable that our frequency is excusable. Nay, mixture and mutability are things so natural to languages that none but the Hebrew [if that] are free from them.

At the same time, the Vindicator holds up to public animadversion the "busy creatures" who presume to foist new and impure words on the perfect English language. "How ridiculous," he writes, "if well considered, is the merchandise they seek to sell for current. Let me afford you a few examples, and I am deceived if they will not move both your anger and laughter. Read and censure:—

> Adpugne, Algale, Adstupiate, Daffe, Defust, Depex, Brochity, Bulbitate, Extorque, Ebriolate, Caprilous, *Contrast*, Catillate, Fraxate,

August. Froyce, Imporcate, Increinble, Incasse, Gingreate, Glabretal, Halitate, Ligurition, Lurcate, Kemand, *Mephitic*, Merminodized, Obsalutate, Orbation, Nixious, Naustible, Plumatise, Progidity, Puellation, Raption, Rerest, Rumatic, *Sudate*, Solistic, Subgrund, Tristful, Wadshaw, *Xantical*, Yexate, Vitulate, Undosus, Vambrash, Zoograte.

A remarkable list. The italics are mine. But "daffe," defined as a "stupid blockish fellow," is in the latest of English dictionaries, and it is in Chaucer—

I shall be holden a *daffe* or a cokenay.

"Algal," one of the "algæ," or pertaining to the nature of the algæ, is still in use; "vambrash" was probably a "vambrace," or piece of armour for the arm; "froyce" may have been a gallicism from the French "froisse," but there was an old English pancake made with bacon called a "froise;" "orbation" for privation or bereavement remains in the most recent dictionaries. We have "sudation" and "sudatory," but no "sudate;" "tristful" occurs twice in Shakspeare (I. "Henry IV.," ii. 4, and "Hamlet," iii. 4); although we do not use the word "Xantical," we have Xanthic acid; "yexate" seems to be a latinisation of the old English "yex," to hiccup; and if we have no "zoografe," we have zoography. Somebody will doubtless be able to tell me the meaning of "wadshaw." Has it aught to do with the old Scottish law term "wadsett?"

September. I used the word "prone" in writing on the subject of flags and their colours. Well, I suppose it means in one sense, inclined, disposed, or apt. But a respected correspondent draws my attention to a copy of verses printed recently in the *St. James's Gazette*. The poem is headed "On the Beach," and the poet is describing the sensations of an idler by the seaside. The concluding stanza is as follows:—

I wonder how limpets stick on to a rock,
If that man isn't weary of rowing,
What may be exactly the state of the clock,
If it isn't high time to be going;

I wonder if zephyrs so soft and so shy
Can make anyone fresher and stronger ;
And I wonder at last why the dickens should I
Remain prone on my back any longer.

September.

Of course, the gentleman should have wondered why he remained *supine* on his back. Lying on his face only could he have been prone—*couché à plat ventre*, as the French put it. But my correspondent is indignant. "Can you not," he writes, "say something about 'prone on my back?' It is the most delicious instance of modern ignorance of common Latin words that I have met with for some time."

There is a capital way of avoiding blunders in the use or the words "prone" and "supine," in the sense of inclination in one direction or another; and that way is to study the rudiments of the science called anatomy. When you come to draw the bones and muscles of the human hand and arm, you will at once understand the difference between the attitudes of pronation and supination.

A correspondent cites "Milton (Paradise Lost, I. 195), where Satan is spoken of as lying 'prone on the flood.' It is difficult," adds my correspondent, "to imagine any being floating face downwards." Be that as it may, pronation is one thing, and supination another, and "prone on my back" is both grammatically and anatomically incorrect.

Touching "fiasco," a correspondent obligingly tells me that there was once at Florence a celebrated harlequin by the name of Biancolelli, whose forte was the improvisation of comic harangues on any object which he might chance to hold in his hand. One evening he appeared on the stage with a flask ("fiasco") in his hand; but, as ill-luck would have it, he failed altogether in extracting any "funniments" out of the bottle. At last, exasperated, he thus apostrophised the flask: "It is thy fault that I am so stupid to-

September. night. *Fuori!* Get out of this!" So saying, he threw the flask behind him, and shattered it to atoms. Since then, whenever an actor or singer failed to please an audience, they used to say that it was like Biancolelli's "fiasco." The explanation is certainly an ingenious one; and possibly some Italian correspondent will favour me with an entirely different version of the origin of the saying.

October. A correspondent is anxious to learn, not the meaning but the derivation of the term "pony" in the technology of card-playing. Now in "Hoyle's Games" the person who collects and shuffled the cards for the dealer is called not the "pony," but the "pone," and by some authorities it has been held that "pone" is the Latin *pone* behind, after, and that the "pone" is so called because he is behind or after the dealer. Others maintain that "pone" comes from the Italian *pone*, place or set, imperative mood of the verb *ponere* or *porre*, the "pone" placing the cards in the hands of the dealer or banker, or setting them before him. Thirdly, there are those who contend that "pone" is only a corruption of the French *puîné*, junior, cadet—the "pone" being the younger hand.

A terribly logical lady's downright "posers" touching certain English expressions in common use have filled me with a guilty consciousness of having, these many years past, in common with innumerable thousands of my fellow-countrymen, committed shocking outrages on the Queen's English. "People," says the logical lady, "*will* talk of the 'United Kingdom.' They say the united incomes—why, then, not the United Kingdoms"? Yes, and they say the "United States"; but they also say the "United Service." The French translate our "United Kingdom" into "Le Royaume Uni," knowing, all the while, that there are three kingdoms in question.

"Also," continues my correspondent, "if you could help me to break people of the foolish habit of speaking of their 'heart of hearts.'" How many hearts have they? And do they say "my hearts' cores" or my heart's core"? The "Cor cordium" on Shelley's tomb under the Aurelian wall at Rome may have had much to do with popularising "heart of hearts" in modern English literature. But Charles Dickens may have done a great deal more in this direction. "Like most parents," he wrote, "*in my heart of hearts* I have a favourite child. That child is David Copperfield." October.

On this point another correspondent points out that the expression is not only absurd, but that it is a misquotation from Shakspeare. Hamlet (Act III. Scene II.) says to Horatio:—

> Give me that man
> That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
> In my heart's core—*ay, in my heart of hearts.*

My correspondent remembers having heard the late Lord Hatherley (who was as familiar with Shakspeare as with the law) frequently allude to this common mistake. He further avails himself of the opportunity to call attention to a widely prevailing Scriptural misquotation in the expression, "He that runs may read." The words in Habakkuk ii. 2, are—"He may run that readeth it."

The word "forte" has also aroused the ire of the terribly logical lady. "Is there any such word in any language used in the meaning of a 'strong point'"? "Fort," I know, is French; but what is "forte"? I beg to refer the lady to Byron's "Don Juan," v. 52—

> I won't describe; description is my *forte*,
> But ev'ry fool describes, in these bright days,
> His wondrous journey to some foreign court,
> And spawns his quarto and demands your praise.

Technologically, "forte" is the strong part of a sword-blade or rapier, as opposed to the "foible" or "faible." But Byron probably had in his mind the Italian word as defined

October. by Millhouse. "Il *forte* (di alcuno) la cosa in cui uno è versato. History is his forte. L'Istoria è il suo forte." I fancy that Byron was the first to import "forte" in this sense into the English language. Jeffrey uses the word "forte" in the Byronian sense in one of his essays; but the older English dictionaries only give "forte" as a musical term, a direction to play or sing loud and strong.

In reference to this I am told that Byron was not the first to import the word "forte" into the English language; and that the word was used by that scurrilous but amusing buffoon, Peter Pindar, in one of his Odes (the fourth) to the Royal Academicians—

> Yet Gains'brough has great merit too,
> Would he his charming *fort* pursue.

I read in the *New York Herald*:—

Mr. Edwin Booth, when told that a "guy hooter" was a regular attaché of a girls' baseball nine, and was hired to make boisterously funny remarks in order to excite the crowd to laughter, said that it was a good idea for the comedians. "Put a good infectious laughter into an audience," said he, "and it would be a tremendous help to a farcical performance."

What is the meaning of a "guy hooter?"

December. On a postal card from Toledo, Ohio, U.S.A., I have received a slightly perplexing explanation of the expression "Guy-hooter." My correspondent says he has never seen nor heard the word; but its meaning (so he thinks) is obvious. Guy means "a gag, or boisterously funny remark." "Hooter means one who hoots or cries out; hence 'Guy-hooter,' one who hoots or cries out guys or gags, or boisterously funny remarks." But, my good Sir, in colloquial English, "guy" has no affinity to "gag." "A gag" is the unwarrantable interpolation by an actor of words

foreign to his part; and when an actor "gags" too much he is liable to be "guyed" or greeted with derisive disapprobation. Moreover, to "hoot" does not generally signify an articulate utterance—at least, anything more articulate than "Yah." "Guy-hooter" is still a mystery to me. When we use "Guy" as a noun, we do not mean a boisterous jest. We mean a figure stuffed with straw, with a short pipe in its mouth, a box of matches in one hand, and a dark lantern in the other—the "Guy" that we used to burn on the Fifth of November. December.

"It may be of some interest to you to learn," writes "A. A." (Glasgow), "that there are only four words in the English language ending in 'dous'—viz., 'Tremendous,' 'Stupendous,' 'Hazardous,' and ——." My correspondent gives the fourth word, but I refrain from doing so, in the hope of stimulating the curiosity of my younger readers. Schoolmasters, governesses, and lexicographers, please *don't* answer. 'Tis to the young folk that I perpend the poser.

"Steeple Jack" (Ilfracombe) wishes to know the derivation of the word "Spondulic," which, he says, is mentioned in a piece of poetry called the "Miller and the Maid," in a recent number of *Truth*. I am unable to give the derivation of "spondulics" not having a Dictionary of Americanisms with me; but I may remark that I first became acquainted with the word in the United States just twenty years ago, "Spondulics" was then a slang term for paper money—an enlarged vulgarisation of "greenbacks." It may also have been applied to the nickel cents used in small change—the existing analogies of which are so great a nuisance in Belgium and Switzerland. I was recently apostrophised by a cab-driver of Brussels as a cow, a *curé*, an elephant, and a pig, because, wishing to be liberal towards him in the way of a *pour boire*, I inadvertently handed him a nickel five-cent. piece, in lieu, as I had intended, of one for fifty centimes.

SCIENTIFIC ECHOES.

The Hunterian Oration—The Military Colour Committee—The "Apparition of the Brocken"—Dr. Donkin's Inaugural Address—Hippocrates and Hahnemann.

March. I was bidden to listen to the Hunterian Oration, delivered by Mr. Spencer Wells, on the afternoon of St. Valentine's Day, at the Royal College of Surgeons. Gladly would I have heard the Discourse associated with the memory of the illustrious Chirurgeon of Leicester Fields; but the "Echoes" stood in the way, and it was six p.m. ere I was through my task. I consoled myself by dining at the hospitable board of the R. C. S. in the evening; although in strict propriety, remembering the maxim embodied in the title of the operetta, "No Song, no Supper," I should have said to myself, "No Oration, no Dinner," and refrained from presenting myself in Lincoln's-inn-fields.

It was a truly notable gathering of the Princes of Science; and there were Judges and Q.C.'s, and representatives of art and letters, too, galore. And there was admirable speaking from the President; from Mr. Spottiswoode, late President of the Royal Society; from Mr. Savory, F.R.S.; Baron Pollock; Sir James Paget; Mr. Marshall (of artistic anatomy fame); Mr. J. C. Horsley, R.A.; and last, not least, his Excellency the American Minister. It was an evening of unmingled enjoyment; and coming home at night I had partially to compensate for not having heard the Hunterian Oration (which I shall peruse in my *Lancet*) by reading the Harveian Oration for 1882, delivered last June at the Royal College of Physicians by Dr. George Johnson, M.D., F.R.C.P., F.R.S., and excellent reading I found the Harveian to be.

April. The "scientists"—beshrew the "scientists!"—have decided that the British Army is henceforward to be an Invisible one. The "Colour Committee" appointed by the Field Marshal Commanding-in-Chief to make inquiries into the hues most suitable for military dress have come to the conclusion that scarlet is the worst of all colours for military wear. It is far too conspicuous in the open; and the modern British soldier is expected to keep out of the way of bullets instead of seeking them, and the bubble reputation, to boot—even at the cannon's mouth. White, the scientists declare, is nearly as objectionable as red. 'Tis a pity Henri Quatre did not think of that when, at Ivry, he adorned his helm with a white plume. Blue, green, and black the scientists do not think much of. They have lost their hearts to neutral tint; and the "Tommy Atkins" of the future is to be "a young man clothéd all in grey;" the particular shade being borrowed from that worn by a Devonian Volunteer Corps.

It strikes me that the Colour Committee have borrowed something else besides the Devonshire grey. In a work published more than thirty years ago, "The History of the Dress of the British Soldier," by Lieut.-Colonel John Luard, I read, at page 161, the following suggestions for the equipment of a rifleman:—

> Grey surtout coat, double breasted, of a light shade; trousers, a light brown or dark drab colour, with black stripes down the outside seams, short gaiters and shoes; helmets in shape like those of the light infantry, but in colour the same as the trousers, a light brown or dark drab, with bronze ornaments without plumes or feathers.

This gear, proposed for adoption three years prior to the outbreak of the Crimean War, is practically identical with the dress recommended by the Colour Committee in 1883. *Festina lente* would certainly seem to be a favourite motto with military authority. The Committee, it is true, have slightly expanded Colonel Luard's suggestion. The bronze ornaments are to be left unpolished—what joy for Private Tommy Atkins!—the bayonets and buttons are to be indued with a bronze lacquer; and even the officers' sword-scabbards

are to be nicely browned. Tommy's belt, which has hitherto gleamed white with pipeclay, is to be smeared an "umber" hue, which an eminent professor is now preparing. But, to be quite consistent, should not the British army of the future be instructed to stain their hands and faces with Spanish liquorice or walnut-juice, as Harry Lorrequer did when he "performed Othello," and was so dreadfully "wigged" by his commanding officer next morning for appearing on early parade with his countenance yet unwashed from the Moorish stain. April.

Private Tommy Atkins is to have, however, a red coat; but it is to be worn only on high days and holidays. On active service he is to be clad in hodden grey. The Duke of Cambridge, it would appear from the speech made by his Royal Highness at the Easter banquet at the Mansion House, does not approve of the snub administered to scarlet. He would prefer the "red line" to the "grey line" when the foe is in the front of us. That, also was the opinion of Colonel Luard. I read at p. 155 of his book:—

> Scarlet has been objected to as a bad colour for soldiers. No doubt it does not wear so well as many other coloured cloths; but it has been the National Colour for a vast number of years; it has been worn in all our victories; it is known as the British colour all over the world; and there is no serious inconvenience in it. For troops of the line it is brilliant and imposing. It would be unwise to change it.

Colonel Luard only suggested that the Rifle Brigade and the Sixtieth Rifles should wear dust-coloured clothing. *Mais nous avons changé tout cela.* Scarlet, manifestly is not invisible; and the Soldier of the future, like a rich uncle in a French vaudeville, must be talked about and not seen. Still, I should like to put a case. By the time we have created an Invisible Army the other side will have become as invisible. When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war. But when the coming British soldier confronts his foeman and neither enemy can see the other will anybody be killed in a battle? I think that it is in Guiccardini's

April. Italian History that the story is told of a mediæval engagement in which there was only one casualty—and that was of a man-at-arms who was ingulfed in a morass, and, through the weight of his armour, sank, horse and all, below the surface, and was suffocated. To such a pitch of perfection had the Milanese armourers brought their art that nobody else was hurt.

Alas! the question which I put just now can be answered in a trice. I have seen it solved. In the Great Civil War in the United States the contending Federals and Confederates were all but invisible to each other. The "blue-bellies" could see scarcely anything of the "grey-backs." Moreover, the infantry carried intrenching tools with them, and in a pitched battle each side fought from behind earthworks. Was the result innocuous? No. Big shot and shell did their work too well; and the slaughter was habitually on a hideous scale of grandeur.

August. In a curiously unscientific vein, the leading journal tells its readers that "the strange apparition of the Brocken, so frequently seen in the Hartz mountains, seems to have paid a visit to the United States, a Mr. Warr, of the Coast and Geodetic Survey having reported that he had witnessed this atmospheric phenomena in the Tonjabe Range, Nevada." The Spectre assumed the aspect of a monster figure of a man standing in mid-air on the top of a mountain peak, "which had but the thin air of the valley beneath as a resting-place"; Mr. Warr being at the time engaged "in doing service as a heliotroper all alone on the top of Arc Dome." "The new European emigrant," adds my contemporary, "is exciting considerable interest in the States."

The Brocken produces something else besides atmospheric phenomena, and the United States Emigration Commissioners should take sedulous pains to prevent the admission of such

suspicious "emigrants" from the Blocksberg of gnomes, kobolds, witches, and especially headless horsemen. It would be indeed a terrible thing if, on the eve of next May Day, a "heliotroper" wandering about the Arc Dome or Jeff Davis's Peak in the Tonjabe Range came on a shadowy host of "emigrants" from the Hartz Mountains, busily engaged in celebrating the fearsome mysteries of a Nevaden *Walpurgisnacht*. There must be plenty of jagged masses of granite about to do duty for "the Devil's Pulpit," and "the Witches' Altar" of the Blocksberg. As for the *Brockengespenst*, it "emigrated," ages ago, to England, and is a well-known *habitué* among the Cumberland fells. The Spectre took a multiplied and equestrian form in the Lake Country just before the 'Forty-five: the apparitions being merely the shadows of a troop of mounted Jacobites who were surreptitiously drilling. August.

The opening of the medical schools affords a fine opportunity for systems to be oratorically pitted against systems. Dr. Donkin, for example, in his inaugural address at that admirable institution the London School of Medicine for Women, strongly denounced what he holds to be two "special fallacies"—viz., "a tacit belief that a man has a sort of natural right to claim a cure for his diseases, and a conviction that there is a cure for every disease if the doctors could only find it out." Well; I cannot help thinking that there ought to be a cure for bronchitis and asthma, and that it is an opprobium to the Faculty that such a cure has not yet been discovered. Proprietors of Patent Medicines please *not* to communicate with me. I know and have tried all your nostrums. October.

In another portion of his interesting discourse, Dr. Donkin observed that "the treatment of symptoms was a striking feature in the delusion and imposture of homœopathy, and even tainted the practical inferences drawn by some

October. really scientific experimenters on the physiological action of certain drugs—*i.e.*, their effect on the healthy body." Ah! I turn to the report of the address delivered by Dr. Blumberg, of Southport, at the London School of Homœopathy. The subject of the oration was "Hippocrates and Hahnemann." Of the latter, in his sixty-second year, Dr. Blumberg drew a delightful portrait:—

> Silver locks framed the broad, thoughtful forehead, his eyes shone with undiminished lustre, the face had a noble repose, only varied occasionally by the play of humour; his carriage was erect, his movements full of dignity. "I rather hesitate," continued the doctor, "to mention the large flowered dressing-gown, the yellow slippers, the black velvet skull-cap, and his constant companion the long German pipe."

I like the German pipe; only I hope that Hahnemann took his tobacco in homœopathic doses. On Hippocrates Dr. Blumberg was also very strong. He described the great stress which the physician of Cos laid upon proper food, air, and exercise, and particularly praised him for his great knowledge of prognostics. He could prognosticate with a vengeance! According to Burton, in the "Anatomy of Melancholy," Hippocrates, "when he was to go from home as far as Abdera, wrote to his friend Dionysius (at least, if these epistles be his) to ask him to oversee his wife in his absence, although she lived in his house with his father and mother, who he knew would take care of her." "They are bad by nature," he continued, of women in general, "and if they be not curbed in time, as an unpruned tree, they will be full of wild branches, and degenerate of sudden." Here's a fine old crusted physician for you! The wicked, jealous, suspicious old man, who had the shamelessness to doubt, not only his wife, but his very mother-in-law!

SPORTING ECHOES.

The Cruelty Prevention Act—Pigeon Shooting—Russian Reverence for Pigeons—A Spanish Custom—Suppressed National Customs and Sports.

March. Mr. Anderson's proposed enactment includes among the "animals" protected by the Cruelty Prevention Acts all vertebrate creatures, of wild as well as domestic nature, if kept in confinement. Thus, it has been pointed out by Lord Walsingham and others, a measure professedly aimed only at the shooting of trapped pigeons might, if strictly construed, be used as a means of prosecuting the hunters of bagged foxes and carted deer; it would suppress battues, and put an end to the ancient recreation of hawking—in short, it would seriously interfere with the National Sports and Pastimes. It might even be brought to bear against horse-racing; for if merciless whipping and spurring constitute torture, there can be little doubt that every horse that runs his heat suffers three or four minutes' acute torture.

But is there to be an end to the Royal Buckhounds and the battues, the hunting of bagged foxes, and horse-racing and steeplechasing? I know nothing whatever about sporting, but I can recall the names of scores of friends who go pigeon-shooting, or ride to hounds, or keep race-horses, or join in battues. And there are tens of thousands of people of education and culture whom I do not know, who are systematically addicted to the enjoyment of sports such as those imperilled by Mr. Anderson's Bill. Have I any right to impeach their humanity and try to spoil their sport because I cannot understand (and never shall be able to understand, I hope) the pleasure which they derive from the chasing and killing of dumb animals? The case of the "humanitarians"

March. (what a silly name!) versus the Sportsmen would have delighted the old casuists; and I will go to my "Ductor Dubitantium" to see if the delightful Jeremy Taylor has aught to say concerning cruelty in relation to sport.

In the course of an animated debate on Mr. Anderson's measure, the honourable, noble, and volatile member for Woodstock said that pigeon-shooting was a "Radical sport," and that it was not more than fifty years old. Excellent! Lord Randolph. I will say little about the "Radicalism" of pigeon-shooting. Radicals, it is well known, are a very wicked race; and I am afraid that, were all the evidence fully brought home to them, it would be found that Spring-heeled Jack and the Little Unknown were both Radicals, and that it was the Radicals who were at the back of the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi—who invented the Income Tax, caused the Irish potato famine, set the Thames on fire, and murdered Eliza Grimwood. A pestilent crew.

But as regards the shooting of trapped pigeons being a "sport" only half a century old. Admirable Lord Randolph! I have remarked above that I know nothing whatever about sporting; but I am an assiduous collector of bygone sporting, as I am of "horsey," literature. It happens that pigeon-shooting from traps is frequently mentioned in old magazines as an amusement both fashionable and popular in England in the last century. Did Lord Randolph, I wonder, ever read "The Book of Sports and Mirror of Life," published some fifty years ago? The compiler of this chronicle was the Pierce Egan of "Life in London" and "Boxiana" fame, who died about a little more than thirty years ago.

In the "Book of Sports" I find the following quotation from the *Old Sporting Magazine* for February, 1793:—

> The great celebrity of this sport, in which some of the first shots in England are so frequently engaged, encourages us to communicate an account of its fashionable influence and increasing prevalence as a subject applicably entitled to a place in our sporting receptacle.

The "Radical" sport was thus "fashionable" ninety years ago. Forty years afterwards, when Pierce Egan wrote, the Red House, Battersea, was the principal resort for pigeon-shooting of the personages whom Pierce dubs "swells." Mark the date, in the interests of the Chronology of Slang. Among the "swells" at the Red House are mentioned the Duke of Richelieu, Lords Sefton, Jersey, and Belfast, "and several other persons of distinction." All Radicals, of course. "A military band may be found here, at times, to enliven the scene." March.

Pigeon-shooting has even its anthology. Pierce, or Pierce's poet, bursts into verse over the Tournament of Doves! Sings the bard—

There 's no rural sport surpasses
Pigeon-shooting, circling glasses.
Fill the crystal goblet up,
Fill the crystal goblet up.
No game laws can ever thwart us,
Nor *qui tams* nor *habœus corpus*.
For our licence Venus grants.
Let 's be grateful, here 's a bumper
For our bounty, here 's a bumper!

The rhyming of "thwart us" with "habeas corpus" is ingenious. But in the last stanza the bard becomes tragical.

Pigeons swift as wind abounding,
Detonating guns resounding,
See the tow'ring victims fall.
With Apollo science vying
View the heaps of dead and dying
Forc'd to pay the debt of nature.
Matters it—or soon or later?
Fill the crystal goblet up.

The italics are mine. Pierce's poet was, however, not quite right in his law. Pigeon-shooting has more than once been brought under legal censure. By the 1st of James I., cap. xxvii., shooting or destroying pigeons by other means is punishable on the evidence of two witnesses, by a fine of twenty shillings for every bird killed or taken; and by the

March. 2nd of George III., cap. xxix., the offence may be proved by one witness, and the fine is twenty shillings payable to the prosecutor. Shooting or killing pigeons within a certain distance of the pigeon-house renders the offender liable to forfeiture. When were these Acts repealed?

If anybody ventured to shoot at a pigeon in St. Petersburg or Moscow the mob would probably rise and hang the "sportsman" to the nearest lamp-post. The Russians have a superstitious reverence for this beautiful and harmless bird. And, after all, who in England would wilfully kill a robin redbreast?

August. When Don Alfonso, King of Spain and the Antilles, made his entry into Valencia the other day the enthusiastic populace flung into the royal carriage a number of pigeons so heavily bedecked with coloured ribbons that they were unable to fly far. So the innocent little creatures were amicably captured, to be sent to the Queen of Spain; and they will probably find a happy home at Aranjuez, or La Granja, or some other Royal pleasaunce. I note the occurrence, first, because it seems a very pretty one, possibly of Moorish origin; and, next, because, as things go, I would (were I a dove) much rather be a Spanish pigeon than an English one.

Mr. Anderson's bill for the prohibition of pigeon-shooting as "sport" has been thrown out by a large majority in the House of Lords; and the rejection of the measure is exulted over in some quarters as a stinging rebuke to the "humanitarians," the "faddists," and the "crochet-mongers." Elsewhere I read that "a number of sporting peers" came specially up to town to vote against the measure; and, furthermore, it is understood that the bill was thrown out as a punishment to the House of Commons for not having had time this Session to pass the Criminal

Laws Amendment Bill, which had its origin in the Lords, and is as full of "fads" and "crochets" as an egg is full of meat. August.

Here is a list of only twenty-one "national" customs, sports, and pastimes which the "humanitarians" within the last sixty years have been enabled to put down:—The pillory, the whipping of female offenders, bull and bear baiting, prize-fighting, dog-fighting, dog and duck hunting, badger-baiting, ratting, cock-fighting, the cropping of the ears and tails of dogs, public executions, the employment of dogs as beasts of draught, the slavery of German "buy-a-broom" girls, and juvenile Italian organ-grinders, the torture of "climbing-boys," or young chimney-sweeps, the employment of children in coal mines, the performances of dancing bears, unreasonably long hours in factories, the truck system, flogging in the Army and Navy, *and Negro Slavery in the West Indies.* Pelions upon Ossas of insult, contumely, and calumny have been heaped high on the "humanitarians," "faddists," and "crocheteers," who helped to abrogate these atrocities and these scandals; and they can well afford to be insulted, despised, and calumniated as of aforetime. He laughs best who laughs last; and the anti-pigeon-shooters will get the best of it some day.

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL ECHOES.

I.

Miss Lumsden—The Bouquet Nuisance—"Forget-me-not"—Success of Valentine and Orson—"Caste" at the Haymarket—Mr. Charles Reade's "Dora"—Miss E. Lawrence—Treats to Poor Children—"Dearer than Life"—Mr. G. Farquhar—Mr. Romaine Callender's Comedy-drama "Light"—"Our Regiment"—Miss Genevieve Ward in "Meg Merrilies"—Miss Lingard——Miss Ward in "Nance Oldfield"—Mr. J. M. Morton's Collection of Farces, &c.—Miss Ward as "Medea"—Festival of the Royal Society of Musicians—Mr. Burnand's "Blue Beard"—Mr. Buchanan's "Storm Beaten"—"A Great Catch" at the Olympic—Mr. Pinero's "The Rector"—Miss Hilton at the Opera Comique—"A Private Wire" at the Savoy—Mr. Boucicault's "Vice Versâ"—Mr. Burnand's "Artful Cards"—Fops' Alley—Farewell Representation of "Caste"—Miss Ward in "Rachel"—The New Royalty Theatre—"Youth" at Drury Lane—Mdlle. Limido at Her Majesty's Theatre—"Fédora" at the Haymarket—Mr. Wilkie Collins's "Rank and Riches"—"Silver Guilt" at the Strand Theatre—The Royal College of Music—"Charles I." at the Lyceum.

January. Another new Juliet has made her appearance at a "Gaiety Matinée"—these matinées are adding a new terror to the calling of the dramatic critic—in the person of Miss Fanny Lumsden, whose first appearance it was on any stage. The lady is young, comely, graceful, and highly intelligent, and she is "in society;" the last of which advantageous circumstances caused the Gaiety to be crowded by a brilliantly

January. fashionable audience. Miss Fanny Lumsden was received with great enthusiasm, and at the conclusion of the performance was greeted with a profusion of floral favours.

The bouquet nuisance, which is becoming as intolerable a nuisance as that of tobacco smoking on the stage, is no new thing. It was caricatured nearly forty years ago in a clever burlesque of Bellini's opera of "Norma" at the old Adelphi Theatre. At the end of the duet between Norma (Paul Bedford) and Adalgisa (Wright), confederates, who were "in the joke," used to fling from the stage boxes and the front rows of the pit "market garden" bouquets, in the shape of carrots, turnips, and cabbages; and this salutary satire discouraged for a time the practice of actresses having hurled at them bouquets of expensive flowers, which were either the unmeaning tribute of the performer's immediate and "too-partial" friends, or had been absolutely bought and paid for by the actress herself.

Whence come the wheel-barrows full of flowers which it is at present customary to fling across the footlights on first nights it is no business of mine to inquire. It may be that there is a particular class of mad people whose monomania it is to prowl about the Central Avenue of Covent Garden and buy nosegays for the purpose of "chucking" them at actresses after dinner; but if there be any artistes so foolish as to buy their own bouquets, I might respectfully hint to them that, for the object of self-presentation of floral tributes, artificial flowers would do quite as well as real ones.

There is in existence a most beneficent institution called the Flower Girls' Brigade and Mission; and at a Baazar for the sale of artificial flowers made by some of these girls, which was opened by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts at the Holborn Town-hall more than two years ago,

I purchased for eight-and-thirty shillings a prodigious "bow- January.
pot," of all the colours of the rainbow, most beautifully and tastefully executed, which, had it been real instead of artificial, would have cost at least three guineas at a fashionable florist's. And a glass shade and stand, with the diameter of a ten-pound plum-pudding, were included in the purchase.

When Miss Fanny Lumsden makes a "regular" appearance with a "regular" company, and not a "scratch" one, I will say what I think of her. For the present, it is sufficient to record that she exhibited bright promise as an actress, and that she was, on the whole, efficiently supported.

Morning performances for benefits, or in holiday time, or once or twice a week generally during the run of successful plays, are perfectly legitimate things.

On January 6th, a brilliant audience filled the Olympic Theatre to witness the performance of Messrs. Hermann Merivale and F. C. Grove's original drama, "Forget-Me-Not;" Miss Geneviève Ward, it is almost needless to say, playing the unscrupulous but fascinating Stéphanie, Marquise de Mohrivart. It was the seven hundred and nineteenth time that this accomplished actress appeared in the part which her genius and application have made so entirely her own.

Worthy Mr. John Hollingshead wishes that it should be recorded, for the benefit of all and sundry, that "Valentine and Orson," during the eleven days ending Jan. 5, produced the sum of £2410. I wish it were £4820, with all my heart; but still, the four figures, just quoted, are comfortable ones. Rest, perturbed John Hollingshead; and may your "Chronicles" continue to be written in letters of gold!

January. At the Haymarket, on Saturday, the 20th, the late Mr. Robertson's Comedy of "Caste" was revived, before a crowded and exceptionally representative audience, and with triumphant success. "Caste" is a capital play, possessing a clear and straightforward plot just strong enough to prevent its being overweighted by the unusual strength given by the dramatist to his characters, and full of human interest in which humour and pathos are balanced with artistic skill and technical cunning. I first saw "Caste" in the autumn of 1867, yet it was as natural, as real-seeming, and as finely acted last Saturday as it had been at the Prince of Wales's fifteen years ago.

Mr. Charles Reade is one of the most powerful and the most skilful dramatists of the day;* and from the very slight dramatic materials afforded by the Poet Laureate's exquisite little poem "Dora," the author of "It is Never Too Late to Mend" has constructed a play full of pathetic interest. He has introduced an entirely new character into the story in the shape of Luke Bloomfield, a young farmer, deeply in love with the heroine; he has made Mary Morrison a poor relation of Farmer Allan, and a kind of servant in his house; he has made William Allan marry her wholly for love, and not "half in love, half spite;" and, finally, he has *not* made Dora live "unmarried till her death," but in the last act makes her marry the devoted and chivalrous Luke Bloomfield. The dialogue is in parts very racy, and in others very pathetic, and there are some passages of really tragic power.

Mr. Charles Warner played the passionate, obdurate, vindictive, but ultimately mollified and penitent, old farmer, "whose will is law," with singular earnestness and strength. Mr. William Rignold looked a little too robust for Dora's devoted lover, and his preposterous Paul Pry-looking dress made him look much older than a young farmer should appear; but his thoroughly manly and vigorous acting soon

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* Dead.

made the audience forget his sumptuary and physical short- January.
comings—or rather "stout" comings. The consumptive William Allan was rendered with much quiet feeling by Mr. E. H. Brooke. That intelligent and painstaking young actress, Miss Sophie Eyre, gave delicacy, grace, and pathos to the delightful part of Dora; and Miss Tennyson merits warm commendation for the touching and interesting manner in which she played Mary Morrison. The part is wholly in the minor key, and it must have been a considerable strain on Miss Tennyson to be plaintively subdued through three entire acts, and mainly in tears through two of them—even Dora is allowed an occasional outbreak of vivacity—but the exigencies of the story demand that Mary Morrison should be continually in trouble, and Miss Tennyson has loyally fulfilled the intent of the distinguished author of the play. Little Willie, William Allan's child, was intelligently played by a bright little mite of a girl, named Arnold.

"Dora" is throughout picturesque and pleasing, and in parts beautiful. The scenery is very good: one set scene of a verdant landscape, through which meanders a rippling brook crossed by a bridge (the bridge painted, the water real) is particularly clever. In the scene of the corn-field, the sheaves of corn (real straw) are better than the painting of the sunset sky, which is poor.

A highly-promising *débutante*, Miss Eweretta Lawrence, has made her appearance at a Gaiety matinée as Pauline in the "Lady of Lyons." The lady is not precisely a novice; but this was the first time of her undertaking the part of Lord Lytton's favourite heroine. I learn that she possesses many advantages, both natural and acquired; that she is, in the first place, young, pretty in feature, and symmetrical in form; and that, in the next place, she is graceful, intelligent, and refined. Miss Lawrence is said to be of Canadian extraction—possibly from Lower Canada, as I am told that

January. her pronunciation (otherwise very fluent and correct) has the slightest *soupçon* of a French accent. She was very cordially received, went through her part very capably, and seems to show bright promise. She was fortunate in having Mr. Hermann Vezin as Claude Melnotte and Mr. David Fisher as Colonel Damas.

February. Mindful of the enthusiastic glee with which the little ones at Covent Garden enjoyed their outing last Christmas, Mr. Augustus Harris has wisely looked upon the dose of merriment as one which might be advantageously "repeated before bed-time" this year; so on the afternoon of Thursday, Feb. 1, he opened the hospitable doors of the National Theatre to a "select" band of guests exceeding three thousand five hundred in number.

Never was Mr. E. L. Blanchard's brilliant "annual" "Sindbad" more rapturously acclaimed than it was by the army of "small infantry" who crammed Old Drury to the roof. The boys and girls were ecstatic with joy. The Foundlings were in full force; the scholars of the Marylebone provincial schools clapped their hands with such lusty regularity that one might have thought they had been trained in the art of giving the "Kentish Fire;" and the children of the Deaf and Dumb Schools lent attractive eyes —if they could not lend ears, poor things!—to the performance.

After the procession of the Kings and Queens, one of the of the most brilliant and the most original episodes in "Sindbad," a distribution of buns and oranges took place; and then Mr. Augustus Harris made his appearance on the stage to recite, with very spirited delivery, a neat address written by Mr. Horace Lennard, beginning—

> Dear children, a welcome to old Drury Lane
> Where Pleasure is mix'd with the right sort of Payne.

I have no doubt that the children saw the joke at once, and that many of them, in their hours of recreation, have been "playing at" Mr. Harry Payne, the clown, ever since. About four thousand more poor school children for whom accommodation could not be found on this "long Thursday" come to life again, will, I understand, be admitted by invitation from Mr. Harris to future afternoon performances at Drury Lane. February.

A popular dramatist, having been asked to suggest the quarter whence a few thousand waifs and strays who had probably never seen the inside of a theatre might be invited to see the exceptionally beautiful pantomime of "The Yellow Dwarf," pointed at once to a squalid rookery, which a humanely administered Board School lightens of some of its load of misery. And from this wretched district of town there trooped on Monday afternoon, the 12th February, a legion of little ones, numbering over four thousand, who enjoyed themselves at Her Majesty's Theatre to their hearts' content; and I refer to this with the greater pleasure because it was Mr. William Ingram, of the *Illustrated London News*, who first set the fashion, at Covent Garden, in 1882, of giving these grand theatrical treats to poor children. I am glad to be able to add that Mrs. Burgwin, of the Orange Street Board School, Southwark, marshalled the army of little ones to Her Majesty's Theatre, and back, with a Napoleonic power of organisation.

Mr. H. J. Byron's play, "Dearer than Life," has been revived at Toole's Theatre. The play was first performed in London in 1868 at the Queen's Theatre in Long-acre, a long-since disestablished house, of which—so soon do things pass away and are forgotten—I have a dimmer recollection than of a place called St. Martin's Hall, where a gentleman deceased, named Mason Jones, once recited the whole of "Paradise Lost" by heart. I have a fainter remembrance,

February. too, of "Dearer than Life" at the Queen's, principally in connection with a large photographic portrait of Mr. Lionel Brough, then comparatively new to the London stage, as "Uncle Ben." This portrait used to hang outside the door of the theatre. Mr. Lionel Brough was sitting at a table, and in the act of smoking a pipe and drinking something, presumably of an alcoholic nature.

Mr. Irving (who played a very mean-spirited caitiff) and Mr. John Clayton were also in the cast; and how the times do alter! Mr. John Lawrence Toole, however, is unchanged, and, to all appearance, unchangeable. He is the Michael Garner of 1868 and the Michael Garner of 1883. The part is one of his sentimental ones—that of a suffering, broken-hearted old man, striving his utmost to appear joyous and happy, in order that he may cheer those who are dependent on him. The revival of "Dearer than Life" has been very successful.

It is at once a help and a disadvantage to a gentleman (to say nothing of a lady) who has determined to adopt the stage as a profession, to be well known in "Society." His friends naturally expect that he will at once take the town by storm, and become the compeer of an Irving, a Toole, a David James, a William Farren, or an Arthur Cecil, according to the bent in which his dramatic inclination may tend; while, on the other hand, a large proportion of the audience may be of opinion that being in "Society" he is not entitled to make a professional appearance on the stage at all. To my mind a theatrical novice would not act unwisely were he always to make his appearance under a feigned name, and were he scrupulously to conceal his identity from all but his immediate personal friends, who would be sworn to secresy. By these means he would at least secure the advantage of a fair stage and no favour.

Mr. Gilbert Farquhar, however, who made his début at an afternoon performance at the Gaiety, did not take any hurt from being very well known indeed in the fashionable world of London. He was successful in winning applause from the public as well as from "too partial" friends. Why are they conventionally called "too partial"? I have generally found *my* friends disagreeably impartial in criticising my performances. Mr. Gilbert Farquhar played the character of Mr. Younghusband in Buckstone's comedy of "Married Life," and the part of Barker in Mr. Theyre Smith's amusing comedy of "My Uncle's Will"; and in both he showed very high qualities of dramatic promise. Old Mr. Barker, the benevolent guardian who does his best to reconcile the squabbles of a young couple about to marry, was, in particular, a highly finished piece of acting; and the general opinion seems to be that this new aspirant for dramatic honours has "plenty of the right stuff in him," and that, with study and practice, he will go very far indeed in the successful pursuit of the art which he has chosen to cultivate. February.

This particular Gaiety matinée was an exceptionally interesting one, since, in addition to the *débutant*, it had the invaluable co-operation of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, of Mr. David James, of Miss E. Terry, of Miss Carlotta Leclercq, and of Mr. Hermann Vezin, the last of whom delivered with his well-known rhetorical vigour and polish a recitation. The performance was for the benefit of Viscountess Strangford's Hospital Fund.

The gratifying announcement has been made that Mr. Farquhar, is only two-and-thirty years of age. It had been bruited about that he was forty. Here, again, is a case of Nemesis. Long before the late Mr. William Farren had attained the age of fifty he was currently reported to be at least seventy; and more than patriarchal years used to be imputed to Widdicombe (I do not mean Harry Widdicombe,

February. the low comedian, who died, comparatively speaking, a young man, but his father, (the noted ring-master at Astley's), ere he was sixty.

A "Comedy-drama," by Mr. Romaine Callender, entitled "Light," but originally called "My Darling," has wooed the suffrages of a London audience at the Gaiety. It deals with the ups and downs of circus and show life, and portrays the adventures of malignant riding-masters, virtuous and persecuted *écuyères*, and blind acrobats. Mr. Romaine Callender himself represents, with a very noticeable "make up," Samson, the gymnast, reduced to a state of acute mental anguish. It has been hypercritically objected that intense grief has not, necessarily, any deleterious effect on the vision; but surely the hypercritics have heard of people "crying their eyes out" for grief. "Light" is in three acts, and the part of the virtuous and persecuted *écuyère*, the blind acrobat's daughter, is played by Miss Myra Holme. Miss Myra Holme is a very interesting actress; but it is to be hoped that she will not be condemned to a perpetuity of *écuyère* parts.

A new "farcical comedy" adapted from the German by Mr. H. Hamilton, and called "Our Regiment," has been produced with fair success. "Our Regiment" seems to be a merry bustling piece of a kind of "Sword and Gown" order; a set of characters who detest military men and their ways being played off against another set who idolise the army and do not care much about the clergy. "Our Regiment" is to be taken into the provinces, and will probably attract laughing audiences there. Another adaptation of the German play has already, it is stated, been produced, under the title of "The Passing Regiment," in New York, and has had a good run at Daly's Theatre.

At a matinée on Saturday the 17th, at the Olympic, Miss Geneviève Ward drew a full and brilliant audience to witness her remarkable performance of Meg Merrilies. Sixty-seven years have passed by since, at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, there was produced a play called "Guy Mannering," founded on the novel of that name by Sir Walter Scott. The adaptation was made by Mr. Daniel Terry, with the full cognizance and approval of Sir Walter, who was accustomed pleasantly to speak of his friend's production as "Guy Mannering very much Terryfied." February.

The critics of the year 1816 spoke of the new performance at Covent Garden as "a very pleasing romantic play," doing much credit to Mr. Terry's taste and talents. The enchanting "Kitty" Stephens (the late Dowager Countess of Essex) was Lucy Bertram; Mr. Abbott was Colonel Mannering; Miss Matthews, Julia Mannering; and Liston's Dominie Sampson was pronounced "prodigious." Mrs. Egerton's Meg Merrilies "was equal in force and nature to her Miller's Wife; and (says the critic in 1816) we cannot pay it a higher compliment. It makes the blood run cold." A strong cast. *Vieux habits, vieux galons.*

All traces of the individuality of Sir Walter Scott and of Mr. Daniel Terry, comedian, have disappeared from the play presented at the Olympic last Saturday. It retains its original title, but is no longer "Guy Mannering." It is now "Meg Merrilies; or, the Gipsy's Prophecy." It appears not to have occurred to the latest re-adapter of the piece that the gipsy hag is only a subordinate character in the drama; but in this age we should be prepared for any and all kinds of dramatic metamorphoses.

Another modification will be noticed in the Olympic "Meg Merrilies." The piece is given "without the music." It is preceded, it is true, by the well-known overture; but Bishop's "Chough and Crow," and the songs, with the exception of the Lullaby, have vanished. The result is the

February. presentment of a certainly very old-fashioned play, which, when Miss Geneviève Ward was not on the stage, was slightly tiresome, not to say dreary. The lady acquitted herself superbly; and her "make up" was so terrifically weird and ghastly that the eulogium pronounced on the Meg of Mrs. Egerton by the critic in the year '16 may be fairly applied by the critic in 1883 to the Meg of Miss Ward. She literally made the blood run cold; and in her death-scene she was magnificent.

A success, sudden, brilliant, and all but complete, has been scored at another of the Gaiety matinées by Miss Lingard, who is neither a stage-struck amateur nor a crude novice, but a young lady of great personal attractions who, English by birth, has already had considerable experience on the stage in the United States and in Australia. Miss Lingard took the Gaiety audience by surprise as the heroine of a drama called "Camille," an adaptation of the unhealthy but essentially dramatic "Dame aux Camélias" of Alexandre Dumas the Younger, which would never have been written, perhaps, but for a certain character previously drawn by a much greater novelist and dramatist. Dumas' Marguérite Gauthier is only Honoré de Balzac's "Coralie-and-water."

The manner in which Miss Lingard plays Camille recalls very strongly—without any inference of imitativeness—the manner of Madame Hélène Modjeska. Her voice is infinitely melodious, and full of tenderness and pathos. Her manner is winning and graceful, and her attitudes are varied and artistic. In the death-scene she was not only impressive, but original. Altogether, Miss Lingard's interpretation of "Camille" has not only gratified but astonished the playgoers.

The dramatic matinées pass; but they do not resemble one another. At the Olympic on Saturday, the 25th ult., the indefatigable Miss Geneviève Ward preceded her powerful and "flesh-creeping" rendering of Meg Merrilies by a much more agreeable impersonation. She played the part of the heroine in a witty, sparkling, picturesque, and pathetic one-act comedietta, by Mr. Charles Reade, entitled "Nance Oldfield." The plot of the piece—that of a studious young man falling in love with a popular actress, to the intense disgust of his playactor-hating old father; of the good-natured *comédienne* endeavouring to wean him from his passion by assuming a mien and language of the coarsest vulgarity, and of her ultimately falling in love with the young man herself—is not by any means a novel one. But the new cutting and setting of this well-worn stone are entirely the work of Mr. Charles Reade, and in all its essentials "Nance Oldfield" is as completely his own as "Le Festin de Pierre" is Molière's. March.

Brave old Mr. John Maddison Morton has forwarded me a trim little volume, containing six entirely new dramatic pieces, which is published by the Dramatic Authors' Society, King Street, Covent Garden. In a modest preface, Mr. Morton tells the public that eight-and-forty years have passed since his first farce (in which Wrench and Mrs. Nisbett played) was produced "in the little theatre in Tottenham Street." Since then he has written upwards of one hundred pieces—among them the immortal "Box and Cox," "A Game of Romps," "The Double-Bedded Room" (for William Farren the Elder), "Whitebait at Greenwich," "Betsy Baker," "Lend Me Five Shillings," "Done on Both Sides" (for Charles Mathews), &c.

Mr. Morton is seventy-two years of age, and he is anxious to add, by the labours of his pen, to his slender resources. The veteran dramatist has been compelled to

March. part with all his old copyrights; and if anybody wishes to help him, provincial managers and, in particular, the members of amateur dramatic clubs, are the people who can chiefly render him assistance by performing "My Bachelor Days" and the farces and comediettas which accompany it.

Miss Geneviève Ward appeared at an Olympic matinée, on the 3rd inst., as Medea, in an English version of Legouvé's tragedy. Miss Ward is so versatile, and so accomplished a linguist, that she would be able without difficulty to play the part of Jason's much-wronged spouse, as her woes are put in French, in Italian, in Spanish, and in German. Nay, with a little "coaching," she might fairly adventure on Medea in the original Greek; avoiding, it is to be hoped, the barbarous, uncouth, and ridiculous pronunciation of that melodious language inflicted upon us by the influence of Erasmus. In what may be termed the "fiendish" parts of Medea's *rôle* Miss Geneviève Ward was superb.

Mr. (now Sir) Arthur Sullivan, Mus. Doc. Oxon and Cantab, presided on the 13th inst. at the one hundred and forty-fifth annual festival of the Royal Society of Musicians. It was an entirely representative gathering; and at least three-fourths of the guests were, I should say, professional musicians, and comprised some of the most renowned professors of the glorious art. The Chairman's speech on behalf of the Charity was full of genuine humour and pathos as genuine; and the result of this eloquence was, I am glad to say, a collection of more than eight hundred pounds. Mr. John Hollingshead, Mr. W. S. Gilbert, Mr. Charles Dickens, and Professor Macfarren were also among the after-dinner speakers.

Mr. F. C. Burnand's burlesque of "Blue Beard; or, the Hazard of the Dye," which was produced with entire success at the Gaiety on the 12th, came upon the crowded audience not only as a pleasure, but as a surprise. March.

Mr. Burnand has gone to that famous work (I am not quite certain as to the original codex being among the Ashburnham Manuscripts) Grosblague's "Histoire des Familles Anciennes," translated by Madame Elise Martin, for the incidents in his new version of "La Barbe Bleue." Mr. Burnand's verse runs neither in heroic verse nor in Hudibrastic doggerel. It runs in Burnandese. Of the copiousness and flexibility of that language I may give a sample in a stanza from a song sung to the tune of "The March of the Men of Harlech" by Mr. Edward Terry as Petipois:—

Life is but a coloured bubble,
Kicks for halfpence I've had double,
And I'll write without much trouble
My Bi—o—gra—*phee*;
But as I am shrewd O,
Won't leave that to Froude O,
Nor to Wilberforce; he
Would of course say something saucy,
'Cos he might show me as a bad ch*aracter*,
Carper, sharper, malefactor,
So for me he'd manufactor
No—to—rie—*tee*.

At the Adelphi Theatre Mr. Robert Buchanan, poet, essayist, and novelist, has achieved greater success than has hitherto been his lot as a dramatist. "All things come to him who knows how to wait," says the French philosopher; and, having bided his time with commendable patience, Mr. Buchanan finds his reward in the public approval at once bestowed on his powerful drama of "Storm-Beaten," a dramatised version of one of his own novels, bearing an oddly fantastic title. The sylvan and arctic scenery, by Mr. William

March. Beverley, is very beautiful; and altogether Mr. Robert Buchanan has full reason to congratulate himself on the first voyage of his "storm-beaten" but at length safely-harboured ship.

The Olympic was crowded on the afternoon of the 17th inst., by a brilliant audience, foremost among whom was his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. The performance was for the benefit of the School of Dramatic Art, and consisted of a new play entitled "A Great Catch," written by Mr. Hamilton Aïdé. This accomplished gentleman is a musician, a composer, a novelist, a poet, and an artist of conspicuous merit; and there is no reason why he should not essay to add another laurel to the already leafy chaplet which crowns his brow. Everybody did his or her best to further the success of "A Great Catch," and at the conclusion of the performance Mr. Hamilton Aïdé was led forward by the company to receive the congratulations of the audience.

Mr. A. W. Pinero's new drama of "The Rector: a Story of Four Friends," produced at the Court Theatre on Saturday, the 24th inst., is in many respects a right good play, original in conception and skilful in treatment, full of touching, human interest. "The Rector" ought to fill the Court Theatre for many months to come.

April. The Opéra Comique was opened by Miss Hilda Hilton on the 31st ult., with a performance of anything but a comically operatic order. The novelty, a drama called "Bondage," ostensibly and anonymously adapted from the French of M. "Pierre D'Alry," a dramatist who is scarcely so well known to fame as Scribe or Bayard, Brisebarre or Halévy, was throughout very carefully acted, and great pains had been taken with the *mise-en-scène*.

At the Savoy a new and original one-act vaudeville, called "A Private Wire," has been produced as a *lever de rideau* preceding "Iolanthe." The telephone is the pivot on which the fun of the piece turns. The scenic arrangements permit the audience to see the interior of two rooms in two different houses, a street running between. The apartments are respectively occupied by a pair of lovers and by a young widow; but the course of true love declines to run smooth even through the medium of a telephone; and, owing to external "meddle and muddle," the latest child of science is made to set the sweethearts by the ears, and nearly to distract the young widow, who, unskilled in scientific "notions," is under the impression that there is a ghost in the telephones, and that the reproachful utterances audible to her proceed from the silent tomb, and are those of her deceased husband. The ingenious trifle is rendered additionally attractive by some very lively music, composed by Mr. Percy Reeve and vivaciously rendered by Miss Brandram, Miss S. Louis, Miss Sybil Grey, Mr. Eric Lewis, and Mr. Rowan. April.

Mr. Boucicault produced on March 25, at the Star Theatre, New York, a farcical comedy called "Vice Versâ," in which he himself, according to the *Herald*, sustained the principal part, "in a dressing-gown of scarlet satin, and trousers of a sea-green hue, wearing yellow Dundreary whiskers, and the air of a fashionable fop." Mr. Boucicault's "Vice Versâ" has nothing to do with Mr. Anstey's ingenious novelette. The New York "Vice Versâ," is to all appearance a translation of a Palais Royal vaudeville called "Le Truc d'Arthur."

The *N. Y. H.* critic did not approve of "Vice Versâ," and pronounced the piece to be a failure. To this criticism Mr. Boucicault, in a letter to the *Herald*, good humouredly remarks, *inter alia*:—

By-the-way, I wonder if anyone has considered curiously that a dramatist who has produced upwards of three hundred pieces must

April. necessarily introduce in each piece about ten characters. This makes a total production of three thousand characters. It is somewhat difficult to make them all distinct, original types; but if he fails to do so in his later works he is sometimes accused of lack of originality. I doubt if there be three thousand different characters in the world; at least, so differing as to be distinguishable as types.

Now here is a wondrous nut to crack. Here is a chance for students deeply read in Shaftesbury's "Characteristics," the "Steel Mirror," the "Caractères" of Labruyère, "Les Français peints par eux-mêmes"—there is an analogous work in Spanish—Mr. Thackeray's "Book of Snobs," the "Heads of the People," which Kenny Meadows illustrated, the political "characters" scattered through the writings of Swift, Douglas Jerrold's "Men of Character," George Eliot's "Theophrastus Such," and Theophrastus himself. A course of the "Newgate Calendar," the "Old Bailey Sessions Papers," Howell's "State Trials," and the Police Reports of the last fifty years or so, might also bring to light multitudinous varieties of human character. Then we might go to Lavater and Gall and Spurzheim, and thence to Pinel, Esquirol, and Forbes Winslow; for all writers on insanity must dwell to some extent on characteristics as well.

Mr. Burnand's three-act "Farcical Comedy" "Artful Cards," revived at Toole's Theatre on the 9th, was greeted from its first to its last line with roars of laughter; and, it being clearly the main object of a "farcical comedy" to provoke incessant merriment, the critic is happily relieved from that part of his functions which places him under the obligation to pronounce as to the success or failure of a play.

The able musical critic of a morning contemporary, speaking of the forthcoming opening of the Royal Italian Opera, alludes to the readjustment of the stall seats, and

"the revival of Fops' Alley." I doubt whether it be possible to revive Fops' Alley. It died with the late Mr. Benjamin Lumley's management of Her Majesty's Theatre—the old house. Fops' Alley was the gangway running parallel to the footlights, between the last row of the pit and the first row of the stalls; and in its palmiest days Fops' Alley was always graced by the presence of a subaltern of the Guards, in full uniform, daintily swinging his bearskin. It was my mother who told me about the officer who had his entrée to Fops' Alley. Fops flourished before my time, but I can remember the "dandy," who was superseded by the "Count," the "toff," and other varieties of the "swell." The "Plunger" was a military "swell." Does he exist now, I wonder? April.

A correspondent who has had very lengthened commercial experience of "the front of the house," operatically and theatrically speaking, tells me that long before the sunken gangway crossing the theatre from side to side, between the pit and the stalls, a gangway devised by Mr. Lumley—"Fops' Alley" was a central passage right through the pit of the King's Theatre from the orchestra to the back of the auditorium. In those days there were no stalls, and consequently there was no reason for the existence of the sunken gangway between the pit and the stalls.

My correspondent points out that the passage down the centre of the stalls (the pit having been abolished) at the Royal Italian Opera can only be in a modified sense a revival of "Fops' Alley" as it existed at the old King's Theatre, seeing that the "fops" were allowed to stand throughout the performance in the central passage through the stalls, which they will scarcely be permitted to do at Covent Garden.

The Haymarket was the scene on the 13th inst., of a magnificent and, at its close, a touching performance: the occasion being the farewell representation—under the

April. Bancroft management, at least—of Robertson's comedy of "Caste." The splendid house was thronged from pit to roof-tree; and looking round the stalls, the private boxes, and the dress circle the eye encountered London's most pleasantly familiar faces—faces of most of those distinguished by brilliance of social position or by eminence in literature and art. Leaders of "Society," habitual "first nighters," M.P.'s, Q.C.'s, editors, critics, painters, novelists, physicians, musicians of renown, all were there to give a friendly greeting to one of the tenderest, merriest, and most natural plays that has been written these many years past; a play English to the core in conception, incident, and dialogue, and acted by a company to match whose excellence "Time must run back and fetch the age of gold"—the age when William Farren the elder, Webster, Mrs. Nisbett, and Mrs. Glover played together, at this same Haymarket, in "The Love Chase."

At the conclusion of the performance there occurred one of the most enthusiastic demonstrations that I have ever witnessed. Again and again the curtain rose in obedience to the clamorous demands of the audience. A breastwork of bouquets arose on the stage. Again, the curtain rose, and this time Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft appeared alone to receive the splendid homage bestowed on them. I could see that the charming actress was affected to tears—and they were not idle ones.

An odd, clever, unequal, "sensational," and intensely disagreeable drama, in a prologue and three acts, written by Mr. Sidney Grundy expressly for Miss Geneviève Ward, and called "Rachel," was produced at the Olympic on the 14th inst. It opens very well indeed, with a really powerful prologue borrowed from a gloomy French melodrama called "La Voleuse d'Enfants," and in this prologue the part of an old baby-farming and child-stealing woman (to whom, quite unnecessarily, the playright has given the name of the

hanged murderess Margaret Waters) was capitally played by Mrs. Leigh Murray. But the three acts which followed must be pronounced, structurally considered, so much rubbish (interspersed with some very smart and telling dialogue), which would scarcely have been tolerated at the old Victoria in the days of "Bravo" Hicks, forty years ago. "Rachel," nevertheless, seemed to please the audience mightily, and the curtain fell amidst great cheering. The play was, on the first night, undeniably a success. April.

I was glad to see at the opening of the New Royalty Theatre on the 23rd inst., that Miss Kate Santley has provided for the occupants of her stalls a central gangway, by means of which they can reach and quit their seats without discomfort. There are few greater nuisances in a theatre (except the encores at the singing-houses and the bouquet "chucking") than the "scrouging" past the unhappy people in the stalls who have come early by the selfish people who have come late.

Miss Kate Santley opened under very brilliant auspices indeed with a new and original comic opera in two acts, called "The Merry Duchess," written by Mr. G. R. Sims, and composed by Mr. Frederic Clay, author of "The Princess Toto," and many other delightfully melodious works. I give the names of the authors of "The Merry Duchess," according to the order of precedence in the programme, although I think that the composer's name ought to come first. We say Meyerbeer's "Robert the Devil," although the French say the "Robert le Diable" of Scribe and Meyerbeer. Truly we say Gay's "Beggars' Opera;" but then Gay was not troubled with any composer at all. He took his property wheresoever he found it, and joyously plundered every British musician of note—from Dick Allison to Harry Lawes, from Orlando Gibbons to Purcell.

April. "The Merry Duchess" was received with enthusiastic applause by a crowded house, and achieved a complete and brilliant success for the writer, the composer, and the zealous and capable artists engaged in its interpretation.

May. "Affichez les Mémoires," the Parisian manager used to say to his *régisseur* whenever that functionary announced that the nightly falling off in the receipts was threatening to become chronic. The "Mémoires du Diable" of Frédéric Soulié, hackneyed as the grand old melodrama was, could always be reckoned upon to draw good houses and replenish the managerial exchequer. Now, Mr. Augustus Harris, lessee and manager of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, has not had at any period to complain of thin audience and, consequently depleted coffers; but he may have been occasionally in doubt in the intervals between the production of the last new Christmas Annual and the next new sensational dramatic spectacle as to the particular piece in the *repertoire* of Old Drury which might, with the greatest advantage to the playgoing public and himself (for managers must live, albeit there may be some who fail to perceive the necessity of their doing so) be revived.

"Affichez la Jeunesse" would appear to be the latest motto adopted by the courageously adventurous *impresario* of the National Theatre; so on the 28th ultimo, the drama of "Youth" was, with enhanced splendour and immense *éclat*, revived at Drury Lane. Of the sagacity of reviving this very emotional play there can scarcely be any doubt. "Bestow thy youth," writes Sir Walter Raleigh, "so that thou mayest have comfort to remember it when it hath forsaken thee, and not sigh and grieve at the account thereof." But the enterprising lessee of Drury Lane has so "bestowed" his "Youth" that there is no danger of its forsaking him or of its causing him to "sigh and grieve at the account thereof."

The grandest tableau in Messrs. Meritt and Harris's drama is that of the battle-scene, which was, when the play was originally produced, laid in Afghanistan. In the revival, the martial venue is changed to Egypt; and the scent of Kassassin and Tel-el-Kebir (to paraphrase a "Pineroism"), with a very strong smell of gunpowder to boot, is "brought across the footlights." "Telkassin" is the ingeniously imaginative name given by the playrights to the tremendous stage conflict, in which undaunted "supers" mount the imminent deadly breach, and vivacious actors and actresses win the bubble reputation, even at the mouths of real Gatling guns. The famous scene of the embarkation of the troops retains its integrity, but is organised with more startling effect than ever. May.

On the whole, the military "situations" in "Youth" are so brilliant and so captivating that they must be considered as directly tending to induce the ungilded and unplayacting "youth" in the pit and galleries to enlist forthwith in Her Majesty's Service. Long since Mr. Augustus Harris has told the world that "Youth" is a Grand Moral Lesson, a Comfort to the Afflicted, and a Blessing to Families! He would also be entirely justified as announcing his very stirring and successful spectacle as an Incentive to Intending Recruits.

A welcome accession has been made to the stage of Her Majesty's Theatre by the appearance in the brilliant ballet-opera or opera-ballet of "The Trip to the Moon" of Mdlle. Limido, a charming young Italian *danseuse* who not long since delighted the audiences at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, with her grace and agility. In the renowned "Snow Ballet" Mdlle. Limido earned enthusiastic applause. Her *pirouettes* are wonderfully skilful, and her *entrechats* real *tours de force*.

May. With respect to the powerful but unwholesome play of "Fédora," an English version of which was produced at the Haymarket Theatre on the 15th inst., criticism of the speculative order might be relieved of a great deal of trouble by the confident advertisement put forth by the Haymarket management. This remarkable proclamation states that, "in answer to the magnificent reception given to the first performance of the new play and the brilliant criticisms on its success in all the leading journals, Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft beg to announce that 'Fédora' will be acted every evening until the end of the season." This is tantamount to saying that inasmuch as the *Observer*, and the other weekly papers published on Sunday, and the half-dozen daily papers published on Monday, have spoken well of Mr. Herman Merivale's English version of M. Sardou's repulsive drama, it does not matter to the Bancroft management one kopeck (let us be Muscovite for the nonce) what such weekly journals as the *Saturday Review*, the *Athenæum*, the *Academy*, the *Spectator*, the *World*, or *Truth*, think about "Fédora."

The dramatic critics of the journals which I have named are, as a rule, persons of greater acumen and of higher intellectual culture than the diurnal Aristarchuses whom long practice has enabled to dash off a column or so of "critical verbiage" between midnight and two in the morning; but the reason which has led the Bancroft management to yield to the hallucination that those journals only are "leading" which are published on the morrow of the production of a new stage play is a very obvious reason indeed. The actor likes his reward to be immediate. He does not care much about it if it be deferred. Direct and unstinted applause is to him the breath of life. If he have it not he artistically dies. He yearns for his "three rounds" so soon as he makes his appearance on the stage; and his three or more "calls" at the end of his act, and at the fall of the curtain; and when the audience at the playhouse and the critics in the daily and Sunday morning press have bestowed upon him these testimonials of high approbation, he is able (especially if he be a

manager as well as an actor) to snap his fingers at notices which appear a week afterwards. This, from the "paying" point of view, is undeniably a most practical and business-like view of the value of so-called dramatic criticism; but, at the same time, it leaves wholly unfettered the hands of the critics of those journals which may not lead, but which certainly do not follow their contemporaries. May.

No excellence in acting can atone for the inherent and incurable immorality and repulsiveness of "Fédora"; but it is a simple act of justice to record that the Sardou-Merivale play is, on the whole, played with surprising excellence. Mrs. Bernard-Beere has made a distinct and splendid mark as the Princess Fédora, and must be henceforth ranked as an actress of the first-class. Obviously, her impersonation of the sensuous and vindictive Sclav woman is closely modelled, both in voice and gesture and in physical aspect, on the Fédora of Madame Sarah Bernhardt; still, Mrs. Bernard-Beere has many gifts and attainments of her own; and of these she did not fail to make good use, when the occasion demanded it.

On June 9, I betook myself to the Adelphi Theatre, to witness the first representation of a new and original play, in four acts and five tableaux, called "Rank and Riches," by that admirable master of fiction, Mr. Wilkie Collins. I found it stated, as an exordium to the programme, that whereas Mr. Wilkie Collins's later dramatic works had been founded on his novels "The Woman in White," "Man and Wife," "The New Magdalen," &c., the story and characters in "Rank and Riches" now appealed to the public favour for the first time. To this announcement the expression of a hope was added that the audience would find it convenient to be seated punctually by eight o'clock, "as the opening event of the story presented itself with the rise of the curtain." June.

June. I cannot help thinking that, altogether, Mr. Wilkie Collins would have done better to have narrated the story and developed the characters in "Rank and Riches" in a three-volume novel than to have inflicted them on the public in a four-act play. Indeed, a highly interesting semi-sensational, semi-psychological romance might have been woven from the adventures of a headstrong young lady of fashion, the daughter of an Earl and the fiancée of a Duke, whom she jilts to fall in love with a hysterical lawyer's clerk.

True to the rules of dramatic art, Mr. Wilkie Collins has not allowed his characters to explain why they are all behaving themselves in a more or less Tom o' Bedlam fashion; but, unfortunately, he does not, as a good playwright should do, make motive clear through the medium of action; and the consequence is that the whole conduct of the play is spasmodic, jerky, disjointed, and disagreeably surprising. The dialogue is, moreover, curt, snappish, and unmannered. I should counsel Mr. Wilkie Collins to publish "Rank and Riches" in book form, with an introduction, modelled on one of Victor Hugo's famous prefaces to his plays (that to "Le Roi s' Amuse" would be the best example to follow), "pitching in" to the critics and the public right and left. Such production, written in good, sound, angry English, would amuse us all, and hurt nobody.

A very much pleasanter task was mine when I went on the 11th to the bonny little Strand Theatre (which was crowded) to see Mr. W. Warham's new burlesque of the "Silver King," called "Silver Guilt." I may just say of it that it seemed to me to be about the most brilliant piece of waggery that I have seen for a long time, full of broad fun, sparkling music, graceful dancing, and clever scenic effects, and capitally played.

June. The sum of one thousand pounds was the outcome of the remarkable afternoon performance given under the special patronage of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales at the Lyceum on June 14, in aid of the funds of the Royal College of Music. The Prince and Princess were present, and the house so liberally devoted by Mr. Henry Irving to the furtherance of a worthy object, was crowded by a fashionable audience, undismayed at such phenomenal prices as ten-guinea private boxes and stalls, and front seats in the dress circle at two guineas each. The pit was five shillings.

An entertainment of exceptional attractiveness had been provided, comprising a scene from Lord Lytton's comedy of "Money," and, as a finale, a selection from the fairy-opera of "Iolanthe." But, of course, the "sensational" feature of the programme was the revival of the old melodrama "Robert Macaire; or, the Roadside Inn"—a version (by the late Mr. Charles Selby, I should say) of the too-celebrated French piece, "L'Auberge des Adrets," in which Frédéric Lemaître "created"—with a vengeance—the part of the felonious hero. "Robert Macaire," as a melodrama, is scarcely so powerful as our very old English friends, "Jonathan Bradford" and "Ambrose Gwynett;" indeed, the "Roadside Inn" has been not inappropriately likened to a piece originally framed as a ballet pantomime, with a murder interpolated at the last moment, to give a little serious interest to an otherwise frivolous production.

A combination of circumstances has rendered it indispensable that Robert Macaire should be played only by an actor possessing in an equal and in the very highest degree tragic and comic powers. These powers were possessed by the Frenchman, Lemaître; and with them the Englishman, Henry Irving, is as fully and as highly endowed. Mr. Irving appears to me to have grasped the character in its entirety. He has combined with amazing skill and acumen of conception the attributes of the ragged

June. and dirty dandy, the scurril jester, the inveterate thief and swindler, and the cold-blooded villain who will not stop short of murder in the pursuit of plunder; but with this warp of ruffianism and ribaldry he mingles just one thread of natural pathos. He is not altogether a wild beast in human form—the laughing hyæna of the *bagne*. He is a father; and he can feel some emotion when he recognises his son. And in his last moments he repents of his cruelty to the wife whom he has abandoned, and dies, forgiven, in her arms.

When we remember that while Macaire—shot, when attempting to escape, by the gendarmes—is expiring, the corpse of the murdered M. Germeuil is weltering in his blood up-stairs, we ought properly to feel only horror and disgust for the dying assassin on the stage; but the consummate skill with which Mr. Irving, by a few words and a few gestures, has emphasised the truth that a touch of human feeling may be linked with a thousand crimes, mitigates the aversion we feel for so hideous a character as Macaire.

One great charm of the performance was the complete harmony with which Mr. Toole and Mr. Irving played into each other's hands. Each seemed perfectly to comprehend the idiosyncrasies and divine the intent of the other; and there was not a false note in their whole artistic duet.

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL ECHOES.

II.

Charles I. at the Lyceum—Mr. J. L. Toole's Benefit—Miss Geneviève Ward's Tour—"Polyeuctus, Martyr"—French Plays at the Gaiety—Mr. Irving as "Louis XI."—Mr. Irving's Benefit—"M. P." at Toole's Theatre—"Freedom" at Drury Lane—The "Langtry Turban?"—The Islington "Grand" Theatre—"The Silver King"—Burlesque at the Gaiety—"The Romany Rye" at the Surrey Theatre—"Confusion" at the Vaudeville Theatre—Mr. Oscar Wilde's "Vera"—Miss Mary Anderson at the Lyceum—Theatrical Revivals—Mr. Edouin—"Glad Tidings" at the Standard Theatre—The New Lyceum Theatre, Edinburgh—Sums paid for Popular Songs—Mr. E. Yates's "The Millionaire" at the Court Theatre—"In the Ranks" at the Adelphi Theatre—"A Sailor and His Lass" at Drury Lane—"Young Folks' Ways" at St. James's Theatre—Mr. F. B. Chatterton's Recitations—Miss Mary Anderson in the "Lady of Lyons"—Mr. Irving in New York—The Alhambra Theatre—Miss Lingard in "Agnes of Bavaria"—"Falka" at the Comedy Theatre—Mr. George Grossmith—Miss Lotta—"Deceivers Ever" at the Royalty Theatre.

The revival at the Lyceum on June 30, of Mr. Wills' drama of "Charles the First," with Mr. Henry Irving in the character of the ill-fated monarch, was, in every way, as it deserved to be, a triumphant success. Mr. Wills is not very skilful in the construction of plots; but he is an adept at the portrayal of pathetic incidents and in the conduct of pathetic dialogue. The Americans will surely receive Mr. Irving's July.

July. Charles the First with tearful enthusiasm. As playgoers, our cousins are intensely sentimental; and they are very fond of Kings and Queens—on the stage, or as leaders of fashionable society.

The occasion of Mr. Toole's Benefit, on the 5th inst., was distinguished, first by the appearance of Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry in an act of "Richard the Third," and next by the revival of the elder Kenney's comedy of "Sweethearts and Wives," in which, of course, Mr. Toole played Billy Lackaday. As a picture of manners, "Sweethearts and Wives," has long since fallen into "the portion of weeds and outworn faces;" but Billy Lackaday (one of Liston's finest parts) is an intensely funny study of character, and full justice was done to it by the unflaggingly droll Mr. John Lawrence Toole.

Miss Geneviève Ward contemplates so vast a tour beyond seas as to embrace the Antipodes in its magnitude. Australia and New Zealand may therefore be congratulated on the prospect of seeing ere long the impersonator of "Forget Me Not" in the character in which she has earned such well-deserved renown; and it is to be hoped that Miss Geneviève Ward will have the opportunity of impressing theatrical audiences in "Greater Britain" with those superb embodiments of Shakspearean character in which this essentially tragic actress most conspicuously excels, but from exhibiting her gifts in which she has for some time, in London at least, been debarred by a hard fate.

A representation of the "Christian tragedy" of "Polyeuctus, Martyr," in five acts and a tableau, translated and adapted from Corneille by Mrs. George Macdonald, was given on the 7th July, at Steinway Hall, with great success before a full and sympathising audience. The exponents of the

noble tragedy were Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald and seven members of their family. July.

The season of French plays at the Gaiety Theatre proved comparatively unattractive. But the genius of Madame Sarah Bernhardt, exhibited to signal advantage in the part of the heroine of M. Sardou's remarkable drama of "Fédora," drew fashionable audiences to the closing performances.

The five-act play of "Louis Onze," written by Casimir Delavigne, the author of "L'Ecole des Vieillards," "Les Enfants d'Edouard," and numerous other more or less remembered productions, was styled, by its writer, a "tragedy," probably in deference to the classical house where it was originally produced:—the Théâtre Français, to wit. It is in reality as romantic a play as Victor Hugo's "Ruy Blas," or Alexandre Dumas' "Christine"; and its romantic or melodramatic features were rendered still more conspicuous by the "character" acting of the admirable French actor Ligier, who in voice, mien, gesture, and costume made the presentment of the crafty and cruel tyrant as completely and distinctly a picture as that of Robert Macaire in the hands of Frédéric Lemaître.

In Mr. Boucicault's English version of Delavigne's work, the melodramatic element is even heightened; although it is strange that the consummate playwright who wrote "The Colleen Bawn" failed to see that the five acts of "Louis the Eleventh" could easily have been compressed into three:—the first, in which Louis never makes his appearance, being mainly superfluous and tedious; while the third and fourth acts might have been advantageously merged into one. "Louis the Eleventh" is nevertheless, save in one respect, a very strong play. The female characters alone are feeble, Marie de Commines being a mere "walking" lady.

July. Mr. Henry Irving, entirely and triumphantly fulfils, to my mind, all the requirements of the character as delineated by Casimir Delavigne. The dramatist went, not to his imagination, but to history for his Louis Onze. That the great actor in this most complex part is not sparing in the exhibition of the rare and rich quality of humour with which he is endowed is manifest; but in this also he has history on his side. When the occasion demands it, Mr. Irving can rise to a height of tragic power which amazes, which awes, which terrifies.

August. Mr. Henry Irving's benefit, which took place at the Lyceum on the 28th of July, was remarkable not only for the varied excellence of the performance, but for the almost unexampled enthusiasm which the occasion aroused among a densely-crowded audience. Whenever it next occurs to some ill-conditioned cynic (not by any means necessarily a foreign cynic) to assert that we are a surly and phlegmatic people, either incapable of, or deterred by *mauvaise honte* from, displaying emotion in public, the thoughts of all those who were present at the Lyceum on July 28 will at once revert to that memorable occasion, which was throughout an emotional display, provoked, however, by no feelings of maudlin sentiment, but due in its every cheer, in its every clapping of hands and waving of handkerchiefs, to hearty admiration for, and cordial sympathy with, an actor who is considered great in the exposition of his art, but who is beloved by his friends and deeply esteemed by the general public as an upright, amiable, and generous Englishman, who has ennobled his useful and delightful calling to a far loftier degree than any paltry ribbon, cross, or title could ennoble him.

Ere I went to bed I took an hour's "constitutional" in reading the "Harleian Miscellany," and I came across an old

eighteenth century poem called "An Essay on the Theatres," in which I lighted on the following: August.

> 'Tis not sufficient to repeat a part
> With proper accent; *it must reach the heart,*
> The actor to the audience must reveal
> *He has the will and faculty to feel.*
> Mov'd in himself, all others he controls,
> Commands their thoughts and agitates their souls.

This, to my thinking, was what Mr. Irving had been doing, and doing most potently, between eight and eleven of the clock on Saturday, the twenty-eighth ult.

The late Mr. Robertson was almost at death's door when he wrote "M.P." for the Prince of Wales's Theatre; and the slightness of construction and poverty of incident in the piece may have been in a great measure due to the enfeebled health of the gifted writer; but the dialogue, nevertheless, sparkles with genuine wit and humour, and to the dialogue and the inimitable acting of Miss Gerard as the quasi-Quakeress Ruth Deybrook, the brilliant success which "M.P." obtained on its first night's performance at Toole's Theatre must be mainly ascribed. Alternately deliciously demure and bashful, and archly vivacious and coquettish, and looking throughout very beautiful and graceful, Miss Gerard fairly enchanted her audience. "M.P." was, in fine, received with unmingled approval by a full house.

On August 4, Drury Lane Theatre, very handsomely swept and garnished, was reopened for the autumnal season. London's emptiness is Mr. Augustus Harris's opportunity, since it is on the million that the spirited manager in question mainly relies for patronage; and there are always a few millions of people left in the metropolis when it is at its very emptiest in a fashionable sense. So Old Drury was crowded to the roof by an audience of "millionaires" (I don't mean

August. financial ones), who greeted with the greatest enthusiasm and delight the first performance of a grand melodramatic spectacle in four acts and eight tableaux called "Freedom." "Veluti in speculum" was the motto which once adorned the proscenium of the National Theatre. As things go, "Pro *Harris* et focis" might not be an inappropriate legend to emblazon on the drop-curtain.

Mrs. Langtry was in the stalls on the first night of "Freedom." The fair dame when leaving the Empire City, according to the *New York Herald*, wore a becoming English walking-dress and a "Langtry turban." What is a "Langtry turban?"

Residents in Islington, Pentonville, Barnsbury Road, and in and around the Pickwickian Goswell Road have now a good excuse for "doing the Grand." An exceedingly handsome, commodious, and safe playhouse has been erected, from the tasteful and able designs of Mr. Frank Masham, on the site of the Philharmonic Theatre. Well ventilated, chastely decorated, and comfortable into the bargain, the Grand has not a superior in London. The new theatre was opened on August 4, under the management of MM. Clarance Holt and Wilmott, the chief attraction being a sensational drama, of London life mostly, entitled "The Bright Future," written by Mr. Sefton Parry.

Mr. Barrett and his singularly able company, having enjoyed over a month of relaxation, renewed their performance of "The Silver King" on the 18th August with great zest and freshness. The strongly individualised Wilfrid Denver of Mr. Wilson Barrett, the sympathetic Nelly Denver of Miss Eastlake, the polished burglar of Mr. E. S. Willard, and Mr. George Barrett's artistic delineation of the faithful old retainer of "The Silver King," retain their old

popularity at the Princess's. It also continues to be one of the conspicuous merits of "The Silver King" that the minor characters are still sustained with similar care and finish. August.

I am sure that my young friends, the "Mashers," will agree with me when I say, that the proper study of mankind at the Gaiety is—burlesque, interpreted by Miss Nelly Farren, that gifted embodiment of the poetry of vivacity; Miss Kate Vaughan (when procurable); the pretty and sprightly Miss Constance Gilchrist; Mr. Edward Terry; Mr. Arthur Williams, and the rest of the lively company engaged by Mr. John Hollingshead. Under these circumstances, no doubt need be entertained that "High Life Below Stairs" and "The Critic," are but stop-gaps till the "sacred lamp" can be refilled and regarnished, and re-illumined—in other words, till Mr. F. C. Burnand bids his faithful "Ariel" fly, and "The Tempest" of Shakspeare is travestied at the Gaiety by the gifted Editor of *Punch*.

A play which shall evoke the shrillest whistles of appreciation when its hero appears in the nick of time to rescue the virtuous maiden in distress, or shall call down upon the head of the unabashed villain volleys of groans and a hurricane of hisses—that is the kind of play to command success at the Surrey Theatre, as the present Managers, Mr. George Conquest and Mr. Paul Meritt, very well know. The boards whereon Mr. T. P. Cooke, as William, "played the fiddle like an angel," and defended "Black-Eyed Susan" with the gallantry of a true-born English sailor, are, accordingly, well occupied by Mr. George R. Sims's sensationally romantic gipsy drama of "The Romany Rye."

I own that I missed the wonderfully natural and realistic touch of art Mr. George Barrett gave us as the original

August. Boss Knivett when "The Romany Rye" was first produced at the Princess's. But the laugh-compelling lines Mr. Sims puts into the mouth of this droll London thief elicited the customary tribute of mirth at the Surrey. It may, indeed, be admitted that "The Romany Rye" is, on the whole, creditably acted at this popular transpontine house, whereat the impressionable audience's spontaneous expressions of approval or disapproval are in themselves as good as a play.

The remarkably droll and clever "eccentric comedy"—that is to say, three-act farce—of "Confusion," by Mr. Joseph Derrick, a young dramatist new to fame, has received less notice than its merits demanded, simply because it first saw the footlights at a Vaudeville matinée. Promoted to the place of honour in the evening bill of the Vaudeville, "Confusion" has so tickled audiences with laughter that Mr. Thomas Thorne has retained the merry piece on the programme, and even organised a company to entertain the provinces with the plentiful crop of misunderstandings gathered in the breakfast-room of Jersey Lodge, Maidenhead. I defy the veriest stoic in the way of self-command to restrain a smile, and I may myself plead guilty to laughing boisterously, at the amusing situation skilfully led up to at the close of the first act.

Mr. Oscar Wilde's new play of "Vera," produced in New York on the 21st, inst., would scarcely seem to have met with the approval which might fairly have been anticipated for it. The *New York Tribune* declares "Vera" to be a "foolish, highly-peppered story of love, intrigue, and politics, with Russian accessories of fur and dark lanterns, and overlaid with bantam gabble about freedom and the people. It was little better than fizzle." The scarcely more polite *New York Times* remarks that the play is "unreal, long-winded, and wearisome;" while the *New York Herald* says "It is long drawn dramatic rot, a series of disconnected essays and sickening rant, with a coarse and common kind of clever-

ness." Coarse and common! These epithets are rather "rough" on the Archimago of culture. August.

To my mind Mr. Oscar Wilde—who, for all his eccentricities, is a great deal more clever than unthinking persons imagine him to be—would have acted far more wisely had he produced "Vera" in London instead of New York. English theatrical audiences like "a highly peppered story of love, intrigue, and politics." They like, in particular, "Russian accessories" in the way of fur and dark lanterns; and especially are they passionately fond of fervid utterances about Freedom and the People. With handsome dresses, glittering scenery, and general "staging" regardless of expense, "Vera" might have achieved in London a brilliant success. Mr. Wilde should not be discouraged by the animadversions of his American critics. He should try his dramatic hand again, and may "strike ile" yet.

The 1st of September will be memorable for the début in England of one of the most gifted and beautiful of American actresses, Miss Mary Anderson, the fame of whose histrionic skill and personal attractions has long preceded her in this country. The friendly reception Mr. Irving ventured to ask his patrons to accord to this fascinating lady will assuredly take the form of a hearty welcome to our fair visitor. September

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Miss Mary Anderson made her first appearance on the English stage as Parthenia in the highly moral but extremely tedious, artless, and nonsensical play of "Ingomar," which appears to have been clumsily "snatched" from the German more than thirty years ago, by a Mrs. Lovell, and as clumsily turned into English. Miss Mary Anderson is so pretty, so clever, and so intelligent, and the success which she achieved was so immediate and so cordial that it must be a matter for great regret that she should have chosen so dreary and, in many respects, so imbecile a drama as "Ingomar" for the earliest display of her capacity before a London audience.

September. For a great many reasons, I can understand why this stilted and, on the whole preposterous performance should be far from unpopular in the United States. America may be, politically, a Republic; but socially and sentimentally, it is the Women's Kingdom. From Cape Cod to the Golden Gates the American Woman is Queen; and the concrete idea which underlies the whole story of "Ingomar" is that of the subjection of Man to the weaker sex. The relations of the Massilian maiden Parthenia to her barbaric swain are quite as much modern American relations as antique Greek, or Phocœan or Gallic ones; in fact, this dull Anglo-German play might be very well re-written as a novel by the author of "Democracy:" the hero being made a rough-hewn "nature's nobleman" from Texas or New Mexico, completely subjugated, wound round the finger, and converted into a Delmonico "dude" by the *minauderies* of a Saratoga belle in her first season, or a Vassar College girl who, in the pursuit of conic sections, has not yet forgotten the art of flirtation.

Miss Anderson's declamation is vehement, impetuous, sustained, and effective, just halting, as it does, on this side of tearing a passion to tatters. Her first appearance was not a fair criterion of her powers as an elocutionist; as she was evidently unaware of the "pitch" or acoustic properties of the house, and at times she was almost entirely inaudible. Her chief deficiencies are, to my thinking, first, a lack of the expression of gradual transition from one mood to another, which defect makes her utterances spasmodic and jerky; and next, the almost entire absence of spontaneous pathos and sympathy in her acting. Miss Anderson must, nevertheless, be considered as an actress of very high merit; I see in her an actress of very bright promise; but as yet I fail to discern genius in her acting.

September will, indeed, see somewhat of a theatrical revival in London. Mr. Augustus Harris gives a new impulse to the brilliant drama of "Freedom" at Drury

Lane by abolishing all the vexatious fees for programmes and cloak-rooms wherewith some penny-wise-and-pound-foolish managers still levy toll on their customers. Mr. John Hollingshead, tired of depriving his patrons at the Gaiety of this favourite pabulum, returns to burlesque of the modern pattern, and revives Mr. F. C. Burnand's "Blue Beard" until Miss Nelly Farren is fitted with the costume of "Ariel." Mr. Hollingshead also combines with Mr. J. L. Shine to open the Globe as a "Comedy House," on the 8th inst., with Mr. Sydney Grundy's comedy of "The Glass of Fashion." September.

Mr. Willie Edouin has proved himself so facile a performer of grotesque character parts since he and his lively "Sparks" Company have occupied the stage of the Avenue Theatre, that he ought to do well as an entertainer of the Woodin type. The humour which Mr. Edouin undoubtedly possesses is thrown away upon such a worthless piece of absurdity as "A Bunch of Keys," to which the names of two authors, Mr. Charles Hoyt and Mr. G. Lash Gordon, are attached.

The spacious, but badly-ventilated, Standard offers a new and magnificently mounted drama, by Mr. James Willing, jun., and Mr. Frank Stainforth, for the delectation of the East-End. The bold and impressive scenes are exceptionally artistic, and add to the lustre of Mr. Richard Douglass's reputation. The opening set scene of a village smithy, apparently inspired by Longfellow's poem, is singularly effective. But the bright and lively picture of Rotten Row in the height of the London season is the gem of "Glad Tidings."

Echoes have reached London concerning the opening with particular *éclat* of the sumptuous and elegant new theatre in Grindley Street, Edinburgh, on Monday evening, the

September. 12th inst. Designed by Mr. C. J. Phipps, the New Lyceum is a handsome addition to the playhouses of the United Kingdom. Messrs. Howard and Wyndham's fine theatre was appropriately inaugurated by the famous Lyceum Company, Mr. Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry delighting the brilliant audience in the grand revival of "Much Ado About Nothing." The performances were prefaced by the delivery of a well-written address by Mr. Howard, and closed with a modest speech by Mr. Irving, who was afterwards entertained at supper.

There was an article not long since in one of the morning papers on popular songs and the composers thereof, and on the miserable remuneration which the musicians of the past received for their productions. Among the cases cited was that of Balfe, who, the writer of the article said, was paid only "a few pounds" for setting the "Come into the Garden, Maud," to one of the most exquisite melodies of modern times. A well-known firm of music-publishers have since written to say that the statement about the "few pounds" is a mistake; that the song was published on the "royalty system;" and that, soon after "Come into the Garden, Maud," had obtained a success, Mr. Balfe sold his royalty to his publishers for one hundred pounds.

Very well; but what are a hundred pounds but a "few" pounds for such a song as "Come into the Garden, Maud?" What would Sir Arthur Sullivan, what would Sir Julius Benedict, what would Mr. Engel, what would Mr. Maybrick say to a hundred pounds for the entire copyright of a ballad which had "obtained a success?" How many thousands of pounds have the music-publishers made out of "Kathleen Mavourneen?" I have heard, over and over again, that five pounds sterling was the guerdon of Mr. F. Nicholas Crouch, the composer of the enchanting ditty in question; but the statement almost passes credence. On the other hand, I have heard with my own ears George Linley, the composer of "The Spirit of Love," declare,

after his equally beautiful "Constance" had "obtained a success," that for the future he was determined never to write a ballad for less that five-and-twenty pounds. The which reminds me of a quondam manager of the Surrey Theatre, who once said to William Brough, the dramatic author, "We have, Sir, given as much as five pounds for a farce." September.

The composer of "Kathleen Mavourneen" is still alive, *ætat;* seventy-five, at Baltimore, Maryland, U.S.A.; and I read in the American papers that the veteran musician, with his young family, has been "adopted" by an enthusiastic young officer of the United States Navy Yard, who has even assumed the name of Crouch. My old friend, the well-known marine painter and distinguished scenic artist, Mr. William J. Callcott, who in early life was an orchestral performer, tells me that he remembers Mr. Crouch very well as second violoncello at the English Opera House (the present Lyceum), Mr. Callcott playing third violoncello. That was at the time when the English Opera House was under the management of Balfe, whose opera of "Keolanthe" was produced there in 1841-2, I should say.

I have seen a letter published by the auctioneer who, in the year 1875, sold the remainder of the copyright of "Kathleen Mavourneen." Mr. F. N. Crouch received five guineas for the melody from a great music-publishing firm; and when, on the decease of the sole surviving partner, their music-plates and copyrights were sold, "Kathleen" fetched five hundred and thirty-two pounds.

"The Millionaire," a new play in four acts, being a dramatised version of Mr. Edmund Yates's well-known novel of "Kissing the Rod," by Mr. G. W. Godfrey, author of "The Parvenu," "The Queen's Shilling," &c., which was produced on the 27th September, at the Court Theatre, now under the lesseeship and management of Mr. John Clayton

September. and Mr. Arthur Cecil, is a very amusing production. It is throughout smoothly and brightly written, and comes very near being a good play. That it halts on this side excellence is due to the circumstance that the keynote of the novel is, on the whole, mournful; and as, in order to render his play attractive to a general audience, the dramatist has been fain to "screw up the heightened pegs of his sublime Theorbo four notes higher" by insisting on the comic element latent or imported into the piece, the result is a lack of harmony between the parts, and an absence of sequence in the conduct of the story.

"Distilled books," writes Bacon, "are like common distilled waters, flashy things." The simile is precisely applicable to plays distilled from novels. You have a series of segregated "flashes" of the novelist's scenes and characters, and of his real purpose and intent; but a well-linked chain of narrative or action is generally past hoping for. Mr. Edmund Yates has not suffered more in this respect than has his illustrious Master in Letters. There is scarcely one novel of Charles Dickens that a real Dickensian scholar can listen to, as a play, with common patience. Mr. Thackeray the playwrights have hitherto wisely left alone; but who does not shudder at the bare idea of seeing "Vanity Fair" or "Pendennis," "The Newcomes" or "Esmond," dramatically distorted?

October. Everybody knows the story of the shield that had one side of gold and the other side of silver; and one is reminded of the old apologue in reading the curiously varying criticisms on new plays. Critics differ considerably among themselves concerning the merits of new books and new pictures; but when "the play 's the thing" to be examined the divergence of critical opinion becomes positively inter-polar in its wideness.

Take, for example, Messrs. G. R. Sims and H. Pettitt's new and original five-act drama of "In the Ranks," which

was produced with brilliant success at the Adelphi on Oct. 6. October.
On the ensuing Monday I read in one notice of "In the Ranks" in one leading journal, "Few of the characters of the story belong to the category of living men and women. They are all puppets of the stage whose life blood has long since been dried up within them by the footlights." A fine figure of speech: that drying up of the life blood by the footlights. But turning to another leading journal I find this equally remarkable passage: "The minor characters with which Mr. Sims relieves the tempest and stress of his drama are not mere lay figures of the stage, dressed-up dolls and puppets who have served the same purpose times out of number, but flesh-and-blood creatures—types clearly drawn with the master-stroke of a powerful pen." Then, recurring to leading journal number one, I find, "The authors of the melodrama 'In the Ranks' have fallen back on old types and old-fashioned methods familiar to old-fashioned playgoers for forty years and more. Of contemporary observation, which is the very essence of sound melodrama, there is as little in this play as, let us say, in Buckstone's 'Flowers of the Forest.'" And then, turning to leading journal number two, I find it stated that "a warm welcome should gratefully be accorded to all that is fresh, natural, and unconventional in connection with the modern stage;" and that "'In the Ranks' makes the spectator feel the presence of a new influence and a fresh method in the treatment of melodrama."

How is a puzzled public to discriminate between such diametrically different opinions? Which of the clever gentlemen is right? My dear readers, *both of the gentlemen are right;* only one looked at the golden and the other at the silver side of the dramatic shield at the Adelphi. "In the Ranks" possesses, to my mind, the three general essentials to success. Although it is a lengthy play it is never wearisome, and the action of the story is continually moving. In the next place, its more tragic episodes are relieved by a judiciously proportioned humorous element; in the third place, it contains plenty of love-making — good, sound,

October. honest sweethearting. It presents incidents, characters, and speeches, some of which are old, and some new; but the antiquities rather interest than bore you, and the novelties are agreeable surprises of the liveliest description. The plot of "In the Ranks"—which, in the main, is more of a rustic than a military drama, the martial element being incidental only to the two last acts—may be said to be capable of being comprised in a nutshell; but there are nuts and nuts, and the story is rather of the dimensions of a cocoa-nut than of a Barcelona one.

An "Old Drury Success" of an unmistakeable and most brilliant kind was obtained at Drury Lane on the 15th instant, by the first performance, before a house crowded to the ceiling, of Messrs. Robert Buchanan and Augustus Harris's new and original five-act drama "A Sailor and His Lass," to which the curtain rose at a quarter to eight p.m., and on which it fell, amidst the ringing cheers of a fatigued but still enthusiastic audience at ten minutes past twelve a.m.

I will briefly point out what I hold to be the leading defects in a certainly powerful and, throughout, deeply interesting production, before I pass to the infinitely pleasanter task of praising the many good qualities of "A Sailor and His Lass" as a play, the variety and ingenuity brought to bear on the scenery and scenic mechanism, and the excellence of the acting. It is heavily handicapped by a disagreeable and unnecessary under-plot or concurrent plot of a political nature, the dialogue being fraught with rambling and not very coherent allusions to "Chartism," Radicalism, Conservatism, the Land League, the Invincibles, the agitation among agricultural labourers, and dynamite explosions. An explosion does really occur at the end of the second act, apparently without any rhyme or reason, without any direct connection with the conduct of the story, and without any effect, save that of splitting the ears and shattering the nerves of the audience. If the political excrescences were excised

as far as possible—wholly to obliterate them is, I suppose, impracticable—and the drama shortened by at least four of its tableaux, "A Sailor and His Lass" would remain a thoroughly substantial melodrama, deeply moving in many of its incidents. October.

With all symptons of success—and of a very brilliant success to boot—was received at the St. James's Theatre on the 20th inst., the first performance in this country of "Young Folks' Ways," written by Mrs. Burnett and Mr. W. H. Gillette, and founded on the former's affecting novel of "Esmeralda." The story of the piece is a very simple, pretty, and touching one of the good old *Family Herald* pattern. I beg leave to observe that I mean this in compliment to, and not in disparagement of, the authors of "Young Folks' Ways." The stories in the *Family Herald* are generally pretty and sentimental, and are invariably pure and wholesome in tone.

"Young Folks' Ways" was very prettily acted. Mr. John Hare, who made his most welcome reappearance, was perfectly marvellous in facial "make-up," in voice, manner, and gesture as Mr. Rogers, who, slavishly abject during three acts and a half in his deference to his shrew of a wife, at last turns—as the crushed worm is supposed to turn, but does not—makes a stand, and "puts his foot down" in a very remarkable manner indeed. "Young Folks' Ways" was placed on the stage with equal splendour and good taste, and the stage management was faultless.

Mr. F. B. Chatterton on the 23rd inst. again distinguished himself as a reciter from the works of Dickens, at the banqueting-room at St. James's Hall.

The most charming play and the most successful that has been introduced to the town since Mr. Knowles's "Hunchback," was performed at the Theatre Royal Lyceum on November.

November. October 27. Since the errors and sufferings of Julia made their affecting appeal to the heart and were answered by the sympathy of every heart that witnessed them, we have had nothing at all comparable to "The Lady of Lyons" in that description of interest or in the extent of enthusiasm it produced among the audience. A breathless attention prevailed during its progress, save when the theatre rang with tumultuous applause—almost every interval between the acts was filled up with demonstrations of approval—and after a lavish expenditure of cheering at the close, the insatiable satisfaction of the pit exacted "three cheers more." It was a scene to raise, to refine, to give a new zest to playgoing.

The passage above transcribed should properly have been placed between inverted commas, since it is none of my composition. But it so completely corresponds with the scene that took place at the Lyceum on the 27th ult., that, with two slight alterations as to the place and date, I thought it entirely suitable as an exordium to an account of the performance of "The Lady of Lyons," with Miss Mary Anderson in the part of Pauline Deschappelles. The words which I have so coolly appropriated refer to the first performance on any stage of Bulwer Lytton's romantic play at the old Covent-Garden Theatre, on Thursday, April 15, 1838: the part of Claude Melnotte being sustained by William Charles Macready, that of Beauséant by Elton, and that of Pauline by Miss Helen Faucit, now Lady Theodore Martin. The criticism appeared in the *Examiner*, and was written, I should say, by Lord Lytton's fast friend, John Forster.

Miss Mary Anderson, whose success on the English stage is now fully established, was as stately, graceful, and winsome in the part of Pauline as she had been as Parthenia in the tedious and puerile play of "Ingomar." No criticism, gentle or ungentle, will bar the fact that there is no more beautiful lady on the stage than Miss Mary Anderson. She is to the full as highly favoured by nature as was the late Mrs. Rousby; but she carries herself with greater dignity;

and her movements are more symmetrical than were those of the lamented lady whom I have named. November.

Nearly four years have passed since I witnessed, in Philadelphia, "The Great Grant Boom," when, owing to the density of the crowd in the streets, I lost the dinner to which Mr. George W. Childs had kindly invited me to meet the General and a distinguished party, and nearly got suffocated in the crush of humanity, to boot. What would I not have given to be present at the Great Irving Boom, the first thunders of which were volleyed forth when, on the evening of October 29, at the Star Theatre, New York, the great actor made his first appearance before an American audience as Mathias in "The Bells." On the evening of the preceding Friday, when Mr. Irving was entertained by the Lotus Club, Mr. Whitelaw Reid in the chair, the actor's brethren of the Rabelais Club, London, sent him a cablegram, bidding him be of good heart, and play the man on the eventful Monday. It had been intended to begin the message with the Rabelasian *Sursum corda!* but a wary member having suggested that in the course of transmission, the Latin words might get corrupted into "small corduroy" or "Sir Something Corder," or something unintelligible of that kind, the despatch merely told our brother that we had drunk his health and that of Miss Terry, and that we wished him good luck.

I have had an opportunity of viewing the interior of the new Alhambra Theatre, which is structurally and decoratively complete, and the "upholstering" of which by the firm of the Messrs. Shoolbred is progressing with all due rapidity, so that the opening of these Halls of Dazzling Light may take place at an early date. The re-edified Alhambra might, but for the associations connected with its quasi-Mauresque title, take the Phœnix as its sign, so swiftly and so splendidly has it risen from its ashes. The auditorium, at a first glance, looks a little smaller than the vasty area of the old house; but, as a matter of fact, the new edifice will hold

November. quite as many spectators as the old one did. It is the circumstance that the ranges of boxes and galleries sweep more fully down towards the stage than was formerly the case that produces the impression of diminished space. Concrete and iron are the staple materials which have been used by the architects in the construction of the new theatre. The staircases, the walls of the corridors, the very roof, are of concrete; and the decorative panelling in the buffets, which at first sight seems to be composed of elaborately-carved oak, is, in reality, painted iron. Every precaution, humanly practicable to prevent accidents, appears to have been taken; and if all the Chubbs, the Bramahs, the Chatwoods, and the Milners had been consulted, with the view of manufacturing a fire-proof safe capable of holding two or three thousand people, I scarcely think that they could have devised a plan for making a building more thoroughly fire-proof than the New Alhambra seems to be.

That highly intelligent, graceful, pathetic, and well-trained actress, Miss Lingard, has scored another success at a morning performance at the Gaiety of a new and original tragedy, in five acts, entitled "Agnes of Bavaria." The author of the new play, which is said to be founded on an incident in Bavarian history, and is dedicated, by permission to his Majesty King Ludwig II., is Mr. Frederick Haywell Hanley; and the dramatist himself acts the part of the leading "heavy man," Ernest, Duke of Bavaria, a terribly tyrannical and vindictive old gentleman, seemingly as devoid of parental affection as the extremely reprehensible Count Cenci in Shelley's play is.

Lengthy and verbose as was the play, the true art of Miss Lingard kept up the energies of an occasionally wearied audience; and in one instance—the recital of a dream—she fairly roused them to enthusiasm.

The "Masher" brigade posed as the golden youth of the period, as a kind of guard of honour, at the portals of the

Comedy Theatre in Panton Street on the evening when the new comic opera of "Falka," Mr. H. B. Farnie's Anglicised version of "Le Droit d'Aînesse," was produced. "Falka," garnished with the veriest whipped-cream of graceful music, and set off by a bevy of the comeliest and most tastefully attired chorus girls, is a brilliant success. November.

Mr. George Grossmith has had the honour of the whole of the theatrical excitement of the week all to himself. The theatres have been plodding busily along, wearing out old programmes and preparing new ones; the dramatic critics have been resting contentedly and training their robust constitutions for a plethora of anti-Christmas plays and a surfeit of matinees, when up jumps Mr. Grossmith, like the amusing little "Jack-in-the-Box" he is, to amuse us with one of his pianoforte sketches, "The Drama on Crutches," with which he delighted society and institutions times out of number last season. I was reading a clever article the other day on the low comedian's face in its relation to a comic actor's success. I do not think, however, that I saw any mention of George Grossmith, who has one of the very funniest faces on the modern stage.

The vivacious young American actress known in America as "the Dramatic Cocktail," otherwise Lotta, made her first appearance in England on the 22nd inst., at the elegant theatre in the Strand known as the Opéra Comique. Miss Lotta, utterly unconventional and "pschutt," has an expressive face, sparkling eyes, and a lissom figure of medium height. Her freshness, her unfailing cheerfulness, even her wilful ways and *abandon*, would undoubtedly quickly make Miss Lotta a great favourite were she fitted with a suitable piece. The farrago of mystery, farce, and melodrama called "Musette," in which Miss Lotta made her début in London, is the very reverse of a suitable play either for Miss Lotta or any other artiste; and the sooner "Musette" is displaced by a December

December. piece closely fitted to the peculiar genius of Lotta the better will it be for the management.

Our lively visitor not only acts with "vim," but sings charmingly. Albeit it was an error of judgment which brought down upon Lotta a volley of hisses to commence by warbling with Billy Bokus the Moody and Sankey song, "In the Sweet By and By"—a vote of censure from a comparatively few malcontents that elicited from Lotta the exclamation of, "I don't understand it, ladies and gentleman!"—yet the quaintness of the débutante's singing and dancing, in the same company later on, won for her a reassuring double encore.

Save that Mr. James Fernandez, like a true artist, invested the rôle of Adelanta with individuality; and that the poor parts of Sir Hugh Tracy, Mr. Bokus, Billy Bokus, Maud, and Angela Darcy were well sustained by Mr. Arthur Dacre (likewise subjected to a reproachful salute from the immaculate "gods"), Mr. A. Wood, Mr. George Howard, Miss Kate Bishop, and Miss Florence Trevelyan, nothing further needs to be said of "Musette." But we may be allowed to wish Miss Lotta complete success when she favours us with her impersonations of Little Nell and the Marchioness in the adaptation of Charles Dickens's "Old Curiosity Shop" in which she has won renown throughout the United States.

A very diverting farcical entertainment is offered at the Royalty, which Mr. C. B. Cowper has reopened with Mr. M. C. Salaman's bright two-act piece of "Deceivers Ever," and one of the best adaptations the London stage has for some time seen of a Palais Royal type of piece. This is "The Three Hats," by Mr. Owen Dove and Mr. Alfred Maltby, the former of whom gives a clever bit of character, the cast also comprising Mr. Robert Brough, Mr. C. H. Stephenson, Mr. Earle L. Douglas, and Miss T. Hastings.

LIVING LONDON

(in 1882).

BY

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INDEX.

Affirmation Bill, The, 295.
Age for Boys going to Sea, 40.
Aïde's (Mr. H.) "A Great Catch," 366.
Alexandra Park and Palace, The, 183.
Alhambra Theatre, The, 397.
American Artists and Dutch Daubs, 91.
—— Commercial Dinner, An, 249.
—— *Cookery*, 264.
—— *Dishes*, and How to Cook Them, 255.
—— Express Delivery System, 227.
—— Import Duty on Works of Art, 91; on Dolls, 198.
Anderson's (Mr.) Bill against Pigeon Shooting, 345.
—— (Miss Mary) First Appearance in London, 387; in the "Lady of Lyons," 396.
Antidore, or Holy Loaf, Blunders about the, 326.
Apple Congress, An, and Apple Lore, 222.
Arabic, Method of Writing, 118.
Army Uniform, New Colour for, 340.
—— and Navy, Toast of, 199.
Arnold's (Edwin) Beautiful Names of Allah, 66.
Art Books, 71.
—— of Conversation, The, 182.
—— Training at Local Schools of, 113.
"A Sailor and his Lass" at Drury Lane Theatre, 394.
Asbestos as a Fire-proof Covering, 148.
Atlantic Ocean, The, and the "Herring Pond," 216.
Attorneys and Solicitors, 304.
Automatic Urchin Chastiser, 83.

Balloon Society, The, and the Intemperate, 162.
Balzac's Villa "Les Jardies," 2; Meaning of the Name, 321, 328.
Barring Out, A, at a Parisian Lycée, 151.
—— Last at an English Public School, 152.
Bangor, Dean of, on Tea Drinking, 219.
Bayonets, when First Used, 46.
Bath Olivers, 273.
Beating the Bounds, Custom of, 285.
Beauty, Influence of Female, on Juries, 302.
Beckford Library, Sale of the, 101.
Beer and its Adulteration, 233.
Belt *v.* Lawes, 299.
Bent's Short Sayings of Great Men, 72.
Bernard-Beere (Mrs.) in "Fédora," 375.
Billiard Playing in an American Village, 144.
Billingsgate Language, Action for the use of, 172.
Blocking Bills in the House of Commons, 292.
Blow-Holes on the Victoria Embankment, 153.
Blucher's Intentions regarding Napoleon, 49.
Blue Ribbon Enthusiast, A, 162.
———— ism, Sly Drinking, and Public Opinion, 161.
Blumberg (Dr.) on Hahnemann and Hippocrates, 344.
Bonapartes, Gratitude of the, 87.
"Bondage" at the Opéra Comique, 366.
Bookbinding, Dissertations on, 109.
Borough-English, Custom of, 284.
Boucicault's (Mr.) "Vice Versâ," 367.
Bouillabaisse, How to Make, 268.
Bouquet-Throwing at Theatres, 352.

Bourbon Colours, The, 47.
Bowyer (Sir George), 10.
Braces, when First Worn, 211.
Brahmin Lady, A, in a Court of Justice, 89.
Brahminical Idol, A, in Court, 92.
Bramwell's (Lord) New Aphorism, 148.
Breteuil's (Jules) Le Cuisinier Européen, 256.
Brigandine, The, 287.
Brisse's (Baron) Menus and Recipes, 258.
Brock's Statue of Richard Baxter, 277.
Brocken The, in the United States and Cumberland, 342.
Brocklehurst's Mexico To-Day, 80.
Broome's (F. Napier) "The Stranger of Seriphos," 75.
Browne's (Hablot K.) Works, Exhibition of, 73.
Bruns (Dr. J. D.), 11.
Buchanan's (Mr. Robert) "Storm-Beaten," 365.
Burnand's (Mr.) Blue Beard, 365; Artful Cards, 368.
Burton on Eating Hares, 256.
Butler's (Alban) Lives of the Saints, 35.

Cable (Mr. G. W.) The Model Novelist, 97.
Caius (Dr.) on the Sagacity of Blood-Hounds, 75.
Calais, Derivation of the name, 320.
Caledonia, Derivation of the name, 318, 320.
Callender's (Mr. Romaine) Drama, "Light," 360.
Carlyle (Mrs.), Letters of, 5.
—— (Thomas), Some Characteristics of, 7.
Carnival, Derivation of the word, 311.
Caspar Hauser, 92.
"Caste," at the Haymarket Theatre, 354, 370.
Cenci (Beatrice), Guerrazzi's and Bertolotti's Story of, 59, 124.
Chaffers' (Mr. W.) Hall-Marks on Gold and Silver Plate, 76.
Channel Tunnel, The, 186.
Character, Sources for Finding Varieties of, 368.
Charles I., 42; and Londonderry, 282; Remains of, 289.
—— Play of, at Lyceum Theatre, 379.
Chatterton's (Mr. F. B.) Recitations, 395.
Chaucer (Geoffrey) and Woodstock, 37, Memorials to, 37.
—— Rare Editions of Works, 99.
—— (Thomas), 38.
Cheap Dinner Dishes, 273.
Chess, Animated Games of, 158.
Children's Games in the 17th Century, 174.
Chinese Degrees of Nobility, 225.
Cholera in 1833, Recollections of the, 189.
Christ Church Cathedral, Dublin, 70.
Christ's Hospital Dietary 100 years ago, 272.
Church Door, Best Form of, 171.
—— Gift, Custom of, 285.
—— of England Temperance Society, 158.
Churchill (Lord Randolph) on Radical Sports, 346.
Cigar-end-saving Society, 234, 242.
—— Guillotine, 243.
City of London Corporation and Politics, 229.
Claret and Burgundy, 237.
Classical Lord Mayor, A, 229.
Clubs for Working Girls, 231.
Cobbett on Tea Drinking, 221.
Coleridge (Lord) at Boston, 204.
Collier (John Payne), 111.
Collins's (Mr. Wilkie) "Rank and Riches," 375.
Commerce and Confidence, 223.
Comparative Results of Expensive and Cheap Education, 191.
"Confusion," at the Vaudeville Theatre, 386.
Conger-eel Soup, 271.
—— and Turtle Soup, 194, 257, 261, 266, 274.
Cook's (Mr. Dutton) "Nights at the Play," 83.
Copyright in Photographs, The, 303.
Covent Garden Market, 238.
Coventry, Antiquity of, 45,
Cowper's "Jackdaw," 87.

Cromwell (Oliver) not a "Vandal," 43.
Critical Opinions on New Plays, &c., 392.
Curious Head-dress on an Antique Marble Bust, 278.

Dampier (Captain), 8.
"Dearer than Life," at Toole's Theatre, 357.
De Brewes' (William) Contempt of Court, 23.
D'Hericaults' "La Revolution," 1789-1882, 65.
Dickens's (Charles) Dombey & Son, 73; Private Letters, 112.
Discipline in French Public Schools, 152.
Disraeli (B.) and the Reform Club, 54.
Dobell (Dr. Horace) on Braces, 210.
Dog, Burial of a Pet, 163; Religious Qualities of the, 164.
Doll, Origin of the word, 315; Equivalent for "Baby," 321.
Donkin (Dr.) on Fallacies respecting Cures for diseases, 343.
Doré, Gustave, 5.
Drunkenness and Freedom, 163.
Dubois' (Urban) Cosmopolitan Cookery, 257.
Du Cané (Sir E. F.) on Penal Servitude, 63.
Dud, American and English Use of the Word, 331.
Dude, The American, his Appearance, Dress, &c., 181, 182, 330.
Duncan (Dr.) on the Abuse of Hot Liquors, 220.
Dundonald (Lord), 41.
Dust-bins and Sanitary Regulations, 193.
Dynamite Demons, The, 293.

Economical Suggestions for Studious Young Men, 115
Edgecumbe's History of the Byron Memorial, 76.
Edinburgh New Lyceum Theatre, 389.
Editions de Luxe and Art Books, 71.
Edouin (Mr. W.) at the Avenue Theatre, 389.
Egan's (Pierce) Book of Sports, 346.
Egg Eater, A Champion, 57
Eggs and Kings, 56.
Election Incident, An, 298.
English, A Lady on the Misuse of, 334.
—— and Foreign Special Correspondents at Moscow, 214.
—— Language Vindicated, &c., 331.
—— National Dress, 206.
Evangely, Old Use of the Word, 323.
Exhibition of Foreign Arts, &c., at Boston, 151.
Experienced Butcher, The, 260.
Explosion at Woolwich, The, and the Earthquake at Ischia, 213.
Extraordinary Heat in New York, 173.

Fad and Faddists, 325.
Falconry, Names and Modes of Spelling in, 312.
"Falka" at the Comedy Theatre, 399.
Fan on a Catafalque, Significance of a, 284.
Farnesina, Value of the, 96.
Farquhar (Mr. G.), First Appearance on the Stage, 359.
Fashions, Ladies', Past and Present, 121.
Fédora at the Haymarket Theatre, 374.
"Fiasco," Origin of the Word, 333.
Fires caused by Smoking Cigarettes, 142.
First Aid to the Wounded, 67.
Fish, Cheap at Last, 166; Value of as Food, 168.
Fisheries Exhibition, 147; Close and Result of, 226.
Flea Tormentors, &c., 290.
Flirtation and Coquetry, 200.
Floquet, M., 291.
Flower Girls' Brigade and Mission, 352.
Flunkey, Hardships of the Modern, 157.
"Forget-me-not" at the Olympic Theatre, 353.
Fop's Alley, Revival of, 369.

Frederick the Great, Equestrian Statue of, 129
"Freedom" at Drury Lane Theatre, 383.
French Hatred of England, 40.
—— Journalists and the English Language, 232.
—— Lycée in England, Proposal for a, 69.
—— Words, Mistranslation of, in Official Correspondence, 329.
—— National Colours, 46.
—— Plays at the Gaiety Theatre, 381.
Funeral Obsequies, 21.

Gaiety Theatre, The, 385.
Gambetta, Death of, 1; Compared with Mirabeau, 4.
Garter King-of-Arms, 59.
Gascoigne, Chief Justice, 22
Geddes, Jenny, 30.
Geneva, Recollections of, 146.
George IV., unjustly depreciated, 116.
Gerard (Miss) as Ruth Deybrook, 383.
Gibbet, Jokes upon the, 23.
"Glad Tidings" at the Standard Theatre, 389.
Glasse's (Mrs.) Directions for Roasting a Hare, 254.
Godiva, Lady, Procession, 38, 45; A Lineal Descendent of, 44.
Gower's (Lord Ronald) Reminiscences, 100.
"Grand Theatre" at Islington, 384.
Grangerised, Books which ought to be, 66.
Greek, Necessity for the Study of Modern, 99.
Grossmith, Mr. George, 399.
Guide for drawing the Acanthus, 113, 115.
Gunter's Confectioner's Oracle, 260.
Guy-hooter, 336.

Hadley (Alderman) and the City Corporation, 297.
Hamel's Early English Voyages to Russia, 9.
Handbook of Gastronomy, 118.
Hangman, The, at Westminster, 201, 207. His Official Position, 206.
Harcourt (Sir W. V.), on the Government of London, 192.
Harvey (Dr. W.) Final Inhumation of, 54.
Hats of all Periods, 279.
Haydon, Benjamin Robert, 16.
Health and Happiness, 218.
Hereditary Gifts among Artists, 114.
Highland Regiments' Bonnet, The, 202.
Hilton (Miss Hilda) at the Opéra Comique, 366.
Hoare's (Sir R. C.) Hungerfordiana, 105.
"Hobson's Choice" and the Brahmin Lady, 89.
Holme (Miss Myra), 360.
Hooker, "The Judicious," and Beating the Bounds, 287.
Hot-water at Dinner, 241, 272.
Humorous Report of a School Inspector, 216.
Hurlberts' (Mr. W. H.) Collection of Pictures, &c., 93.

Increase of Insanity in New York, 207.
India, Social Life and Manners in, 102.
Ingenious Expression of Dynastic Sympathies, 297.
Initial Prefixes, Eccentric Use of, 301.
International High School in England, 69.
—— Trades' Union Conference, 228.
"In the Ranks" at the Adelphi Theatre, 393.
Irving (Mr. Henry), Farewell Dinner to, by the Rabelais Club, 176; Banquet to, at St. James's Hall, 179; Mr. Bancroft's Supper of Honour to, 180; as Robert Macaire, 377; Charles I., 379; Louis XI., 382; Benefit of, 382; First Appearance of, in New York, 397.
Irving's (Mr. Henry) Farewell Entertainment at the Garrick Club, 218.

James IV. of Scotland, 55.
"Joining the Majority," 108.
Jones's (Inigo) Designs for Whitehall, 134.
Journalists and Government Appointments, 74.
Junot, Memoirs of, 78.

Kid, The, as an Article of Food, 156.
Kingston's (Mr. W. B.) William I., German Emperor, &c., 69.
Kitchiner (Dr. W.), 252, 283.
Knights of the Grey Cloke, The, 281.

Lady of Lyons, The, at the Lyceum Theatre, 395.
Lamb, Stoppage of the Sale of, 155; Consumption of, in London, 156.
Langtry Turban, The, 384.
Lanyon, Lady Florence, 8.
La Singolare Dottrina, 265.
Lawrence, Miss Eweretta, 355.
Leading Dramatists in 1883, 180.
"Le Forfait," French Man-of-War, 39.
Leigh, "Dagger," 12.
—— Henry S., 11.
Letter Writing at Post Offices, 245.
Liberty in Spelling, 320.
Library Association, Conference of, 209.
Licensed Victuallers' Schools Festival, 175.
Limido, Mdlle., 373.
Lindsay's (Lady Sarah) Few Choice Recipes, 250.
Linen Armourers, 288.
Lingard, Miss, 362, 398
Literary Supremacy of Boston, 108.
Locking Church Doors during Service Time, 170.
Loftie's History of London, '49; Achievements of the City Corporation, 298.
London, Necessity for a Central Government of, 225.
—— Poor and their Amelioration, 241.
Londonderry and Charles I., 24.
Lotta's (Miss) First Appearance in England, 399.
"Louis XI.," at the Lyceum Theatre, 381.
Loyal and Patriotic Toasts, 199.
Luard's (Lt.-Col.) Dress of the British Soldier, 340.
Lucrezia Borgia, 124.
Lumsden's (Miss) First Appearance, 351.

MacDonald, Mr. and Mrs. George, 380.
Macklin and his Memory, 88.
Maclise Portrait Gallery, 104.
Macnish's Philosophy of Sleep and Anatomy of Drunkenness, 84.
Manning's "Lives of the Speakers," 38.
Margaret of Anjou, 14.
Mario, Signor, Recollections of, 18.
Marriage Law in France, 142.
—— with a Deceased Wife's Sister, 169.
Masher, Characteristics of the, 156.
——s at the Comedy Theatre, 399.
Megilp, the Nobleman, and Morland's "Pig" Picture, 32.
"Meg Merrilies" at the Olympic Theatre, 361.
Merchant Adventurers, The, 28.
—— Strangers, The, 29.
"Merry Duchess," The, at the New Royalty Theatre, 371.
Mexico in 1864 and 1883, 80-82.
Michel, Louise, 185.
Mid-day Club, A, and Mid-day Meals, 247.
Military Luncheons, 248.
—— Raid on an Orchard, 223.
"Millionaire," The, at the Court Theatre, 391.
Money in France, 142.
—— Paper, Gold, and Silver, in Italy and America, 141.
Morley (Mr. John), 292.
Morris (Mr. W.) on the Decline of Modern Art, 120.
Morton's (Mr. J. M.) Dramatic Pieces, 363.
"M.P." at Toole's Theatre, 383.
"Mr. Isaacs" and Social Life, &c., in India, 102.
Mulready Envelope, The, 73.
Multiplying Money by Money, 188, 191.
Murat, Ex-King of Naples, 33.

Napoleon, Genealogy of, 78; His Legacy to Cantillon, 48.
National Apple Congress, 222.
—— Monument in Memory of the Peninsular War and Waterloo, 129.
—— Training School of Cookery, 250.
Necessity for Graphic Accounts of Disasters, 198.
Nelson's Life at Sea, Beginning of, 41; Last Signal, 56.
New Criminal Code in New York, 300.
—— Gem, A So-called, 105.
—— Law Courts, 130.
—— Royalty Theatre, Improvements at the, 371.
—— Testament, Revised, 90.
Noontide Dinners in Queen Anne's Time, 248.
Novelists, Posthumous Reputation of Successful, 7.

Obsolete English Words used in America, 321.
O'Donnel (Mr.) on the Confiscation of Ulster, 281.
Old Fittings and Stones of Old Buildings, 127.
—— Law Courts, The 127.
—— Plate, Scarcity of, 283.
O'Meara (Barry), 51.
Osborne (Lord S. G.) on the Condition of the Poor, 239.
Our Boys of the Upper and Middle Classes, 217.
"—— Regiment," 360.
Overcrowding in London, 224.

Paley's (Archdeacon) Literary Dishonesty, 236.
Palmerston Club Banquet, 295.
Parcel Post, The, 177, 195.
Pawnbrokers' Bill, The, 182.
Pellegrini's (Mr.) Gallery of Celebrities, 102.
Pets of Chatham, The, 112.
Philipson's Harness as it has been, &c., 67.
Picton (General Sir Thos.), Burial of, 50.
Pigeons in Russia and Spain, 348.
Pinero's (Mr. A. W.) "The Rector," 366.
Plantin's Vanity and Deception, 98; "Virgil," 97.
"Pluck," an old English word, 316.
Poker, Game of, 83, 152.
Police, Weapons for, 212; Huts for, 213.
Political Convulsions and Public Enjoyment, 294.
"Polyeuctus, Martyr," 380.
Pony, Meaning of, in Card-Playing, 334.
Pope, The, and the Vatican Archives, 46.
Popular Songs and their Composers' Remuneration, 390.
Public School Education and "Cramming," 184.
—— Subscriptions for Local Disasters, 171.
Pullman Sleeping Cars, 137.
"Private Wire, A," at the Savoy Theatre, 367.
Prone, Use of the Word, 332.
Provençal, A, Self-made Man, 270.
Proverb, A New Scotch, 80.

Q, The letter, not always followed by "u," 312.
Queen Anne's Statue at S. Paul's Cathedral, 128.

Rabelais, 111.
Rafaelle's Sepulchre, 289.
Reade's (Mr. Charles) "Dora," 354; "Nance Oldfield," 363.
Reform Club, Early History of the, 53.
Reformed Railway Carriages, 138.
Reid (Captain Mayne), 18.
"Reis and Rayett," 89.
René de Vaudemont, 12, 16.
Richardson (Dr. B. W.) on Felicity, 218; Ministry of Health, 54.
Rights and Privileges of the Vulgar, 172.
Robinson's (Mr. Phil) The Poets' Birds, 87.
Romany Rye, The, at the Surrey Theatre, 385.
Rossetti (D. G.) and the Royal Academy, 107.
Royal Academy, The, and the Pre-Rafaellite School, 107.

Royal College of Music, 377.
—— of Surgeons' Banquet, 339.
—— General Theatrical Fund, Festival of, 176.
—— Society of Musicians, 364.
Royalty Theatre, The, 400.

Sabbatarians, Inconsistencies of, 165.
Sacrilege at S. Bartholomew's Church, 143.
Salmon's Family Dictionary, 221, 260.
Salvation Army, The, 140, 146.
Sandeau (M. Jules), 7.
Savarin (Brillat) on Alcohol, 119.
Saxe, Marshal, 2, 72.
School of Archæological and Classical Studies at Athens, 90.
Sculptors and Artistic Assistance, 299.
Scythian Terror, A, 179.
Sermons and Services by Telephone, 201.
Shaftesbury (Lord) and Juvenile Gymnasts, 196.
Shakspeare's Bones, 288, 290.
"Sic Semper Tyrannus," 328.
Sidney, Samuel, 10.
"Silver Guilt," at the Strand Theatre, 376.
—— King, The, at the Princesses Theatre, 384.
Sixpenny Cab-Fares, 202.
Sketches from Texas Siftings, 249.
Smith's (Albert) "Man in the Moon," 84.
—— (J. Moyr) Antient Greek Female Costumes, 68.
Smoking in Theatres, 143.
Social Tyranny, Benefits of, 145.
Soho Club for Working Girls, 230.
Solicitors' Expenses and Income, 234.
Soyer (Alexis) on Turkish Cookery, 263.
Spain, The King of, in Paris, 52.
Spiritualistic Fraud at Shrewsbury, 235.
Spondulics, Derivation of, 337.
Sporting and Cruelty to Animals, 345.
St. Barbara, Legend of, 244.
St. Ives or Yves, Derivation of, 36; Misuse of the Shrine of, 34.
St. Paul's Cathedral, Altar Ornaments of, 31; Outrages at, 29, 31.
Strawberries and Cream, 257.
Street (Mr. G. E.) Memorial to, 131.
Sunday Opening of Museums, &c., 164.
Suppressed National Customs, Sports, &c., 349.
"Sweethearts and Wives," 380.

Talma on the Actor's Art, 85.
Tea-drinking in Excess and Moderation, 220.
Temperance Movement, The, and the Aristocracy, 160.
Tenniel's (Mr. John) Cartoon "On the Trail," 75.
Tennyson's Poems, Italian Translation, 122.
"'Thames,' The, or 'Temse' on Fire," 319.
Theatrical Revivals in London, 388.
—— Treats to Poor Children, 356, 357.
Thompson (Sir Henry) on Fish as Food, 188, 193.
"Toast" and Health Drinking, 324; French and Southern India "Rotié," 327.
Tobacco and Beer in Workhouses, 223.
Tom Thumb, Reminiscenes of, 15.
Toole (Mr. J. L.), 358; Benefit of, 380.
Total Abstainers and Excitement, 139; Names suggested for, 139.
Trades' Union Congress at Nottingham, 209.
Traffic, Misuse of the Word, 322.
Tramways in London, 150, 238.
Tricolor, Origin of the, 47.
Trollope, Anthony, 17.
Tub and Tubman at the Court of Exchequer, 127.
—— and Tubbing, 232.
Tucker (Mr. G. M.) on Bad English, 307.
Turkish Compassionate Fund, The, 108.
—— Cookery Book, A, 265.
Turtle Soup, First Introduction or "Invention" of, 279, 282.

Uncle Tom's Cabin, Early History of the Publication of, 77.
Unemployed Clerks in New York, 217.
Useless Safe, A, and a Fatal Fire, 144.

"Valentine and Orson," Financial Success of, 353.
Vanderbilt's (Mr.) Fancy-Dress Ball, 154.
Vatican Archives, The, 46.
Venice, Suggested Abolition of the Canals, &c., 150.
Venus of Milo, The, 103.
Veridical, A Good English Word, 330.
Victoria Embankment, The, 149, 153.

Ward (Miss Geneviève) in "Forget-me-not," 353; as "Meg Merrilies," 361; as "Nance Oldfield," 363; as "Medea," 364; in "Rachel," 370; Foreign Tour of, 380.
Webb (Captain) at Niagara, 42.
Wellington (Duke of) at Waterloo, 25-27; Relics of, 33; Statue of, at Hyde Park Corner, 128, 132; Monument to, in St. Paul's Cathedral, 133-134; Anecdote of, 135.
Welsh and Persian Words, Identity of some, 321.
Whistling Arrow, A, and other Rarities, 213.
Whitehall, Improvements at, 135.
Whitty's (E. M.) "Friends of Bohemia," 106.
Wilde (Mr. Oscar) at Princes' Hall, 181; Play of "Vera," 386.
Williams (Mr. M.) on some London Theatres, 95.
Wine in the time of Queen Anne and George III., 142.
Wingfield's (Hon. L.) "Abigel Rowe," 116, 117.
Wolseley (Lord) and Teetotalism, 153.
Women and Books, 110.
Words ending in "dous," 337.
Workhouse Children and Toys, 150.
Wraxall's (Sir N. W.) Memoirs, 57.
Wurstel Prater at Vienna, The, 267.

Yates's (Mr. Edmund) Personal Reminiscences, 115.
"Ye True Blue," 79.
"Young Folks' Ways," at St. James' Theatre, 395.
"Youth," at Drury Lane, 372.

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